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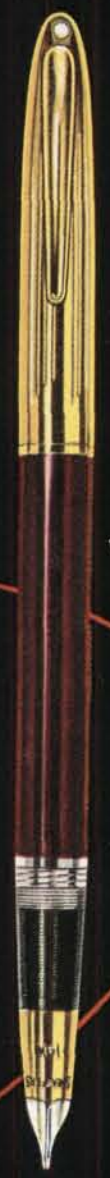

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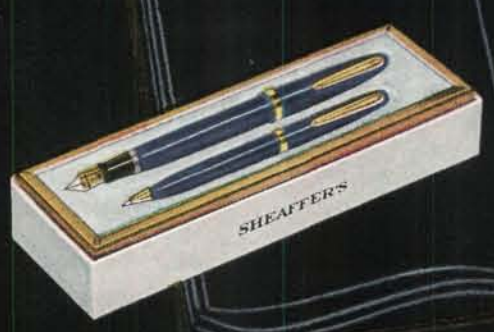

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"We both saw stars on Saturday!"

"BROTHER! She sure let me have it! And all because I tried for one little kiss on a night that was made for kissing.

"I figured that on such a night a gal should feel romantic about the man she is practically engaged to.

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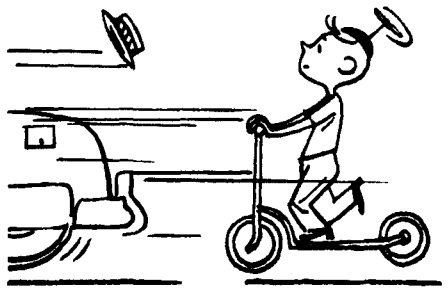

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August 18, 1951

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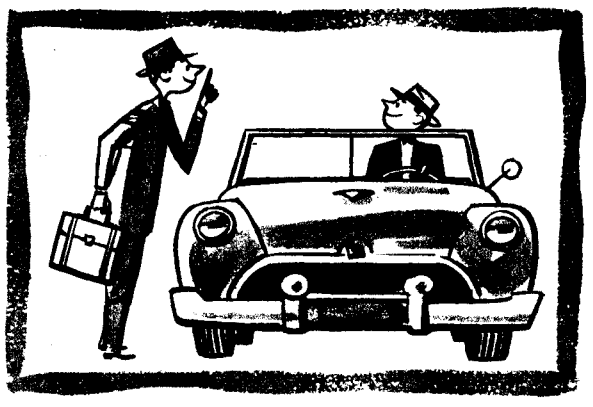

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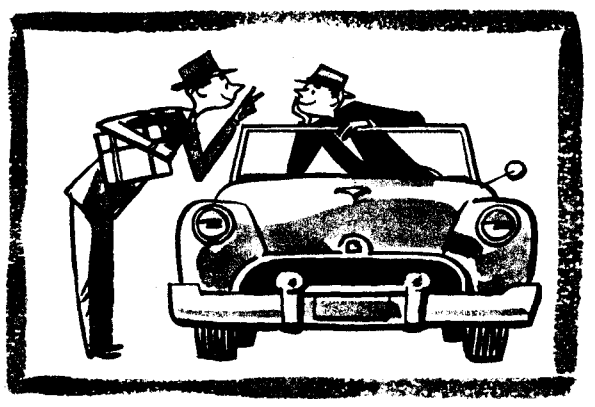

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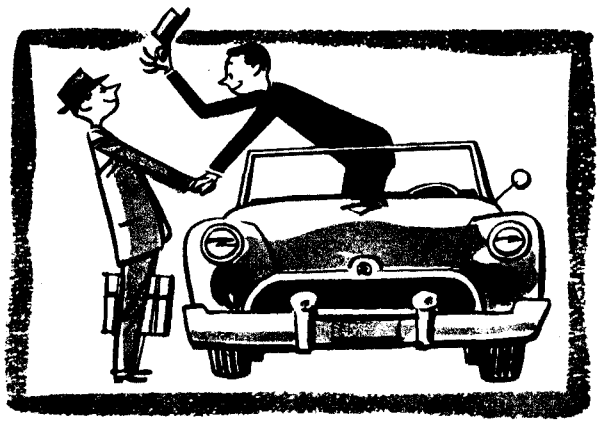

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**Jim Brooks' name is fictitious, but he represents the 2,000 members who join State Farm Mutual every working day!*

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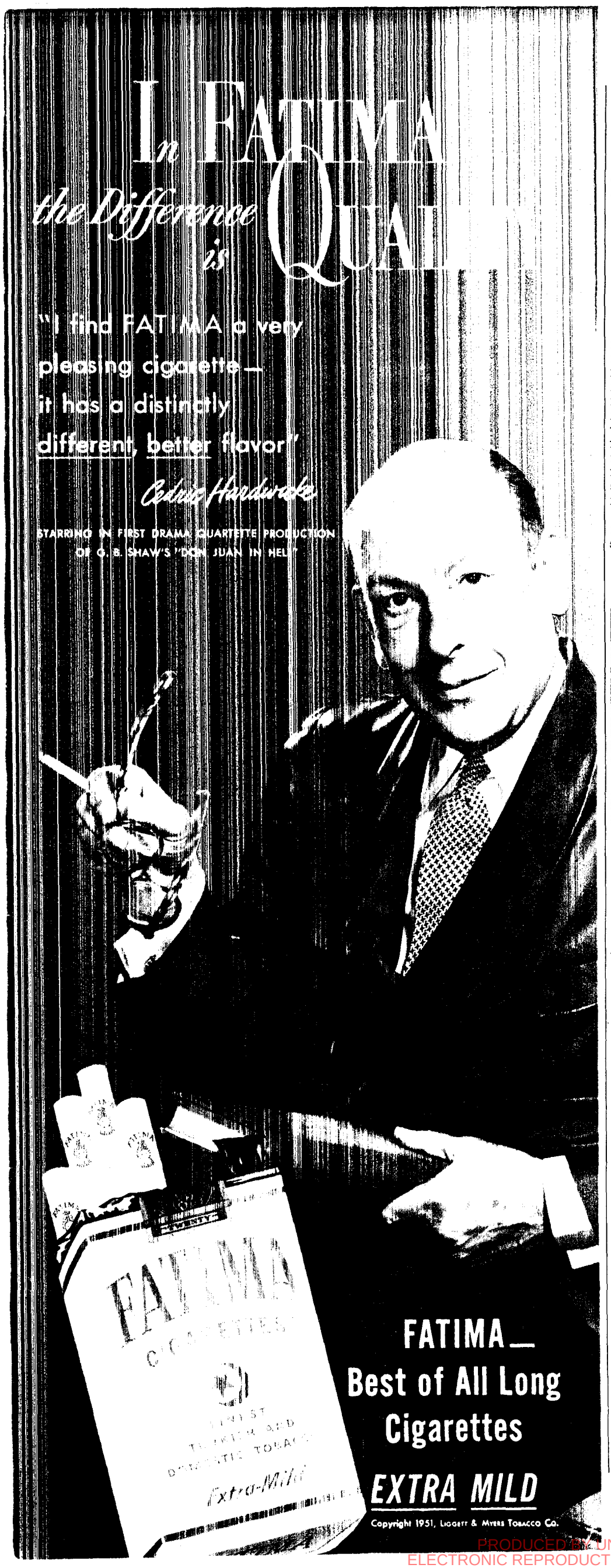
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The Cover

Inflation has hit the Penny Arcade business, too, Stanley and Janice Berenstain report. Gadgets that formerly went into action for one cent now require two, and some have soared to a nickel. Nevertheless, a dollar spent in a resort amusement center (admission free) still goes a long way. Looking at the Berenstains' interpretation, you can almost hear the hum, buzz and clank—not to mention the hullabaloo the kids raise.

Week's Mail

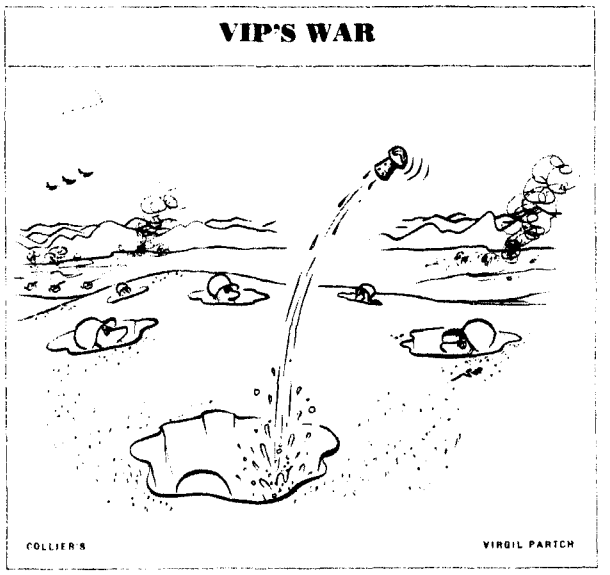
Local Radio: Local Service

EDITOR: YOUR ARTICLE ON ROCKY MOUNTAIN RADIO STATION (FRIENDLY VOICE IN THE ROCKIES, JUNE 30TH) BRINGS TO LIGHT A DEFINITE SERVICE PERFORMED BY HERETOFORE UNHERALDED AGENCIES. LOCAL RADIO, PARTICULARLY IN SMALL TOWNS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, COMMANDS A TREMENDOUS LISTENING BECAUSE OF LOCAL PUBLIC SERVICE AND LOCAL NEWS, SO MUCH SO THAT NATIONAL ADVERTISERS ARE BEING SHORTSIGHTED IN NOT LOOKING BEYOND METROPOLITAN AREAS AND NETWORK RADIO.

CONGRATULATIONS ON BEING THE FIRST IN YOUR FIELD TO OFFER RECOGNITION TO SMALL TOWN "COFFEEPOTS."

KEN DUKE, Dumas, Texas

Confusion in the Sunshine City



EDITOR: Mr. Virgil Partch's cartoon has me confused, as it has everyone in this fair city (issue June 23d).

Being a person of normal intelligence, I would like to know the meaning. Would you please enlighten me?

ULINA TUCKER, St. Petersburg, Fla.

This one takes not only normal intelligence, but also unlimited experience. Partch's missile is not a secret weapon, nor is it a mushroom, as some have concluded. It's a champagne cork.

The Martyred Republics

EDITOR: I congratulate you on your magazine's fine work in publishing Why Stalin Must Be Tried for Murder (June 30th).

Your article broke what is called, among the underground workers of Baltic countries, "the conspiracy of silence about the Baltic States."

The millions suffering now under the murderous hand of Stalin will always remember this article as the beginning of the new era in the Western mind.

ANTANAS KLIMAS, M.A., Chicago, Ill.

. . . As a Lithuanian displaced person, I wish to express my sincerest thanks to you for publishing and bringing to light these wrongs and bloodshed inflicted upon these small freedom-loving Baltic nations, who even today are fighting for their freedom and existence. I believe that this article will impress and create a broader understanding of the Soviet imperialistic terror, which is threatening all freedom-loving nations whose protector is the democratic United States of America.

HENRIKAS MALINAUSKAS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

. . . Congratulations and thanks for breaking the curtain of silence that surrounded the case of the Baltic republics, unfortunate victims of Soviet imperialism. I would like to add only this:

1. The United States has never recognized the illegal incorporation of the Baltic States into the Soviet Union.

2. The "results" of the fake "election" (99.19 per cent pro-Soviet, they claimed) held by the Red invaders of Lithuania in 1940 were announced in London by Tass, the official Soviet news agency, 24 hours before the actual closing of the polls!

(This lack of co-ordination in the Soviet machinery was due to the fact that local Soviet authorities in Lithuania, without contacting Moscow, on the evening of July 14th had decided to prolong the "election" for another day.) ARTHUR ZAILSKAS, Cicero, Ill.

. . . Why Stalin Must Be Tried for Murder is a daring, bloodcurdling article which stirred all of us who read it. It is about time that we became cognizant of the dastardly acts of our onetime ally whom we are still trying to appease and placate.

Give us more articles of factual reporting which will help us out of the morass of the namby-pamby "postwar philosophy." J. RUDIS, Chicago, Ill.

Cheaper by the Million

EDITOR: In our day of billion-dollar costs, is there not an error of a few (16½) billion in Edward B. Lockett's Leave It to Lovett (June 30th), page 31, top paragraph, middle column? The article is most interesting and I enjoyed it very much.

BOB JONES, Somerset, Ky.

Our error was a little bigger—$17,482,500,000. The correct figure, of course, is $17.5 billions, not millions, a year to maintain an armed force of 3,500,000. Sorry! We'd prefer the lesser figure.

Anniversary

EDITOR: May I commend you, with all the words at my disposal, for the wonderful editorial Year of No Decision (June 30th).

It is too bad that somebody doesn't send Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard on a trip to the Korean battle front, so he could talk with the men and then perhaps he would not think the casualties were something to be classified in the same category as deaths in automobile accidents.

JOHN W. BLODGETT, JR., Portland, Ore.

. . . I note the following quotation from your editorial, Year of No Decision:

"Secretary Marshall said, 'I am disturbed

(Continued on page 47)

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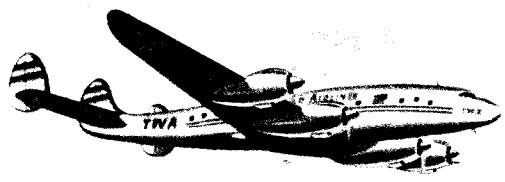
"That's the 5:15 — from Paris"

Kids are kids same as ever . . . though time has changed the scene. Today they love to watch a giant TWA Skyliner as it glides in right on schedule after a smooth, comfortable overseas flight. And their heroes are the men who fly the planes . . . the skilled TWA crews who, in logging more than 20,000 Atlantic crossings, have helped TWA set standards of transoceanic service unsurpassed by any other airline in the world.



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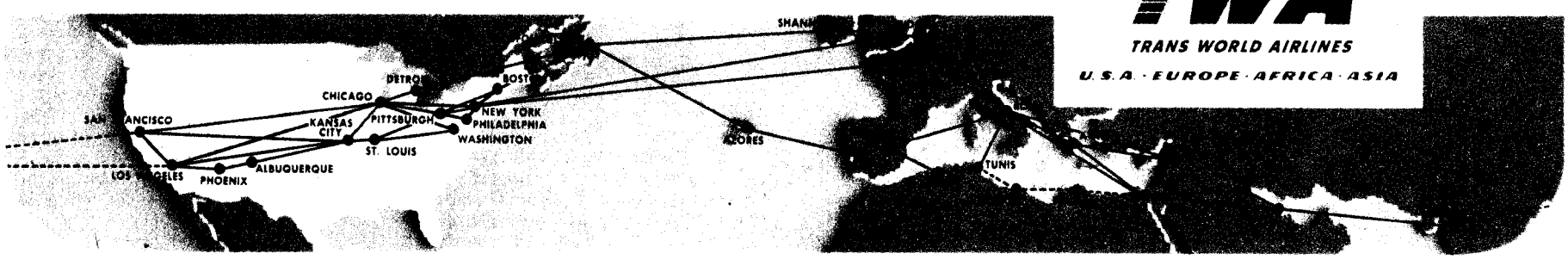

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Style News . . .

of More than CASUAL Importance

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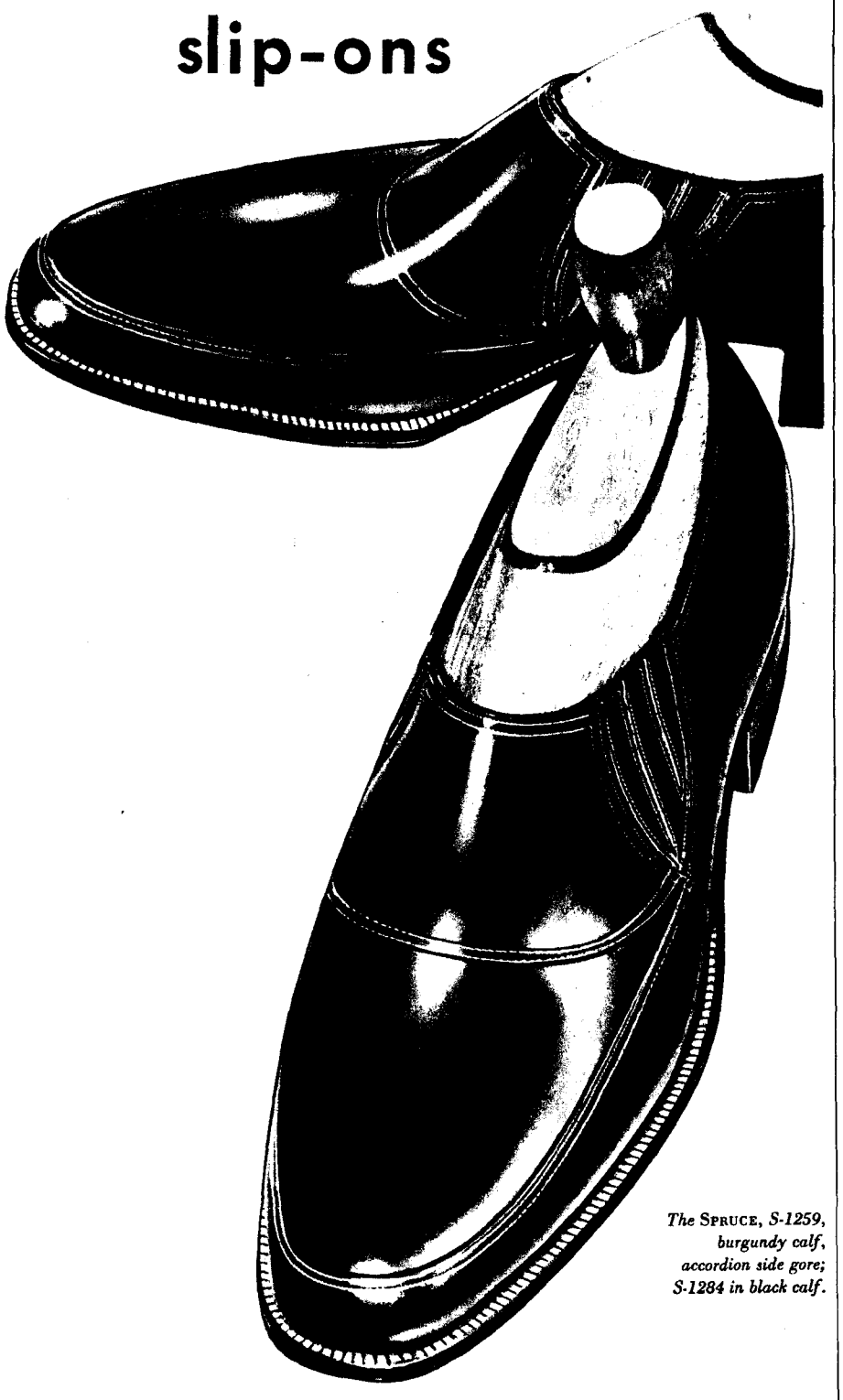

The SPRUCE, *S-1259, burgundy calf, accordion side gore; S-1284 in black calf.*

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Never met the Honorable P. R. Olgiati, mayor of Chattanooga, Tennessee, but we salute His Honor, bowing wheezily from the waist, and nominate him for President. He has just announced that, hereafter, he will issue no official proclamations "unless they mean something." We're just silly enough to hope that Mayor Olgiati is emulated by all mayors and governors.

★ ★ ★

The government has too many elk, particularly in Yellowstone National Park, where more than 12,000 of the creatures are barging around. Believe it or not, there's a Special Senate Elk Surplus Committee looking into the

situation and holding sessions in secret lest the S.P.C.A. and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks take a hand in behalf of the brutes. Two solutions were rejected—one, to feed the beasts to our armed services; and another, to serve elk at party fund-raising dinners. We've eaten elk, or tried to, and in case you'd value our opinion, we'd take a broiled catcher's mitt any time, if given the choice. Latest solution is to trap half the elk and turn them loose outside the park in the fall in northern Montana and let hunters shoot them. For free, too. All the government wants is $2 a head to cover the cost of trucking the elk outside the park. National Park people or the Montana Department of Fish and Game can tell you more.

★ ★ ★

When Gabriel sounds the dawn of the day of reckoning and, as we understand it, we shall all be called upon to testify to what we did to make the world a pleasanter place in which to live, Mr. C. W. Goodsman, of Portland, Oregon, will be in pretty good shape. He has invented a contraption that makes it easy to find your shoes in the morning. Time was when Mr. Goodsman, even like you and me, merely shoved his shoes under the bed when he hit the hay.

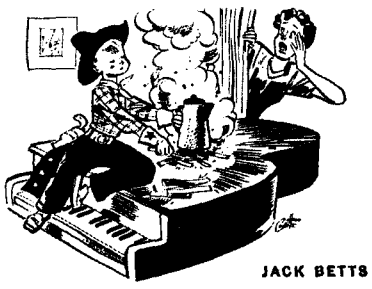
This necessitated a lot of groanful groping in the morning and Mr. Goodsman, being one of the better-equipped Americans who have more than one pair, frequently came up with a couple of lefts or maybe two rights. But now Mr. Goodsman has only to flick a lever at his bedside and his shoes slide out, properly matching, on a circular table just as he left them when he turned in. This makes him this department's Abou ben Adhem for the week.

★ ★ ★

The Is-It-Necessary Society has had a shot in the arm. Hadn't heard from them in weeks and was about to decide that they had answered "no" to their own name and quit. But from Pasadena, California, apparently the headquarters of Is-It-Necessary, we hear from Mrs. Honoria LaPaz, Supreme Doubtful, and the question this time is: Is Breakfast Necessary? We are referring Supreme Doubtful LaPaz to the University of Iowa where that precise problem has been in the test tubes for three years. The University of Iowa has decided that it is. Past subjects under consideration by the Is-It-Necessary Society have included Arkansas, General Harry H. Vaughan, water cress, wrestling, the University of California at Los Angeles, lieutenant commanders, Father's Day, the United States Senate, Humphrey Bogart, Lake Superior and columnists.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Newark, New Jersey, called us up. Children trouble. Her small son in particular. Says he is fundamentally a very nice youngster, never doing any-



JACK BETTS

thing he is told not to do. But trouble is, he can think of so many things that she didn't think to tell him not to do.

★ ★ ★

Being busy trying to straighten out a couple of defiant international problems at the time, we did not get to the Tulip Tea at the home of Mrs. Victor H. Gerhards in Harrison, New York. We're sorry. It was a delightful affair, we're told, held under the auspices of the National Tulip Society, and those attending were bidden to wear their favorite tulips. However, we had a nice talk with Mrs. Lois Beardin Koenig, of Dover, Delaware, who had just come back from the convention of the National Council of State Garden Clubs held in Missoula, Montana. Mrs. Koenig told us that tulips can be quite a problem, occasionally developing painful antisocial tendencies and neuroses of rather desperate sorts. Haven't room to go into it here, but Mrs. Koenig tells us that tulips have really never recovered from the great Tulip Mania of 1634-'37 when, in Holland and England, speculation in tulips outdid America's Florida land speculation and the stock market boom of the 1920s. At its height, a single bulb sold for as much as 13,000 florins. She told

(Continued on page 59)

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

CHARLES HAWES

Vacations Every Week

Dear editar:

I read in a copy of the Dallas News which I borrowed off my neighbor's tractor seat while he was at his house gettin a drink of water the other afternoon where there is considerable talk around the country in favor of abolishin summer vacations for school children.

Accordin to the arguments, there's no sense in havin these expensive school buildins standin idle three months out of the year, about like operatin a manufacturin plant only nine months out of the year instead of night and day year around, but it won't work.

The reason it won't work is that the schoolteachers of this country couldn't stand it. As it is, they've already got an unfair share of the burden. They've got the children nine months, the parents have em only three, but if you load em down a full twelve months, they couldn't stand the strain.

It ain't that the average child today is any worse or better than the average last year or last generation or a hundred years ago, the trouble is they're about the same and when you wrestle with a roomful nine months, you ain't far from the breakin point. Sure the buildins could stand it, the playground equipment could, maybe the taxpayers could, but any parent along toward the end of the summer who has heaved a sigh of relief at the thought of school startin again and the children gettin out from under foot, must have some idea of what a teacher thinks in the late spring along toward the end of the school term.

As for the average parents, they're able to put up with their children only three months out of the year, not to mention nine, and if they can afford it, half of the three months they send em off to camp or to visit relatives. Parents and children are fine, but in lots of cases they sure do seem to get in each other's way.

Maybe it's all right to make refrigerators and washing machines around the clock twelve months out of the year, but with schoolteachin it won't work. We just ain't developed a brand of teacher with the mental toughness to stand it. They need the time off.

Speakin of restin, I was talkin with one of my energetic neighbors at his turnrow out here at Circleville some time back and he was fumin because it looked like he wasn't gonna get through plowin his cotton by Saturday night and it seemed he had his heart set on it. Plowin cotton never has affected me that way, I'd just as soon stop in the middle of the field as the end. When it comes to a choice, me or my cotton, my cotton can wait.

But on top of that, my neighbor was madder than ever because he'd heard on the radio at noon while he was gulpin his food so he could hurry back to his plowin that the Texas legislature had adjourned for the week end, and here it was only Wednesday. He wanted to fire the whole bunch.

Now it just don't affect me that way. What I'd like to know is what in the world is wrong with startin your week end on Wednesday? Best idea I've seen come out of Austin, or Washington either, in years.

For a long time I've been arguin in favor of longer week ends, and while I had never gotten the start of mine moved back to Wednesday, I had worked it back to Friday around noon and I'm here to tell you and the legislature too I ain't a bit prejudiced against Wednesday. Wednesday suits me fine, don't know why I didn't think of it myself, and I ain't particularly insistent that the thing end Sunday night. Monday noon ain't no bad time to end a week end, if you can't get by with draggin it out till Tuesday mornin.

I like to start off a week fresh, and don't mind holdin up the week until I am.

Too many people are browbeat by the calendar. I say the calendar was made for man, not the other way around, and there ain't a week end been devised yet that's too long for me. And me and the legislature see eye to eye on this.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

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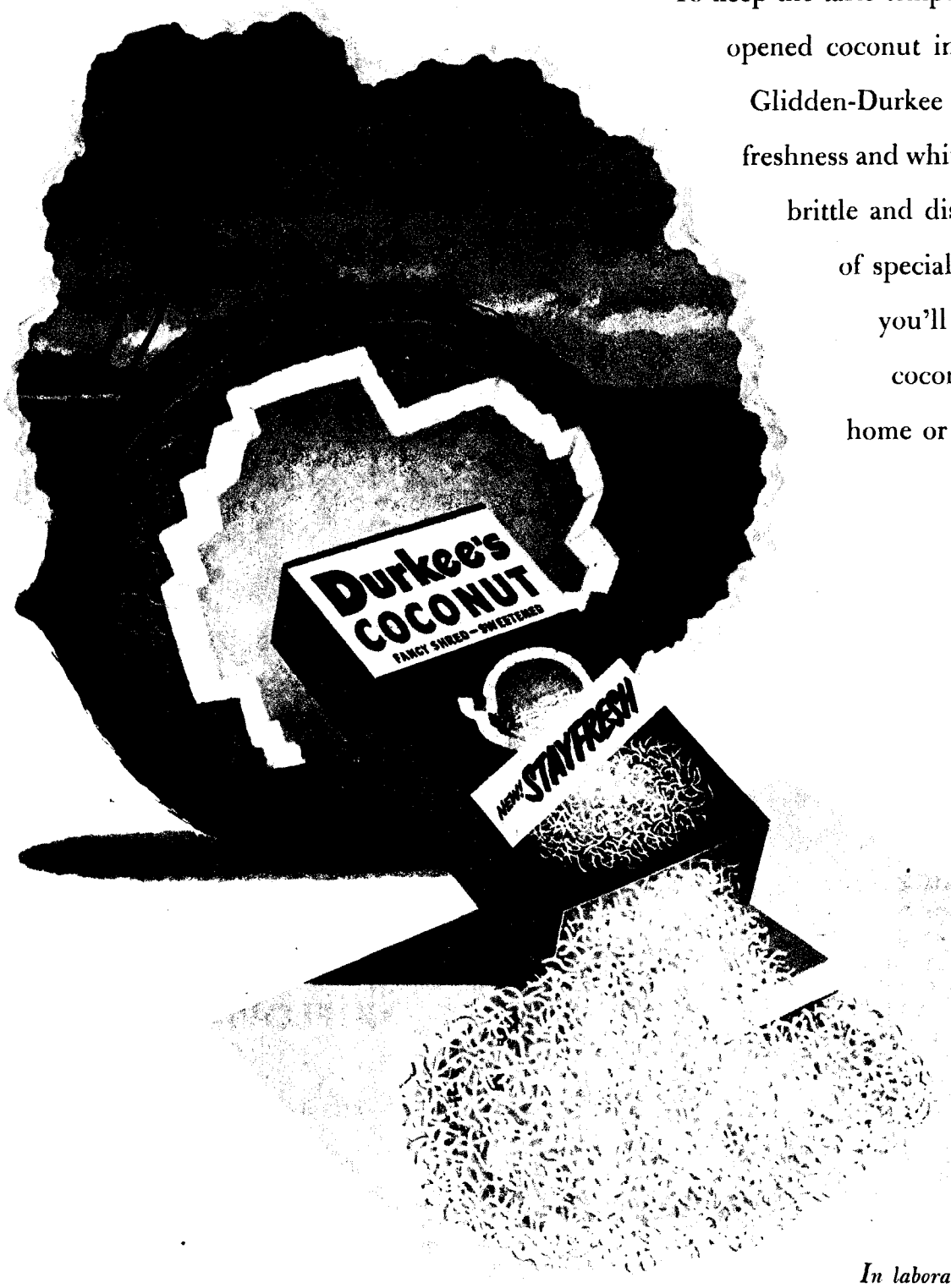
How Durkee makes the tropical freshness *stay fresh!*



To keep the taste-tempting *natural* flavor and moist goodness of a newly opened coconut in *packaged* form has long been a problem. Now Glidden-Durkee research has found a way to capture the tropical freshness and whiteness . . . to prevent the shreds from becoming dry, brittle and discolored. The result of Durkee's nearly 100 years of specialization in finer flavor for many food products . . . you'll *taste the difference* in Durkee's new "STAYFRESH" coconut . . . whether you use it for your own topping at home or enjoy it on the products of your favorite bakery.

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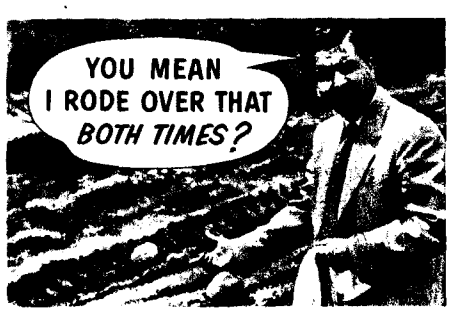
Proves that Dodge Oriflow Ride turns roughest roads into boulevards. In actual tests, motorists were securely blindfolded and driven over a rough, bumpy road in an ordinary car. Then they were given a Dodge Oriflow Ride over the same road, at the same speed. Only after blindfolds were removed were they convinced that they traveled the same bumpy road *both* times—so magically smooth and level was the Dodge Oriflow Ride!

Blindfolded motorists discover Oriflow Ride takes bumps and ruts out of roughest roads

Car without new Oriflow Ride System

New Dodge with Oriflow Ride System

Motorists taking the Blindfold Test found they were pitched, tossed and bounced while riding in a car *without* Oriflow. Then still blindfolded, they were driven in a Dodge with the new Oriflow Ride System. They found the ride so smooth and level they could hardly believe they traveled the same bumpy road!



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No matter what type of road—back country ruts or city cobblestones—the new Dodge Oriflow Ride carries you smoothly, *without bounce or jounce*. Unbelievable, you say, as you spot the bumps and ruts in the road in front of you—yet which disappear as your car glides smoothly over them!

Words can't describe this truly amazing ride. Experience it for yourself! Your Dodge dealer invites you to try it . . . to compare it with any car you've ever driven in the past.

You could pay up to $1,000 more

The Dodge Oriflow Ride is only one of the many extra-value features Dodge gives you. In just five minutes your Dodge dealer will be glad to show you how you could pay up to $1,000 more for a car and still not get all the extra room, ease of handling and famous dependability of today's bigger value Dodge!

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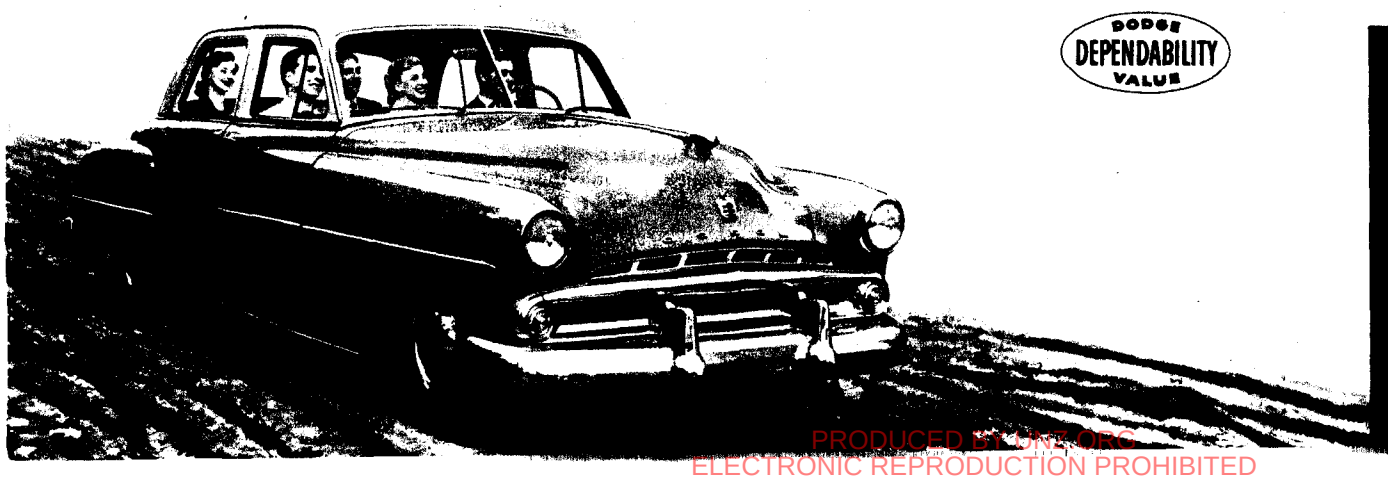

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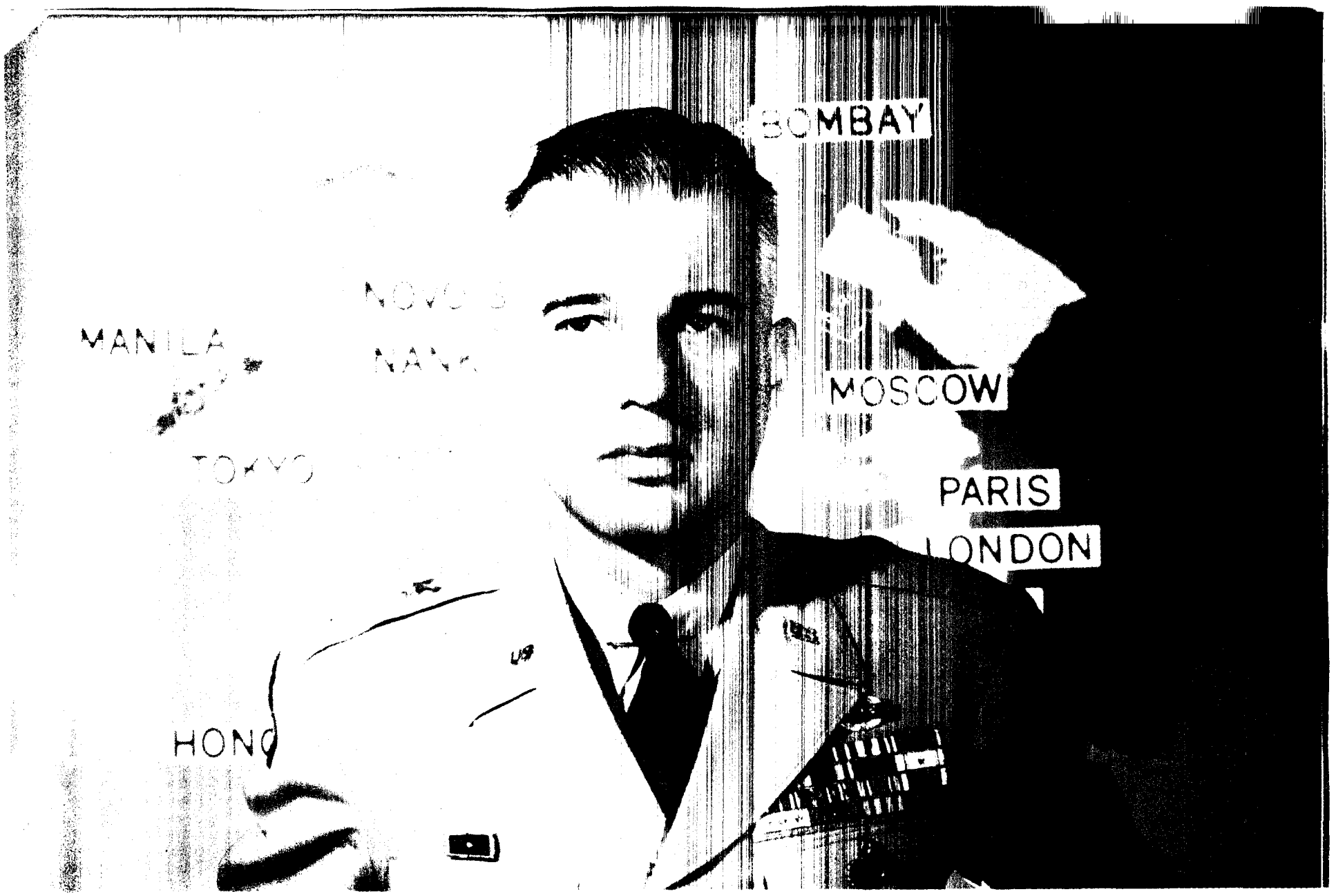

TOM O'HALLORAN

Michaelis says we "may never again see major wars as we have known them, with solid lines of masses of men facing each other"

This We Learned in Korea

BY [illegible] HILL DAVIDSON

Two dividends came out of the fighting—we learned how to beat the Reds at their own kind of warfare and we developed a battle-wise Army. Here is a report from a famed soldier who led his command to glory

ONE of the greatest compliments ever paid my outfit, the 27th "Wolfhound" Infantry Regiment, was: "They think like gooks, only faster." The GIs said this in Korea, and what they meant was that we had learned to beat the Communist guerrilla-trained infantry at their own specialty—with a little extra American fortitude and ingenuity thrown in.

When the Chinese first entered the war, for instance, we were hit hard as we moved forward toward the Yalu River. Captain Reginald Desiderio, of El Monte, California, who commanded E Company of the 27th, took one look at the situation and raced to cement his hold on a single hill north of the Chongchon River that he knew was the key to survival or disaster for thousands of Allied troops. From his knowledge of Communist infiltration tactics, he realized the Chinese would make their greatest effort against this hill and that if they took it, they could trap the rest of the battalion and much of the division. He was right. Almost immediately, E Company was hit by almost overwhelming hordes of Chinese, who attacked all through the night of November 27, 1950.

All night, however, Captain Desiderio pulled himself from foxhole to foxhole, imploring the men, "Just hold until first light. Then everything will be all right." The hill was bracketed with the fire of wave after wave of Red attacks, and Desiderio, although wounded six times, still kept crawling about on the crest of the hill, saying over and over again, "Hold until first light."

Finally, just before dawn, a mortar fragment hit Desiderio, and he died. But he had so infused his men with his message that a young lieutenant rushed out and rocked the captain's body in his arms, sobbing hysterically, "It is first light." It was, indeed; and the Chinese attacks subsided, as they took cover to avoid observation by our air and our artillery. A good portion of the UN armies had been saved, and Captain Desiderio was awarded posthumously the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In the same way, when the Chinese were pursuing us through Seoul and across the Han River, my outfit was given the task of blocking the enemy from the one remaining bridge across the Han, while the rest of the corps escaped. I called my staff together and we asked ourselves the question, "If you were trained as a Red commander, what would you do in this situation?" We all came up with the same answer: "I'd infiltrate troops disguised as civilians along the flank down a riverbank road that is clogged with civilian refugees —and knock out the 27th from the rear." We then sent B Company down this road, and later backed it with the entire 3d Battalion. B Company straddled the road with strongly dug-in defense positions on high ground and waited.

Surely enough, a few hours later, a "civilian" suddenly appeared on another hill and planted a red flag on its summit. This was the signal for other "civilians" on the road below to open fire with mortars and machine guns hidden in their packs. They even had an antitank gun concealed in a bullock cart. But B Company, the supporting battalion and our air were stronger than the surprised Reds had bargained for. They were decimated. We held them off long enough for all of our troops to get across the bridge.

These are the men and the tactics we have developed in Korea, and from my worm's-eye view as a field commander, I think we have learned

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Meet a Brilliant and Daring Fighting Man

Thirty-eight-year-old Brigadier General John H. "Mike" Michaelis, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, comes from a long line of West Pointers. His father, Captain Otho E. Michaelis graduated from the Point and died in World War I, and the general himself is remembered as one of the handsomest men to attend the Military Academy. His valor apparently equals his appearance, since he is the holder of 21 decorations and ribbons, including one Distinguished Service Cross (the nation's second highest combat decoration), two Silver Stars, two Bronze Stars, three Legions of Merit and two Purple Hearts.

In World War II, he was a thirty-one-year-old full colonel commanding the famed 502d Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division in Europe. He led his men *in the predawn air drop on D day in Normandy*; and in the airborne invasion of the Netherlands, he was seriously wounded in the stomach as he attacked toward the Rhine at the head of his men. When the Battle of the Bulge began, he walked out of a hospital in England before his wounds were healed, to rejoin the 101st Airborne in time for their epic stand against the 15 German divisions which surrounded them at Bastogne. Here, his wounds ripped open, but he continued to function as chief of staff of the division until the 101st was rescued. By then, he was so gravely injured that he had to be hospitalized again for several months.

Michaelis had reverted to the rank of lieutenant colonel when the Korean war broke out, but he soon received a battlefield promotion back to colonel, when his 27th "Wolfhound" Regiment became the first U.S. unit to stop the North Koreans cold. His daring became legend in the theater, and he won his coveted Distinguished Service Cross near Sinsan-ni on September 3, 1950, when the 27th's Third Battalion was pinned down on a hill, with great masses of the enemy threatening to crack through to wipe out the artillery and perhaps penetrate the entire United Nations line. All the radio and telephone communications were out, so Michaelis himself crawled more than 500 yards under fire—with bullets and mortar shells splattering all around him—to call for an air strike, which saved the situation.

***After several feats like this, his men said* of Michaelis, "He'll either be a dead colonel or a live general." They were right. On March 23, 1951, he was jumped over the heads of some 6,000 higher-ranking officers to become a brigadier general at the age of thirty-eight—an almost unprecedented promotion which leads many experts to believe that the brilliant, personable young officer is being groomed for the nation's top military jobs. Currently, Michaelis is assigned to help supervise the training of General Dwight D. Eisenhower's forces in Europe, and he is living in Paris with his wife Mary and his two-year-old daughter Maurene.**

—THE EDITORS

Return of a hero: General Michaelis with his wife Mary and daughter Maurene in Washington after he got back from Korea. They are now living in Paris, where Mike is assisting Ike

ACME

lessons that will prove invaluable if we have to face a major war with Russia. We now know how to ambush entire enemy patrols so that not a single man gets back with the factual information about our weak spots that the Communists need to launch their "human sea" attacks; and we know how to set up the Communists' own favorite "hedgehog" defense. We have learned stealth and concealment; and how men who have been pushed aside by penetrating columns must go into a perimeter defense, hold and then help seal off the enemy breakthroughs.

Our highly mobile, hard-hitting task forces wrought havoc in the enemy's rear areas, in the same way that the North Koreans devastated *our* command posts and artillery positions in the early days of the war. We have learned to fight stripped to the bare essentials, without the comforts and the extra personal equipment we enjoyed in World War II; and we have become so fast-moving and expert with our weapons that small units can be shifted about with lightning speed to blunt the onrush of crushingly superior enemy forces.

Americans Revive Guerrilla Tactics

My outfit was the first to do this in Korea, and the late Lieutenant General Walton Walker flattered us with the name, "The Fire Brigade." What it all adds up to is the fact that American soldiers have revived the lost and honorable art of guerrilla warfare, which our forefathers learned fighting Indians and which disappeared with the cavalry raids of Jeb Stuart in the Civil War.

And lucky for us that we have. For it is my contention (again speaking from the point of view of a field commander and not a global strategist) that we may never again see major wars as we have known them, with solid lines of masses of men facing each other. If the Russians attack in Europe, they would come at us with such overpowering numbers that only one tactic would be open to us. Dozens of "fire brigades" like the 27th would dart in at the advancing hordes, strike a punishing blow here, fight a blocking action there, and then dart out again. It would be Korea all over again, except that this time the fire brigades would be well trained in guerrilla hit-and-run tactics, and they would not get chewed up the way our isolated battalions were in the early days of Korea.

When our lines finally would get stabilized, we would again be sorely outnumbered by the enemy, and again we would have to rely on our fire brigades. We would hold them in constant readiness within the perimeter, and as soon as the enemy breaks through at any point, we would rush them to the danger spot to check deep penetrations. This is exactly how General Walker used the 27th Regiment during the dark days of the Pusan Perimeter, and often we fought around Masan in the south one day and helped reduce a North Korean breakthrough near Taegu, 80 road miles away, less than 24 hours later.

If anything, the fire brigades would be able to work even more effectively in a European emergency, because there is no wild tangle of mountains, as in Korea, and our tank-infantry-artillery teams should be able to tear around to danger spots with even greater speed. In Europe, the enemy might have air superiority at first, and until our own Air Forces fight *their* inevitable first major battle to wrest control from the enemy planes, static concentrations of troops would soon be wiped out. Thus, we would *have* to use the elusive fire brigades, for one key reason, to wit: you can't hit what you can't see.

Even after we attained air superiority and went on the offensive, we still would not be able to match the Communists in sheer man power, so again, as in Korea, we would have to strike out with the same type of fast-moving unit, using overwhelming firepower to make up for the deficiency in numbers. One of the few departments in which we hold a clear advantage over the Russians is in our great quantities of transportation, a production miracle which the Reds cannot hope to match in this generation, and it is this edge that would enable us not only to outspeed the enemy movements, but also to keep vital supplies of ammunition moving to the front to maintain our preponderance of firepower.

This ultratough guerrilla warfare requires an exceptional type of casehardened fighting man, which you might think would be difficult to find in highly

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civilized, comparatively soft-living America. However, they turned up by the score in the 27th Regiment, and we may expect to find hundreds more to form the nucleus of the units we will train in Europe. Almost legendary in Korea, for example, is Captain Lewis Millett, of South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, a ferocious company commander with handle-bar mustaches, who has received the Congressional Medal of Honor for leading his men in what the Combat Forces Journal calls the first major American bayonet charge since Cold Harbor in the Civil War.

In one of our earlier actions, Millett, then an artillery liaison officer, was nearly stepped on by a heavy foot as he lay concealed in the bushes at night with one of my companies. He choked back his cry of surprise as he looked up and realized that a large element of an enemy battalion was working its way back to its own lines directly through his position. Millett relayed the word along in whispers, cursing and swearing at the men to hold their fire until ordered to let go with every weapon. They did. And when the enemy had passed down the trail, they were cut to pieces from the rear by our fire—a dose of their own guerrilla medicine.

On another occasion, Millett was flying in a tiny L-5 artillery observation plane with Captain James Lawrence, of Pittsburgh, a brilliant and fearless pilot, when they saw a U.S. fighter plane make a forced crash landing in a frozen rice paddy behind the enemy lines. Millett told Lawrence to land the L-5 on the rice paddy, and Lawrence put the tiny aircraft down directly alongside the fighter pilot, who was glumly awaiting capture. Millett then got out and pushed the pilot into his seat.

"What are you doing?" Lawrence yelled.

Millett replied, "There isn't room in there for three. Fly this guy out and I'll fight off the gook army until you can come back and get me." This is exactly what Millett proceeded to do, armed with nothing more than his carbine, until Lawrence landed again and took off with him. The L-5 flew out in the midst of a fusillade of shots from the strong Red patrol Millett had been engaging singlehandedly.

Two Deadly Types of Fighters

In the 27th Regiment, there were dozens of rough-and-tumble battlers, including a former Class A professional baseball pitcher, Sergeant First Class Raymond P. Lemmings, of Seminole, Oklahoma, who received the Distinguished Service Cross for knocking out an entire Communist position by throwing hand grenades directly into the enemy's holes. But we also had cold, calculating fighters like Lieutenant Colonel Gilbert J. Check, of Williston, North Dakota (my successor as commander of the 27th), who had been a mild-mannered college English instructor before the war. Throughout the regiment, men of both types not only beat the Reds at their own game, but they came up with new guerrilla angles the Communists never dreamed of.

When they buttoned up for the night, for example, they set trip-wires around the position attached to the trigger of a rifle aimed at a five-gallon gasoline drum. If a Red infiltrator hit the trip-wire during the night, the rifle fired a tracer bullet into the gasoline, setting it afire, and outlining the infiltrators in a blaze of light. In the same way, they illuminated the entire battlefield at night by training our antiaircraft searchlights on the clouds so that the beams would reflect downward, the same way an indirect lamp reflects off a ceiling and lights up an entire living room.

They found that 55-gallon gasoline drums filled with 90 per cent crude oil and 10 per cent gasoline will burn with a bright flame and light up wide areas for 3½ hours; and when the Chinese persisted with their bugle blowing, they grabbed the sirens from ambulance jeeps and MP vehicles and drowned the enemy out by the sheer volume of noise.

With men of this caliber for raw material, it was easy to build the 27th into the fighting organization it has become.

I did not command the 27th when the Korean war broke out, and, in fact, I knew them mostly by reputation as an outfit that had fought well in the Solomons and the Philippines in World War II and in Siberia after World *(Continued on page 38)*

ACME

Captain Lewis Millett, from South Dartmouth, Mass., won the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery

HARRIS & EWING

Michaelis examines telescopic sight from a North Korean tank captured at Waegwan

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Standing on a small knoll, Michaelis directs withdrawal of his troops to new positions for a stand against the Communist offensive last May. The drive was stopped, and Mike's men played a big part

One of Michaelis' 27th Infantry Regiment Wolfhounds hurls a grenade at a North Korean sniper in a village near Taegu. Outfit won praise of an observer who said they "think like gooks, only faster"

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

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The children had heard the ladder bumping along the ground, and as Martin mounted the rungs, he saw their faces in the nursery window

The One Who Wouldn't Dance

Lina was a strange child, not like his other children, but she was Martin's delight, and he couldn't bear to see her withdrawn into this private world of sorrow

By PAUL HORGAN

MARTIN O'MALLEY was never sure that all three of his children would come with Frances, their mother, to meet his usual evening train. Sometimes one was missing—Lina, the middle one, who was five. In her own way she had an odd kind of strength unknown to Eugenia, her sister, who was nine, and to her three-year-old brother, Neddie. It was the strength of privacy.

Tonight only Eugenia and Neddie had come with Frances to meet the train. Martin found them quickly and took the wheel of the station wagon, leaning over to kiss Frances as she moved to make room for him. The two children climbed into the back seat. Neddie had to see the train leave, so they all sat and watched.

"No Lina?" Martin asked.

"No Lina," Frances said. "She's *gone*."

Everyone laughed at this, for they knew what the word meant in a particular family sense.

"She all right?"

"Oh, yes—otherwise."

"All right, Brother," Martin said to Ned. "Train gone. We go please?"

"We go."

"Daddy," Eugenia said reprovingly, "you're talking baby talk, and we're not supposed to, any of us, to Neddie."

"You're right, my fat little pigeon. Don't ever let me do it again. Kiss me."

He leaned back so she could reach his cheek. A wisp of her hair got into his mouth and he blew it out loudly. She hugged him. The car swerved suddenly.

"Hey, let go," he cried. "Let go. Do you want to kill us all?"

Neddie beat on Eugenia to make her let go. The car went on through the town, out to the seashore, and turned in to the long graveled drive to the house.

"Here we are," Eugenia said importantly at their front door. She turned to help Ned out of the car. He let her lift him, relaxed and confident, a small king who granted his helplessness as favors.

"Upstairs, everybody," Frances said to the children.

"If we can't give our surprise, then I want to stay and talk to Daddy," Eugenia said.

"Surprise? What surprise, pigeon?"

"Lina and I have been working on a surprise and we were supposed to give it this evening. But now she won't play, or anything."

"Yes, we'll see," Frances said. "Upstairs now, right away, and then when you're ready for bed, you may all come down, Lina too—you must ask her—and if she is ready to be in the surprise, then you can give it. But if she isn't, you can say good night in the library where Daddy and I will be."

Eugenia had a respect for contracts and accepted this one at once. Not Ned. He clung to his father's leg, his head back, his presence a claim. He understood nicely the power of limpness.

"Neddie, let go! You heard Mummy. Come on now, go upstairs like a big boy, you hear? Stand up."

They finally went and were received at the top of the stairs by their nurse, Dorla, a large, elderly Negress, who considered all white children insane but lovable. She wore spectacles, much bent and straightened from having been snatched off her face by baby hands. Nothing that a child might do surprised her, and she believed that the first duty of life was to forgive.

SETTLING down in his chair with a drink, Martin said, "This is nice." The pale daylight lingered above the ocean which he could see through the open French doors. Frances sat opposite him, pretty and cool. "How was Lina all day?" he asked.

"Simply fine. Until about an hour or so ago. I wondered if it was the cellar."

"What do you mean, the cellar? Is that where she is?"

"Oh, no, dear. She's been upstairs all along. You remember when we talked about making a playroom down in the cellar for the children? I thought I'd see about it today. I went down—we really must have more lights, it is so dark—and Lina went as far as the third step, and then got scared and sat down with the kitchen door open behind her. Neddie, of course, had to go all the way down with me. It *is* scary, but I held Ned by the hand, and turned on all the dim little lights. It *would* make a wonderful play place for rainy days. I had lots of ideas. I want to show you."

"I think we'll be able to manage it before winter. I agree it would be nice. Did Lina just sit on the step and wait for you?"

"Yes, just sat and waited. She was fine until just a while ago; then she wouldn't come to the train with us and just stayed in the nursery. Martin, it does hurt to see her; she seems absolutely *gone* under something so sad."

"I know. I thought she'd got better about that." He sighed. "What's the surprise?"

"A song they've been practicing. Eugenia learned it at school, and she's been teaching it to Lina. They do it together. I'm not supposed to know."

"Oh, of course not. Maybe I'll go up and see if I can—"

But he was interrupted *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

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Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

Battling the Early Black

They were only one of the problems faced in feeding the millions of German-occupied

II

TRYING to feed 10,000,000 civilians of two belligerent nations occupied by an enemy army is an exacting job. When, late in 1914, I became head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, charged with staving off starvation for the people of Belgium and of that part of northern France also overrun by the Germans, we were confronted with problems of a kind and size never before met by mortal man.

Some of these problems were, in the main, administrative. They included such separately imposing tasks as raising the money to finance the purchase of colossal quantities of food; buying the food all over the world—in the United States, Canada, India, Argentina—against stiff competition from other zealous buyers; and finding the ships to carry this load, again in the face of world competition for shipping.

Our program called for the constant use of about 60 cargo ships, totaling around 300,000 tons. From November, 1914, to November, 1919, C.R.B. shipments from overseas totaled 2,000 cargoes or part cargoes carrying more than 5,000,000 tons of wheat, flour, corn, rice, coffee, bacon, meat, fish, milk and other foods, as well as soap, sugar and clothing.

Other major problems with which we wrestled were in the diplomatic sphere. We had constantly to walk a tightrope between the belligerents, chiefly Britain and Germany. Our vigorous publicity in demanding justice for the starving—squeezed between the British sea blockade and the German land occupation—met with only limited enthusiasm from both London and Berlin.

And, of course, there was the separate problem of dealing with the occupying forces. The German army had special characteristics all its own, most of them just the human traits armies always exhibit to civilians, some of them outcroppings of the German conviction that they were a master race. Some of their actions, such as the massacre of civilians at Dinant, were wicked beyond description. War is not an afternoon tea party.

The invasion and famine had instantly produced certain phenomena. In the first weeks industry had collapsed. Half the people were unemployed and destitute. The prices of domestic food had risen stupendously.

The farmers hoarded for their own families. The rich got enough, the middle class got something, but the jobless and poor got little except soup.

Scenes in a Land of Imprisonment

My impressions of Belgium in November, 1914, on my first visit after becoming C.R.B. chief, are still vivid. Passing through the frontier from Holland, I had an indescribable sense of entering a land of imprisonment. Possibly the rather rough search of my person by the German guards strengthened that impression. The depressed, unsmiling faces of the Belgians matched the mood of the dreary winter landscape. German soldiers stood at every crossroads and street corner. There were no children at play. The empty streets, the gaunt destroyed houses, the ruins of the fine old church of St. Pierre and the library at Louvain, intensified the sense of suspended animation in the life of a people.

When Mrs. Hoover visited Belgium the next month—she was to accompany me on several of my trips and to observe every sort of relief activity—she attended the special Christmas service at the Cathedral of St. Gudule, shrine of all troubled Belgians. The hundreds of women in deepest mourning, and the emotional response of the great audience to the priest's prayers for the safety of their loved ones and deliverance from their oppressions, affected her strongly. She said to me: "Do these Germans think they can hold a people whose very souls revolt?"

During my first visit to Belgium for the C.R.B., we worked out the details of our general lines of organization. The Belgian Comité National had already been expanded by Emile Francqui and Firmin Van Bree to include leading Belgians from all parts of the country.

Francqui was chairman of this national committee, Van Bree its executive secretary; both were men of extraordinary ability and devotion. Provincial and local committees were set up in the municipalities and communes. For northern France, we set up a committee of Frenchmen under Professor Edmond Labbé.

Under the stipulations laid down by the British and French governments, the C.R.B. held title to all food until it reached the consumer. The Allies also insisted that in order to safeguard supplies from the Germans, C.R.B. men must have charge of barge and rail transport, of processing, and of warehousing. They further required that the Belgian and French committees be considered mandatories of the C.R.B., and that the C.R.B. account to the British and French governments for money both spent and collected.

Final distribution of relief was put in the hands of the local committees, headed by the burgomasters and mayors of the communes—which varied from a few hundred to a few thousand people. The Americans on the C.R.B. sat ex officio on all committees, and, inasmuch as the Belgians were not allowed to move about freely, our men had also to serve in large measure as the channels of communication between committees. Moreover, because the Germans imposed on the Belgians, the

EUROPEAN

Women and children reach for food doled out by Mr. Hoover's Belgian Relief organization. He instituted food rationing, the first time in history a system of this kind was enforced in an entire country

BROWN BROTHERS

Soup and bread arrive at a distribution point in Belgium. Feeding operation was divided into "provisioning," which sold supplies, and "benevolence," which gave them to the poor. One financed the other

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Markets • By HERBERT HOOVER

France and Belgium. The diplomats were a big headache, too

C.R.B. staff—or our minister patrons—had in most cases to conduct relations with the Germans.

Generally the C.R.B. fixed external policies, usually in consultation with the Belgian and French committees, and these in turn usually determined domestic policies in consultation with the C.R.B. Although the relations among the various organisms were complicated, they worked smoothly enough because of the pervading feeling of good will; the word "we" in this test is not a personal reference but means the entire machinery.

We at once opened six floors of a new office building in Brussels for the American staff and three floors for the Belgian national committee. Soon the clatter of typewriters issued from every transom. We quickly concluded that we must ration the whole population. Because we were reducing the normal food intake by over one third, and everybody had to fare alike, we started with bread but followed with other commodities as the situation became more tense.

Ration Plan for a Whole Nation

And rationing was not as simple as it sounds. There were no precedents: this was the first time in history a whole nation had been rationed. Separate cards had to be issued to each person or each family for each major commodity, with coupons marked for days or weeks. The farmers had to have special arrangements and so did families with a cow or chicken. Some people ate at restaurants. And so there were a hundred variations.

We separated our feeding operations into two parts. One was the "Provisioning," under which rations were sold for cash at fair prices to people who could afford to pay. The other was the "Benevolence," which distributed food free to the destitute. From its cash intake "Provisioning" supplied the need of "Benevolence."

This arrangement was partly due to the need to simplify accounting and partly to the difference in the personnel required. "Benevolence" was conducted largely by women; "Provisioning" was a man's job.

Ultimately "Provisioning" took control of all food warehouses, flour mills, slaughterhouses, dairies, bakeries and restaurants. In time we requisitioned all of the farmer's production above the needs of his own family. To spur production, we guaranteed him profitable prices for subsequent crops.

We naturally had a price problem, because we had to fix prices for the rations and for the farmers. Initially we had black markets. As our food supply was so meager, people naturally tried to get around the end. At the start we tried to establish maximum retail prices on the few unrationed commodities and to work back from them to prices for the producer. Finally our situation became so difficult that we took over all surplus produce from the farmer and rationed it out along with the imported food. We effectively killed the black market.

By all these activities, involving an entire nation, our combined organizations thus became the first and pioneer Food Administration of modern times.

Just as in Belgium the final distribution officer was the burgomaster of the commune, so in northern France it was the *maire* of the commune. There were 1,200 French communes in the area covered by the C.R.B. By the end of the Relief over 500 of the *maires* were women. They turned out to be faithful and painstaking almost beyond belief, accounting for every last centime and gramme.

French francs had disappeared from this occupied region and there *(Continued on page 59)*

INTERNATIONAL

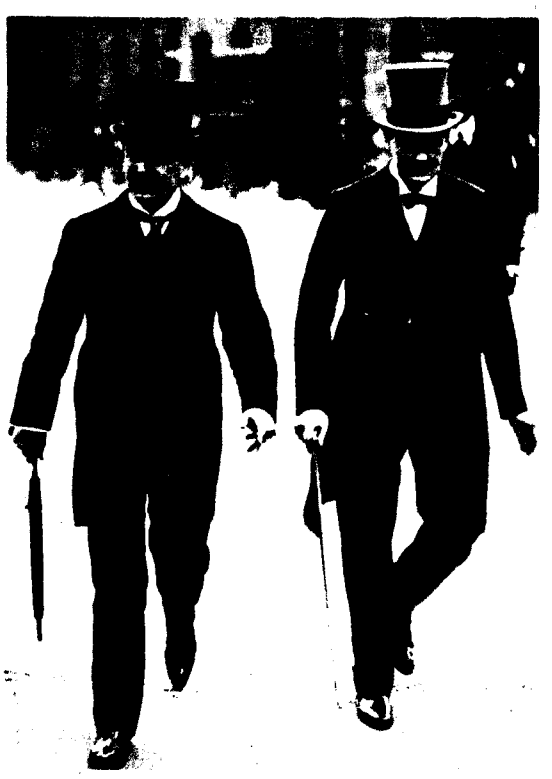
Senator Henry Cabot Lodge planned to attack Hoover for "interfering" in foreign affairs

EUROPEAN

Hoover told Theodore Roosevelt of Lodge's planned blast—and it never was launched

EUROPEAN

Members of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, organized in 1914, photographed in London. Mr. Hoover is third from left in seated row. Body was composed of men from neutral nations, the future President realizing that success depended on strong support from nonbelligerents



EUROPEAN

Lloyd George and Churchill, shown in wartime London, figured in Hoover's relief problems

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UNLAZY SUSAN

You have only to look at Susan Hayward's fiery hair to know how she achieved success in Hollywood: She fought, and fought fiercely. And now that she's at the top, she works furiously to stay there

By THOMAS WOOD

SOME weeks ago, on a hidden stream in the high Sierras, there occurred a brisk and unorthodox battle between two freckled beauties. For 30 minutes a vacationing Hollywood actress tried to lure a suspicious rainbow trout onto her line by every approved means—flies, spinners and salmon eggs. The fish eyed them all with bland distaste. Finally, the lady resorted to a device no self-respecting trout fisherman would employ: she baited her hook with a lowly worm. The trout lifted himself slowly to the wriggling delicacy, then, with a lordly disdain, flicked his tail and swam away.

Infuriated, the actress threw down her rod, picked up a rock and heaved it at the departing fish. Then, with a toss of her fiery red mane, she stalked back to camp, every fiber of her five-foot-three-inch frame taut with indignation.

From a short distance upstream, a blond young man named Jess Barker watched her departure with amused tolerance. He was not surprised. After seven years of marriage, he had seen Susan Hayward blow her top on more than one vexing occasion.

Susan has always had a tendency to throw rocks when things get beyond her. An impetuous exponent of direct action, she excelled, as a red-headed kid in Brooklyn, at a form of street baseball called "punch ball," in which fists are used instead of bats. She also knew how to use her fists, on occasion, between games: when other youngsters, regardless of size or sex, teased her, she poked them in the eye. Although she is now a glamorous movie star, Susan still has the instinctive reflexes of a born fighter; she is always ready to square off against anyone who stands in her way.

Her drive for success has been unrelenting, with no quarter asked and none given. This has left her little time for sentiment, and there are those in Hollywood who feel her gratitude withers fast ("Her thank you lasts about 10 minutes," one critic estimated). Such carping leaves Susan unperturbed. She has been too busy getting ahead.

The push has paid off. In 1949, after a decade in Hollywood, Susan was signed by 20th Century-Fox to a seven-year, no-option contract at a sliding annual salary beginning at $150,000. For the privilege of signing her to this contract, which raised the eyebrows of an economy-minded industry, Darryl Zanuck, head of the studio, happily paid Walter Wanger, who then controlled her professional destiny, $200,000.

"Susan," Zanuck said at the time, "is a rare combination of two elements so often sought and so seldom found: she's beautiful and she can act."

Zanuck thereupon indicated confidence in his own statement by placing Miss Hayward in a rapid succession of big-budget films. Within the last year she was cast in the lead of no fewer than four major productions: Rawhide; I Can Get It for You Wholesale; I'd Climb the Highest Mountain; and David and Bathsheba, which should be the biggest of them all.

In this Biblical epic, which will be released next month, Susan plays the feminine title role—that of the lovely, shrewd woman who so attracts the king (Gregory Peck) that he jealously sends her husband to his death in battle. The part of a woman thus trapped by powerful forces is a tricky one to play, and the fact that it has been entrusted to Miss Hayward is significant; with David and Bathsheba, Zanuck is making his bid for next year's Academy Award.

"On the basis of investment alone," says Joseph Schenck, executive production head at Fox, "Miss Hayward is our most valuable player. We've tied up $12,500,000 in her—or nearly a quarter of the studio's annual production budget."

Susan doesn't feel the least bit overworked. She likes it. She thrives on a schedule that sees her up at five in the morning, in the make-up department at seven, on the set at nine, and rarely home before seven thirty. As the star who appears in most of the scenes, she seldom gets a day off during the production period, usually eight weeks. Gaps between picture assignments are crowded with wardrobe fittings, make-up tests, conferences, rehearsals and posing for still pictures. It doesn't take a student of higher mathematics to figure out that during the past year Miss Hayward spent more time at the studio than she did at home.

During the shooting of Samuel Goldwyn's My Foolish Heart, for which she won a 1949 Academy nomination for "Best Actress," the director, Mark Robson, was amazed at the stamina that enabled her to remain before the cameras almost constantly for nine weeks. "Her part was a tremendous physical task," he recalled. "She appeared in all but two scenes. Yet she never *(Continued on page 68)*

MAUPIN

The latest Hayward vehicle is David and Bathsheba, in which she plays the woman who captivates king after he spies her bathing on a rooftop

JOHN FLOREA

Susan and her husband, Jeff Barker, treat their twin sons between performances at a school circus. Boys are Gregory (1.) and Timothy

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Susan reluctantly bobbed her hair for recent role in film, With a Song in My Heart, depicting Jane Froman's life

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The Last Maltby

By JOHN ANDREW RICE

SILAS MALTBY had been a familiar presence in the town for so long that at first his absence was felt as something vague, a slight and teasing question on the edge of the mind. It was not until Grandboy Dan appeared in the sheriff's office that the question required an answer.

"Now, what's the trouble, son?" the sheriff asked, looking across the desk at the young Negro standing erect, dressed in city fashion, with a knife-edge crease in his sleeves and trousers and a bow tie flaring up under his chin. When the sheriff's eyes came to rest on the new snapbrim hat slanted over his eyes, the boy raised his hand and lifted the hat from his head as one lifts a delicate piece of china, and brought it to rest at his side. The sheriff smiled and said, "And maybe this time you better start from the beginning."

"Yassir," the boy said, without relaxing his pose. "Yestiddy I come home fum New York, where I ben workin', ben there six monts."

"I see," the sheriff said.

"Yassir," the boy said again, and went on stolidly: "I rowed over to de island. He lets me, and I aimed to shoot me a rabbit." Then his voice became unsteady. "He weren't there," he said.

"How'd you know?" the sheriff asked.

"I ain't see him in de yard and I ain't see him in de field, so I hollered, de way I always does when I ain't see him." The boy's head moved from side to side and his eyelids flickered.

"What did you do then?" the sheriff asked.

The boy's eyelids flickered again and his shoulders began to droop. "I hollered good and loud," he said, and added, "in de back do'."

"Was it open?" the sheriff asked, and, when the boy gulped and nodded, he said, "Why didn' you go in?" The sheriff looked out of the window as he asked the question; when he brought his eyes back to the boy he had his answer in the frightened figure. "I see," he said. "Well, I'll do what I can, after dinner, about two o'clock. You be waiting for me at the dock."

"Yassir," the boy said, "thank you, sir." He stood without moving, and at last, at the question in the sheriff's eyes, he asked, "Does I have to go wid you?"

The sheriff smiled. "Mebbe so, mebbe not," he said. "Anyway, I'll take Homer Langley along.

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Like a plow opening a furrow, the Corporal and Silas split the crowd outside the general store, creating a vacuum of silence

"There ain't any way you can be just a human being," Silas said. "You got to be [illegible] white, and I can't be either. All my life I been white, and now I got to be bl[illegible] and I can't do it"

You can come along with me and row the boat."

"Yassir," the boy said, and, turning with effort, he opened the door and pulled it slowly to after him, as if he was closing it on hope. The sheriff smiled again, and without turning his head, called to his wife, "Martha, when was the last time you seen Silas Maltby?"

A moment later a woman appeared at the door that led to the kitchen, a broom in her hand. "I do declare, Mr. Seabrook," she said, "I don't rightly know—three-four days, anyways. I ast him to bring me some eggs next time he come." And she added, with a touch of exasperation, "*His* hens lays."

"Mebbe he feeds 'em," the sheriff said, and got up and opened the door to the porch and called, "Homer!" There was the sound of scraping chairs from the general store next to the sheriff's house, and presently a slouchy man of thirty-five or so appeared and stood inside the door. He pulled a greasy wool hat from his head.

"Homer, you seen Silas Maltby lately?" the sheriff asked.

"No, I ain't," Homer answered. "Not as I knows of."

"Better get back to your job," the sheriff said, "else somebody'll get your chair. And meet me at the dock at two o'clock sharp."

When Homer had gone, the sheriff's wife said, "I don't see why you put up with that man."

"Me neither," her husband said, "except every time I get a good deputy, along comes another war, and he gets drafted. First it was the Kaiser, then Hitler, and now the Koreans."

His wife said, "Reckon anything's happened to Silas?"

"No," he said, "I don't reckon so, Martha. Anyway, we'll know before night."

"Tell me as soon as you get back," she said. "I'm sort of anxious." And she went into the kitchen.

From where he sat, the sheriff could see across a half mile of water to an island, and, in his mind's eye, three other islands and the tip of a fourth. They were part of the long chain that stretched from Georgetown in South Carolina to somewhere below Savannah. Pauley's, Bull's, Capers, Edisto, Hilton Head, Sapelo, Saint Simon—these names were known in every *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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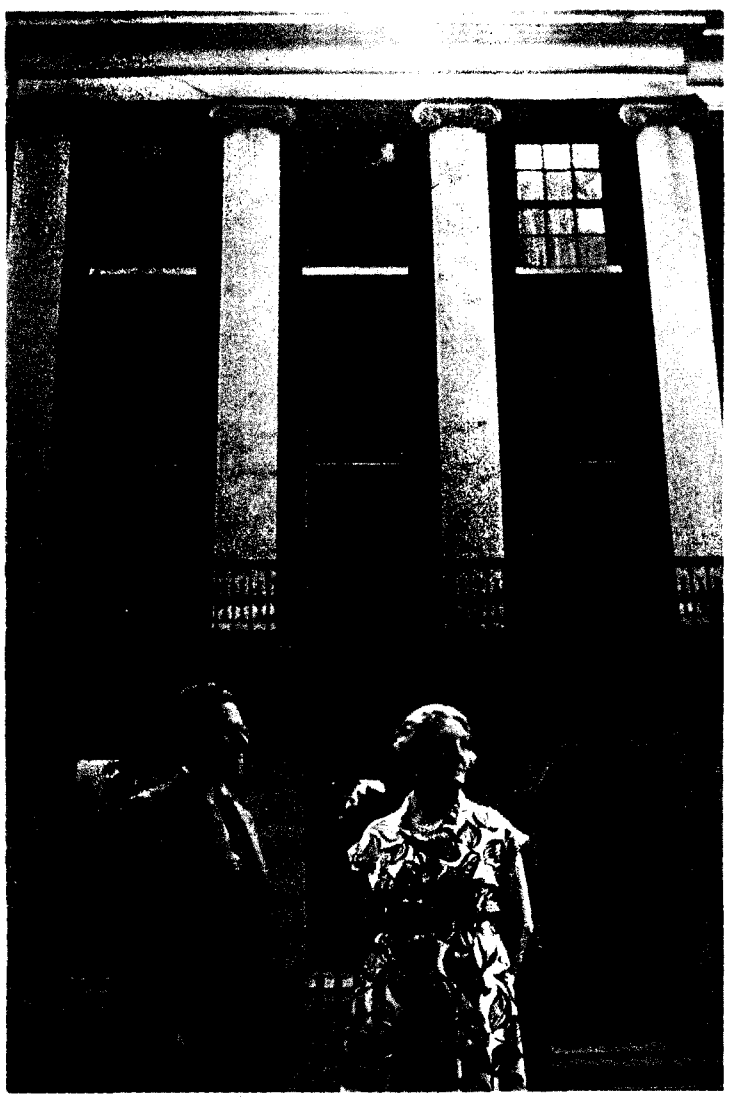
Society even interviewed talking dogs, but men and dogs didn't speak same language

Can Man Foresee the

By ROBERT MUSEL

The neighbors would be amazed if they knew what went on at the staid old house in London's Tavistock Square. Headquarters of the Society for Psychical Research, it's a hangout for mind readers and ghost chasers



Dr. D. J. West, Mrs. K. M. Goldney, who investigate psychical phenomena, shown at group's headquarters

Phony mediums, claiming to move distant objects, are detected by infrared ray (l.), adjustable room lights

London

ON THE night of March 8, 1946, Lord Kilbracken, then the Honorable John Godley and a student at Balliol College, Oxford, dreamed that he was scanning the racing results in next day's newspaper and that among the winners —at 7 to 1—were a couple of horses named Bindal and Juladin. At breakfast the next morning, idly glancing at the paper, Godley noted with a start that the entries in that afternoon's racing at the Plumpton and Weatherby tracks did, in fact, list a Bindal and a Juladin.

Godley told some friends about his dream and placed bets on both horses. Both won—paying, together, 7⅞ to 1.

From then on the young Briton slept with pencil and paper at hand. On July 28, 1946, Godley dreamed he was phoning his bookie. "I wonder," he asked in his dream, "if you can tell me the result of the last race?" "Certainly, sir," the bookie replied. "Monumentor at 5 to 4." The next day Godley went into a huddle with friends; they concluded that the horse in question was Mentores, scheduled to run at Worcester. Mentores won at 6 to 4.

By this time, bookies in the town of Oxford quaked at the mere mention of Godley's name, and at his propensity for telling other bettors about his advance tips. On the night of June 13, 1947, Godley's profitable dreaming reached its grand climax. He dreamed he was at a race track and heard the spectators shout: "It's The Bogie!" He also saw, in his dream, another winner wearing the colors of the Gaekwar of Baroda.

Godley at once reported this dream to a London newspaper. Next he consulted racing charts. He decided that a horse named The Brogue, running the next day at Lingfield Park, was undoubtedly The Bogie, and that the horse fitting the description of the rest of his dream was one named Baroda Squadron. Both won their races.

A full report of Godley's experiences, with affidavits, now rests in the archives of one of the least-known and most fascinating of the world's learned societies, the sixty-nine-year-old Society for Psychical Research, which has its stately headquarters at No. 31, Tavistock Square, London. Godley's dreams—and according to Dr. Robert Thouless of Cambridge University, a past president of the society, the odds against their being chance are statistically better than 347 to 1—form but one case history among hundreds in the society's files. They include not only dreams which came true but other "inexplicable phenomena"—events which apparently have no orthodox explanation under natural laws as we now understand them.

Undeterred by popular reluctance to take their work seriously, society members—including many professors, businessmen, lawyers, doctors and journalists of Great Britain and western Europe, some 1,200 people in all—pursue a variety of research activities almost as numerous as the membership itself.

Some are interested in haunted houses, and will travel great distances armed with infrared apparatus (for seeing in the dark), invisible wire, dried peas and wheat flour (for spreading over areas where ghosts are said to walk), and with other paraphernalia—all in order to lie in wait for an alleged spook.

Some study dowsing, the technique of divining the unknown by means of twigs and pendulums. Some are absorbed in the mathematics of psychical research, and engage in card-guessing or dice-throwing experiments. Others devote themselves to the possible other-than-normal aspects of dreams which come true, to prediction, or to precognition (knowledge before an event). There are doctor members of the society whose hobby is the psychiatric side of people reported to have psychic gifts. Even "talking dogs" have received the society's attention (they fell strangely silent when interviewed).

All such phenomena, according to G. N. M. Tyrrell, author and past president of the society, "seem so queer in the light of common experience and in comparison with the discoveries of orthodox science that many people have dismissed them without troubling to examine the evidence. This attitude is unscientific.

"No one who professes the principles of science," Tyrrell declares, "can honestly dismiss, without examination, evidence vouched for by intelligent and honest men and women. For the whole of science rests on the principle of appealing to fact instead of claiming to know the truth in advance. Indeed, many scientific laws as now understood owe their existence to apparent contradictions of established laws."

People, Tyrrell complains, still regard the S.P.R. as a "collection of harmless, negligible cranks dealing in eerie trifles." The society itself may be partly to blame for this. Although, since its founding in 1882, it has painstakingly compiled records of psychic phenomena in the hope that scientists would use its unique storehouse of the unusual to push forward the frontiers of knowledge another step or two, it has, at the same time, shunned publicity. Even its neighbors on Tavistock Square—the British Medical Association and the Royal Microscopical Association—have little idea of the strange occurrences recorded (and the frauds unmasked) behind the Victorian façade of No. 31.

Conflicting Views in the Society

After seven decades, there is still disagreement among the society's members over whether its findings merit close study by scientists as being truly "inexplicable phenomena." One faction holds that there is nothing in the society's files that will not be explained someday, while another points out that at least two experiments have thus far defied explanation although conducted by the society itself under strict scientific conditions. And, in the words of one member, "it takes only one black sheep to prove all sheep aren't white."

These two instances were supplied by the brothers Willy and Rudi Schneider, of Austria. Back in January, 1926, Dr. E. J. Dingwall, now a British Museum official, held a series of sittings with Willy in the society's séance room. Willy was brought in by two observers who watched him change into pajamas and a dressing jacket which had been kept overnight on the society's premises. He was then led by both hands to a seat, and luminous strips were tied about each of his ankles and wrists, so his limbs would flash in the darkness if he moved. During the séance, both his hands were held by spectators.

In a gauze cage several feet in front of Willy were a luminous cardboard ring and a tambourine. At the séance, by invitation, were Douglas Dexter, a professional magician, Dr. C. G. Lamb of the Engineering Laboratory at Cambridge, and Dingwall—himself an expert magician.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZOLTAN GLASS

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Future?

Society's learned members, armed with infrared rays and other apparatus, travel great distances to probe "haunted houses"

Under these strict conditions, the observers saw the luminous strip of cardboard and the tambourine both lifted into the air, the strip "dancing like a snowflake." Dexter and Lamb confessed themselves mystified, and Dingwall reported: "We are driven to the conclusion that the only reasonable hypothesis is that some supernormal agency produced the result."

Even more stringent precautions were taken when Willy's brother Rudi sat for the society in late 1932. A firm of building contractors inspected the séance room and certified that there were no trap doors or appliances. The Imperial College of Science and Lord Rayleigh, a society member and onetime president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, loaned infrared-ray equipment so adjusted that any overt movement of Rudi's hands or feet would have been recorded.

The purpose of the experiment was to see if Rudi could move various objects—a vase, say—by sheer will power, a feat French scientists claimed to have seen him perform. Rudi, held in the same manner as his brother, began breathing at the incredible rate of 250 to 300 respirations to the minute—about 15 times normal. He kept this up for two hours, astounding Lord Rayleigh almost as much as did the fluttering of curtains well beyond Rudi's reach.

Meanwhile, C. V. C. Herbert, a Cambridge scientist who was watching the infrared-ray meters, was startled to discover that while the infrared equipment definitely *(Continued on page 65)*

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES ADDAMS

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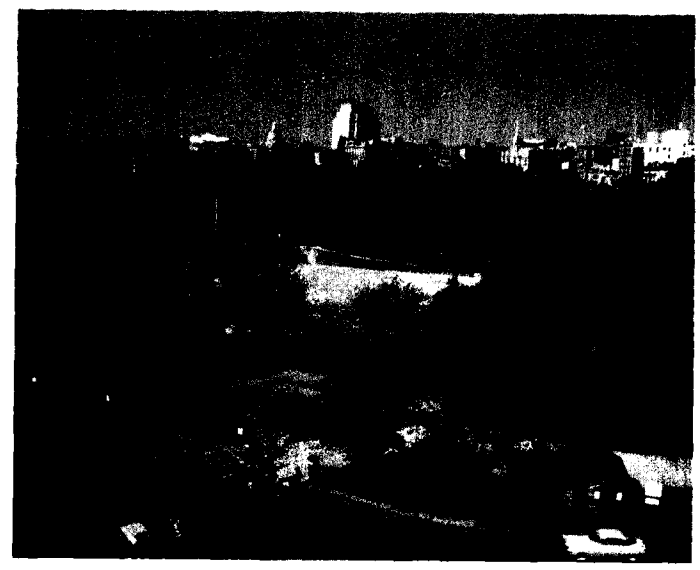
Jean O'Flaherty tags a client of Playland, recent addition to Common where shoppers can leave children, free, for up to three hours of supervised play



Looking northwest toward State House (gold dome)

Boston's Uncommon Common

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, nation's oldest military unit (now inactive), has held its drumhead elections here for more than 300 years

BACK in 1634, when Boston was four years old, the town fathers paid the equivalent of $150 to one of the original settlers, William Blaxton, for a 50-acre meadow adjacent to the community. The property was set aside "for common use as a trayning field and for the feeding of cattell."

It has been a long time—about 120 years—since the last Boston farmer turned his cows out to graze on the Common, but the old pasture remains, now crisscrossed by concrete walks, and hemmed in by a bustling, modern city of some 800,000 persons. Despite the evidences of the twentieth century all around it, the Common is essentially the same today as it must have been three centuries ago—a pleasant, tree-shaded patch of green which is a mecca for visitors to the town, and a comfortable gathering place for Bostonians seeking relaxation.

Today, as then, informality is the keynote of this sprawling park. Oldsters spend the sunny days on benches, playing checkers and chatting; youngsters, many of whom have never seen another expanse of grass as large, splash and frolic in the hip-deep Frog Pond, once a watering place for cattle and a ducking place for scolds, and now a wading pool. Students from the nearby colleges stretch out on the grass to study; strollers patrol the walks on the hot summer evenings; boys and girls play ball in the lots near historic Charles Street.

The Common, in short, is an unusual sort of open-air meeting place for Bostonians. It always has been. Famous men have tramped its walks—men like Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau. In old times, crowds gathered there to watch the hanging of pirates and witches, and to gibe at people caged for breaking the Sabbath or pilloried for wife-beating. Nor has its military function been entirely abandoned. Just as colonial musters were held there in the earliest days, so did Union soldiers encamp there during the Civil War before heading south; in two World Wars, servicemen's clubs were set up on its lawns.

Since the advent of the automobile and its attendant traffic problems, the Common has been eyed hungrily by motorists unable to find parking space on Boston's narrow, winding streets. Plans are now under way to build a subterranean parking lot under the old pasture. But Boston guards its historic places jealously: before the parking lot got the green light, its builders had to assure the townfolk that nothing would be changed—that the Common's famous trees, some of them planted by John Hancock, would stand intact, and that the green, rolling acres would remain just as they have been for the past 300 years, a comfortable bit of countryside in the midst of the big town.

JERRY KORN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

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Usual wading place for kids is the old Frog Pond, but it was being repaired when picture was taken. Boys splashed in fountain instead

Eugenia Herlin socks one during softball game on the Common between MIT office force and the girls from a Boston greeting-card firm

Playing checkers is one of favorite pastimes for Common habitués; another is feeding peanuts to the throngs of squirrels and pigeons

A cow was a familiar sight on the Common three centuries ago, but rare today. Local dairy put on a livestock display there recently

Former pasture is fine place for studying during the summer. These students are Peg Russell and Kent Worden of nearby Emerson College

Unlike more formal Public Garden, across Charles Street, Common is a comfortable place where a man can relax while reading the news

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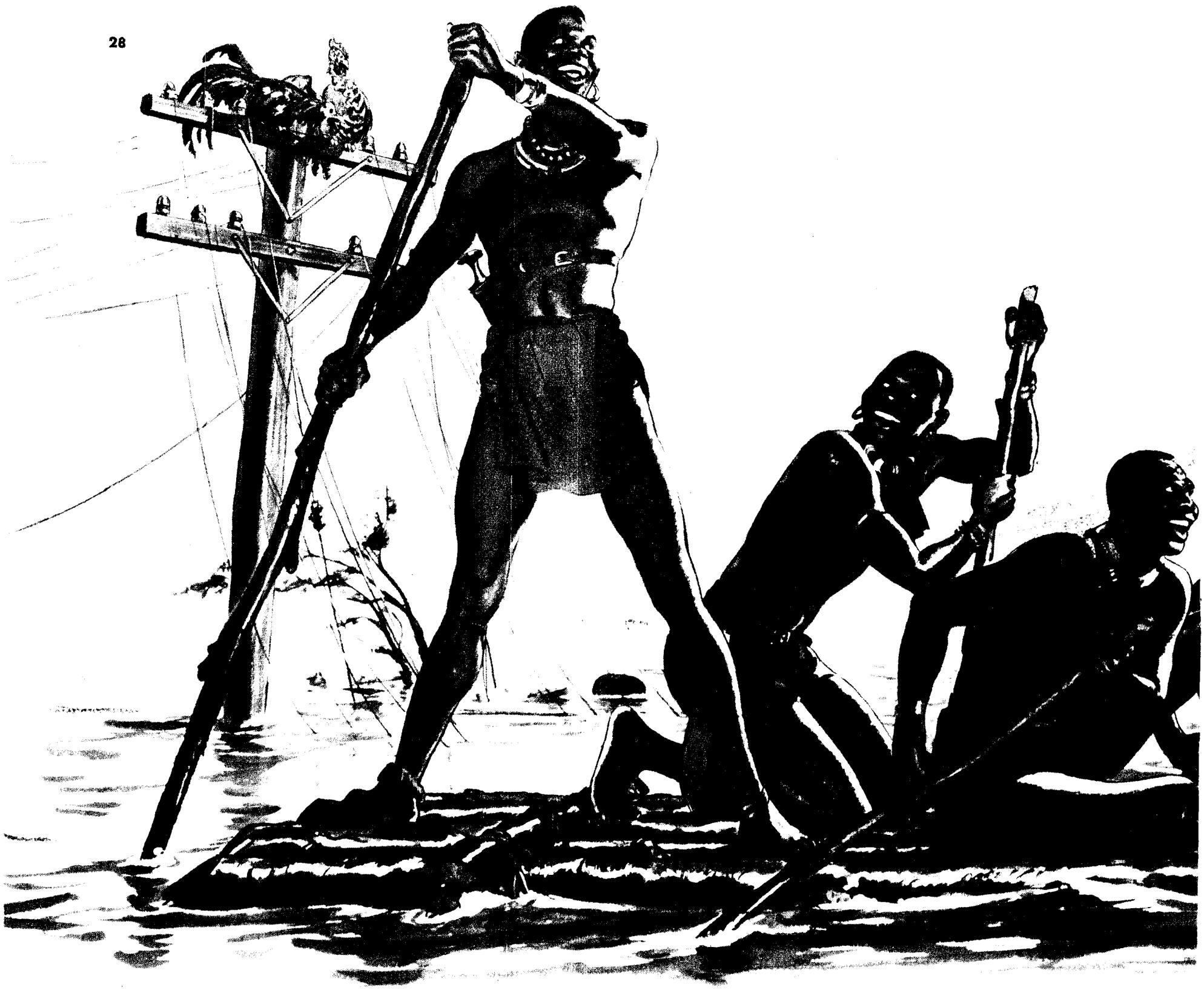

In no time they had made several dandy rafts, cut pusher poles, and established bus lines to higher ground,

CHICAGO SAFARI

By HANNIBAL COONS

All dear George has to do this trip is chaperone six oversized cannibals, imported from darkest Africa. But George isn't scared—not George. He's too brash to be scared

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Collier's for August 18, 1951

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not only for our covey of scared motorists, but for various damp citizens in the surrounding housetops

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 6, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Mayflower
Washington, D.C.

Dear George:

Well, George, you can call a halt to that fool gumshoe activity there. We've shelved the Alaskan deal, so just rub noses all around, tell everybody we'll see them later, and thanks a lot.

As is not unusual in this business, we are off in another direction. Do you own anything decent in the way of a pith helmet? Anything you'd want to go out in? If not, purchase one immediately; they are becoming an absolute necessity in the movie business. Any studio today that isn't making at least one picture in darkest Africa just isn't in it at all. There's one sport at which we're undisputed world's champions out here, and that's follow-the-leader. King Solomon's Mines makes money, and boom! Africa is so crowded with actors there is hardly any space left for the animals. From now on if a lion isn't in the picture he can't get a room, and that's that. If you and I had any sense we'd quit this publicity dodge, open a branch of the Brown Derby at Nairobi, and make a fortune.

At any rate, till this travel epidemic blows over, just think of us as Burton Holmes. If people want a look at some of these foreign lands they're reading about, Heaven knows we're willing to oblige. So willing we'd almost take home movies of people's children if the people would promise to attend.

But at the moment we're all of course busy in Africa. And with a cartload of African epics either already playing or about due to open, who has had the only original idea in the proceedings? Me.

The problem, as usual, has been how to give our own horn the loudest toot. Our thing, Nairobi Nights, is not a bad African travelogue at all, but most of the others, from what we hear, are just as genuine. So how to stand out?

Then I got it. The other day our elegant Mr. Conrad J. Thorne, who directed the epic, was showing us some of the crates of souvenirs and relics he brought back with him to impress his Palm Springs house guests. And the stuff was really interesting. At least I'd never seen a lot of the things, and I'm not exactly a stay-at-home. And suddenly I thought: If this stuff is interesting to me it ought to be to others. And in no time we whipped up the plans.

We are going to start the picture off with what we hope will be quite a bang by taking a fast road tour of the big cities, with Director Thorne and several of the stars going along to show the audiences all the actual stuff they brought back and telling some of their interesting and very genuine experiences during the making of the picture. And the kicker will be when Thorne brings out six genuine African cannibals, *(Continued on page 70)*

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For a Big-Game Fishing

According to ex-boxing champion Gene Tunney, landing his 612-pound Nova Scotia bluefin was the toughest battle ever

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

FOR more than a thousand years, anglers have been panting to land a fish so large that they would not be tempted to lie when describing its immensity, but it is only recently—with the development of fishing tackle to handle the giant bluefin tuna—that such feats have actually verged on the commonplace.

During the past half century the rod and reel records on this fish have surged from 183 pounds to 977, but the last 20 years have marked the real development of big-game angling—the term employed to describe these tuna-tussles. Only a brief generation ago, the angler who managed to bring in a fish scaling more than 500 pounds went home and rested temporarily on his laurels while writing a book on his unusual accomplishment. But meanwhile another angler had sallied forth and returned with a fish 15 pounds heavier.

Such a situation is not to be tolerated by the average member-in-good-standing of the big-game angling fraternity. These enthusiasts, and today they are literally legion, are interested not merely in getting a big fish—but in getting one bigger than the next man's. So, in this king-size form of angling, individual competition has been an increasingly important element.

Like all participant sports, big-game fishing had its hardy pioneers, and although today no one thinks of California when big tuna are mentioned, it was the anglers of this state who perfected the early methods and techniques of the sport.

Tuna are quite plentiful off the California coast from May to December, a longer season than that enjoyed on the East Coast, but the largest one ever taken in California waters scaled a mere 251 pounds—a minnow compared to the 1,200-pounders harpooned in the Atlantic, and the 1,600-pounders "reported" there. However, it was a Californian, Dr. Frederick Holder, founder of the famous Catalina Tuna Club, who landed the first really big tuna in 1898. The fish weighed only 183 pounds, but considering the tackle employed by the sporting doctor, this was no mean accomplishment.

In Holder's era there was only one method of slowing down a running fish: the application of thumb pressure on the whirling spool of the reel,

Lou Mead of Sheepshead Bay Tuna Club lands giant after 2½-hour struggle off Long Island

DAVE EDWARDES

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Thrill - TACKLE A TUNA

It takes two to land a giant bluefin—a determined deep-sea angler teamed with an experienced boatman. But the rewards can be staggering: the world record, for the moment, is a 977-pounder

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

with or without a thumbstall. As the braking force was in direct ratio to the pressure applied, you could always tell an active angler by the blister on his thumb.

In 1912, William Boschen of New York, an ardent angler who tired of wearing a permanent blister, evolved a patent brake or "drag" which, fitted to the spindle of the reel, could be adjusted to place any desired tension on the line. Although anglers of that day were inclined to sneer at his mechanical gadget, Boschen was convinced it would simplify the landing of a big fish. To prove his point, he went out to California and brought in the first broadbill swordfish ever taken on rod and reel.

It was several years, however, before this device was incorporated in reels with sufficient line capacity to handle big tuna. At this time the giant fish were quite plentiful along the Atlantic Coast, where they were known as "horse mackerel" and made life miserable for commercial netters. They also contributed immeasurably to the excitement of a few sportsmen who ventured offshore for bluefish, sea bass or cod.

Anglers wanted no part of these tackle-busters. After one set-to with a horse mackerel, the average sports fisherman kept a sharp knife handy, and when one of the big fish grabbed his bait he cut the line as rapidly as possible.

Inspired, however, by the success of Commander J. K. L. Ross of the Royal Canadian Navy, who landed the first really "giant" tuna in 1911 off Nova Scotia, a number of hopefuls set out to beat his 680-pound record. For a dozen years a score of anglers experimented with tackle and tuna at considerable expense and with no success, but in the early twenties a really determined fisherman, the late novelist Zane Grey, took up the challenge.

Armed with special reels, stout rods and strong linen lines, Grey was undoubtedly the most persistent of our big-game anglers. He churned up thousands of miles of water off California, Panama, Florida, Nova Scotia and Australia in an effort to hook fish others insisted were too large and too tough to handle on rod and reel. In 1924 he tried Port Medway in Nova Scotia, and came in with a 758-pound bluefin tuna.

When Francis Low, a New York die-hard, finally boated a 705-pound tuna off the New Jersey coast in 1933—probably the first to be caught in U.S. waters—the rush was on, and the lusty sport became fashionable.

Even at that late date, however, the list of devotees resembled an impressive page from Who's Who in Finance, for the sport could not be adjusted to every angler's pocketbook. An offshore excursion for big tuna called for the possession of at least $1,000 worth of special tackle and equipment, and the daily charter-boat fee was rather high.

But nothing is quite so encouraging as success, and when two other New Yorkers, Michael Lerner and S. Kip Farrington, Jr., began landing giant tuna right and left in Nova Scotia, our coastal fishing resorts from Brielle, New Jersey, to Bailey Island, Maine, began to take a new lease on life. The bayman who had eked out a precarious living with his old launch invested his savings, plus all he could borrow, in a sleek, offshore fishing cruiser, installed a gleaming "fighting chair" in the stern cockpit, and prepared to fight off prospective customers. Unhappily, so many of his cohorts had been similarly inspired that his living became more precarious than ever—but this was a fortunate circumstance for the anglers, for it brought the sport within the financial grasp of a great many men who were not rich, but had been dying to hook a big tuna.

The novice big-game angler, confronted with a boat captain who was equally green, often had an interesting, exciting, but unproductive experience offshore during the early days. Tuna fishing calls for real teamwork between angler and boatman if it is to be successful. Boatmen had to learn, often the hard way, and there were occasions when it was a bit rough on the angler also. I discovered that on my first tuna excursion to Casco Bay in Maine.

The Boatman Had His Limitations

Each year a number of really big tuna were being harpooned by commercial fishermen in this bay, and to lure the growing ranks of big-game anglers, the state of Maine decided to conduct a tuna tournament. I drew as boatman, guide and mentor one Elmore Wallace, who had lived on the bay all his life. Elmore's knowledge of this body of water, his boat and the methods of harpooning big tuna were encyclopedic. But his knowledge of rod and reel fishing for this giant of the deep could have been written on the head of a pin with a shovel. If the truth be known, he was not at all convinced that one of these big fish could be taken on rod and reel.

In preparation for our briny safari, he had mounted—very insecurely, I thought—a "fighting chair" on the stern transom of his ancient but seaworthy cruiser, the Mackerel Cove Whizzer. This chair, having seen long and arduous service in an office, had been converted by the simple expedient of bolting a long two-by-four to each side, nailing a bit of wood across them for a foot brace, and removing the back.

The local tuna, Elmore explained, had rather lazy feeding habits. When draggers or trawlers paused to haul their nets, the big tuna gathered astern of them, for the fishermen tossed overboard unmarketable fish. Elmore suggested that we run out into the bay, locate a dragger in the process of hauling its net, and anchor astern of this craft.

It took only a half hour to locate a dragger. Elmore dropped anchor 50 yards astern, cut the asthmatic power plant of the Whizzer, and motioned me into the fighting chair. I agreed, after insisting that a half-inch line be looped around my hips—just in case the chair gave way. It occurred to me that, in the event of a strike and a hooked fish, the tuna would have a field day while Elmore was engaged in starting the engine and hauling up the heavy anchor. I suggested that he tie a buoy to the anchor line, so we could just leave the anchor behind and locate it later by the buoy.

There were at least a dozen brightly painted keg buoys on the cabin top, and Elmore obligingly fixed one of them to the anchor line. He then returned to the stern and began tossing over whiting and hake to build up a "chum line." I threw the lever on the reel to "free spool" and tossed over a 14/0 hook baited with a big whiting. A net cork was tied to the line by a piece of thread about 30 feet above the bait, to keep the bait from sinking too deep. Five minutes later this makeshift bobber disappeared with a solid "blurrp." I threw on the drag, let the line tighten, and heaved back mightily on the rod.

Elmore, meanwhile, had started the engine and had run for the bow to cast off the anchor line. Unhappily, with such a *(Continued on page 63)*

Many big-game anglers insist the more sporting way to tackle tuna is from a dory instead of a fishing cruiser. Here, expert Michael Lerner, with guides, plays a big one off Nova Scotia

HEDLEY DOTY

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His fingers tightened on her shoulders. "I'll be back!" he said. "Wait for me, Marianna"

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Point Venus

Jonas was banished from Tahiti, wounded and perhaps dying. He could not come to Marianna, nor could she go to him. And she could no longer exist on hope alone

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

The Story: Tahiti, in the 1880s, was struggling bitterly against French annexation, and it was their passionate interest in this cause that brought together MARIANNA MOORE, the Tahitian-born daughter of an English missionary, and JONAS BURKHAM, a handsome, reckless young American.

Marianna had loved Jonas for some time, but she had never confessed it, being sure he thought of her simply as a prim schoolmarm. Late one night, Jonas came to Marianna's room at the inn and asked her to hide him from the French sentries. Marianna let him in, but a moment later the sentries burst into the room to arrest him. To save Jonas, Marianna told them he was her lover and had come to keep an assignation. They believed her and went away, warning Jonas he would be arrested if he was seen on the street that night.

The news that Jonas Burkham had spent a night with Marianna soon got around Papeete. MR. THOMSON, the missionary there, called Marianna to his office and demanded that she marry Jonas. When she refused, he dismissed her as a teacher in his mission school. A few days later, the innkeeper told her he could not allow her to stay in his inn any longer.

When he heard this, Jonas was furious. He persuaded Marianna to sail to the nearby island of Moorea with him, and asked her to marry him. Marianna agreed to go with him but, still unconvinced of Jonas' love for her, refused to marry him. However, after a few idyllic weeks on the schooner, she gave in to Jonas and they were married by a missionary in Moorea.

When they returned to Papeete, they learned that the French government had restored the protectorate, but had formally deposed the Tahitian queen and were blockading the Leeward Islands. The final blow to Tahitian hopes came when England announced that she would recognize the French protectorate and would give no aid to Tahiti.

CONCLUSION

THE rain washing against the window of Mr. Thomson's study was like a solid curtain of water. For several minutes none of the four men there had spoken. Jonas glanced covertly at the others. Mr. Thomson's fingers were beating a tattoo on the top of his desk; Mr. Truelove pulled a cigar from his pocket, glared at it a moment, then thrust it back; Mr. Barff, the old missionary from the island of Huahine, was tiredly rubbing his temples with a veined hand. The silence was too ponderous to be borne.

"It's an outrageous breach of faith," Jonas said. "Nothing but robbery, by God!"

It had been said before; and no one replied, no one even glanced at him. They were only too well acquainted with the facts. Nearly two months ago, just before Admiral Seymour, commander of the British ship, H.M.S. Collingwood, left Tahiti, he had succeeded in prying from Governor Bruat an assurance that the Leeward Islands—Raiatea, Huahine and the others—were not to be considered part of the French protectorate since they were independent sovereignties, in no way subject to Tahiti's Queen Pomare. But shortly after the Collingwood hoisted anchor and spread her sails for Mexico, Captain Bonnard, in the French frigate Uranie, had started for the Leeward Islands on a serious and threatening sort of mission.

At the tiny island of Maupiti, his first stop, he had demanded one hundred Chilean dollars indemnity from the natives for an alleged insult to the French flag. Miserably frightened, they had somehow managed to scrape together this amount, and Captain Bonnard proceeded to Bora Bora, where, perhaps in view of its larger size, he asked three hundred dollars. And now old Barff, arriving breathlessly from Huahine, had brought word that Bonnard was now anchored there, and that he demanded six hundred dollars from Ariipaea, queen of the island. Ariipaea, relying on the assurances of Admiral Seymour that France had agreed to respect the independence of her land, refused to accede to Bonnard's demands, and had retreated, with her people, to an encampment at Maeva on the north end of the island. Enraged by this defiance, Captain Bonnard had declared that if she did not yield within a certain time, he would destroy the principal village of Fare, opposite his anchorage, and then attack her encampment.

So matters had stood two days ago, when Barff left Huahine. Before his departure he had gone to Maeva to see Ariipaea, to advise her to pay the money under protest, and thus avoid a desperate and unequal battle. But the old queen had told him stoutly that she didn't have six hundred dollars and that she wouldn't pay it if she had. The best that Barff could do was to wring from her a promise that she would do nothing rash in his absence, and he had at once set sail for Tahiti to raise the money needed.

That was the easiest part of his task. Mr. Truelove had pledged four hundred dollars, Jonas another hundred, Barff and Thomson fifty dollars each. But this morning, as he prepared to sail back to Huahine, Mr. Barff was informed by the French authorities that Governor Bruat had not yet approved his passport, and that he would be indefinitely detained in Tahiti. His money belt, stuffed with notes, lay like a bloated snake across the top of Mr. Thomson's desk.

Jonas eyed it belligerently. There lay the price of peace, the ransom for brave lives, and there was no way in the world to get it to Ariipaea in time unless the other three men agreed to his proposal. Captain Bonnard's truce was scheduled to end the following day.

"You *must* let me go," he said with sudden vehemence. "It's the only way!"

Mr. Thomson's fingers missed a beat against the desk, and came to a sudden halt. He raised his head to glance at Jonas in cold appraisal. "Have you considered carefully what it would mean, Burkham?"

If he hadn't, Jonas thought, he'd scarcely be here in Thomson's house today, after the missionary's treatment of Marianna before their marriage. "Certainly," he said.

"If you leave without passport you'd sacrifice your neutrality, boy," Mr. Truelove said. "They'd never let you back in Tahiti again."

Didn't they know he had thought of all that? Couldn't they see what leaving Marianna meant to him? With the thought came the familiar little stab of pain that had been with him ever since he had made his decision a few hours earlier to chance a voluntary exile from Tahiti and his wife. Yet with the pain was something else, something he had been seeking for many years—a blessed feeling that his life had meaning and direction. Strange how the certainty of his love and need for Marianna—for that was what the feeling meant—would come only now when he was facing, and must ask her to face, a period of uncertainty and separation.

"I could stay in Huahine till things blow over. The war won't last forever." He forced a casualness into his tone.

"And who'd go with you? You can't handle that schooner alone."

"My boatman, Farenui," Jonas said impatiently. "He's spoiling to do something for his people."

Mr. Barff, whose home had been in Huahine for nearly thirty years, looked at him with gentle speculation. "Are you acquainted with the passage to Maeva?"

"I've been there once or twice before. I know it's difficult."

"It might be best to moor your boat at Fare and go along from there by foot."

"Yes. I might even be able to get to the encampment and away again without the French knowing I'd been there."

Barff pulled a sheet of paper toward him and started to sketch the route that Jonas would have to cover. As they discussed it Jonas could sense that the other two men were gradually warming to the plan.

At last Mr. Thomson said, "When would you leave?"

"Tonight. When it's dark enough to make sure I won't get caught."

"If the wind holds, you'd fetch Huahine early tomorrow evening," Mr. Barff said.

"Even so, it will be too late if Bonnard does as he threatened," Mr. Thomson said. "The time limit's noon tomorrow."

Jonas pushed back his chair. "There's no time to waste, then. It is settled, gentlemen? I'll have some arrangements to make."

WHEN, a few hours later, Jonas mounted the steps of the veranda, the rain had stopped and the late afternoon sun was lending a soft radiance to Tahiti's clean freshness. Marianna looked up from her sewing to greet him. She was wearing a dress he had always liked, of faded, soft blue cotton that clung gently to the slender lines of her body. A look of bright pleasure came into her eyes when she saw him.

It was going to be infinitely more difficult than he had anticipated, telling her his news, Jonas realized. Yet Marianna would understand; she must understand.

He drew a chair close to hers and sat down. Frowning, he put his hand on her cheek, gently turning her face toward his, studying for a moment the smooth brow, the full, curved lips, the candid eyes.

"You look so grave, Jonas," she said, smiling. "Is my hair awry?"

He smoothed back the pale, shining sweep of hair at her temples, and the sleeve of his jacket brushed against her cheek. "Now it's perfect."

"Your jacket is wet!" she said. "Were you caught in the rain? Let me get the other one."

"No, Marianna. I can't stay long. I—must get back to the schooner." He looked away from her. "I have to go to Huahine."

Her face reflected her bewilderment and distress. "You're going to Huahine?"

"Yes. I must."

"You're taking Mr. Barff on the schooner," she said rapidly, as if she were *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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Everybody dances in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, on Festival days. Jon Shoop "salutes" Virginia Moses at Lowell Whiteman Ranch

Though it takes eight to make up a square dance team, this trio made a brave try on a smaller scale. Their dance floor was a parking lot

Perry-Mansfield dance students, who inspired Festival, were not in contest, but performed elegant theatrical square dance in the hills

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Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Square Dance CARNIVAL

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS (population: 1,613), on U.S. Route 40 in northwest Colorado, is probably the dancingest town in the United States come July and August. It got that way because Charlotte Perry and Portia Mansfield have, for the past 37 years, been operating a camp for girls from seven to college age and a co-educational theater-dance workshop for adults. Both offer courses in ballet and theatrical dancing. Basic to the arts program have been the annual series through July and August of rather high-brow dance recitals, musicals and plays. These sophisticated shindigs made Steamboat Springs mildly famous. But Miss Perry and Miss Mansfield didn't confine themselves to artistic dancing alone. They were just as interested in down-to-earth leg-wrigglings as in the concert-hall brand.

To prove it, last year the camp got the town to sponsor an all-out square dance festival and competition, smack in the middle of the regular cultural programs. Steamboat Springs invited the nation's best square dancers to put on their Sunday best and come on down. Some 800 dancers—about 100 teams—and more than twice that number of spectators poured into town. The mile-long section of Route 40 which runs through the center of Steamboat was roped off for dancing, and everybody went slightly mad. Judges pranced about from team to team, finally picked The Stampeders of Denver as winners.

As the photographs on these pages attest, the carnival came close to overshadowing Perry-Mansfield's strictly serious dance season. Townspeople, in fact, were so pleased, the chamber of commerce set aside all future second Saturdays in August as Steamboat Springs Square Dance Festival days.

Boosted to spectacle proportions with Ute Indian dancers and a pageant in tribute to America's pioneers, this year's powwow is bound to be remembered as the biggest thing to hit town since Jim Crawford homesteaded the site in 1875. Tourists, campers and natives will be whooping about it at the camp's high-brow sessions for the rest of the summer.

The fancy dancers and play-actors of Perry-Mansfield have really put Steamboat Springs on the map—that's for sure. Do-si-do and *allemande* left!

SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAT COFFEY

On U.S. Route 40, in center of town, dancers from all over country vied for honors. In foreground: Bustles and Beaux team of Denver

Denver's Stampeders (foreground) won last year's Festival. This is how they looked dancing against Boots and Calicos of Hayden, Colo.

Expert riders, girls of Perry-Mansfield Camp and boys of Lowell Whiteman Ranch Camp, execute square dance promenade on horses

Swing your lady! Dick Simonds does right by Marjie Hall in square dance contest—biggest event in Steamboat Springs' summer schedule

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There was something different about her tonight—her new black dress, her hair so prettily fixed

DEDICATION

By WALTER HAYDOCK

DAN CLARKE was headed home on the commuter train when it first occurred to him not to tell Phyllis right away about getting the job of assistant Eastern manager for the firm. He knew it would be unkind—withholding the wonderful news from his own wife—but it seemed a way of finding out something he wanted to know very much.

So many times lately when he had put down his newspaper he had found her looking at him, and each time he had wondered what might be drifting through her mind. He had always found the same answer: she had probably been thinking that he had let them down, the children and herself, working at the same job for six years without a promotion, earning a salary that just missed providing for all their wants. She had never suggested such a thing, and maybe he could be wrong, but he remembered now, staring through the train window, all the things she'd mentioned that she would like to have and didn't. They were simple wishes, mostly for things for the house, but they were important to her. Had his failure to give them to her changed her, lessened her respect and affection for him? He had to know.

A station flashed by, and he smiled as he remembered the way the promotion had come. Two days ago the rumors had swept through the office. The assistant Eastern manager had left the company, and everyone said that either he or Charley Grimes would be picked for the job. He couldn't wait to get home that night and tell Phyllis about the rumor; the new job meant a big raise. When he had told her, she'd thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, Danny, wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Sure," he had said, "but I haven't got it yet. Don't forget Charley Grimes."

But today he had won in a walk. Charley Grimes wasn't even in the running. Dan had been called to Masterson's office, where the general manager was waiting with his hand outstretched.

"We've appointed you assistant Eastern manager, Dan," he'd said, and that was it.

And now, Dan thought, as the train roared toward his station, he could throw open the front door and say: "I got the job today."

That would be the natural way, but if he did that he wouldn't find out what he wanted to know—what would be left if he hadn't got the job? How would he stand with Phyllis if he had failed? He did not have it in him to deceive her, to tell her that he had lost when he had not, but he could wait, say nothing, and see what happened. . . .

At his station, he jumped into a taxi, and a few minutes later he slid his key into the lock. Phyllis was waiting, her soft, brown hair swept back and tied with a red bow, her dark eyes shining. Over her best black dress she wore a crisp organdy apron with pansies embroidered around the pockets. It was harder than he had thought, this thing he was trying to do, but he smiled casually and kissed her. She cocked her head and for a moment seemed to stare at him inquiringly; then she took him by the hand and led him to his favorite chair.

"Sit down," she said with a tinge of excitement in her voice. "I'll get the drinks. I put the children to bed early tonight."

He glanced at her inquiringly. There was something different about her tonight—her new black dress, her hair so prettily fixed—and, too, it was he who generally got the drinks when they had them. She brought the glasses, poured the drinks, then sat beside him on the sofa. She clinked her glass gaily against his.

He wondered how long she would be able to pretend indifference to the news that must be so important to her. She knew that today was the day of the decision. One way she would get all the things she wanted; the other way would leave her as she was before.

When they had finished their drinks, she set down her glass.

"Dinner's ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

He followed her into the dining room and stared in surprise at the table. Between the two tall candles on the smooth white cloth there was a large bowl of fresh daisies and dark red roses, and at their places the best sterling silver lay in even, gleaming rows.

"Sit down," she said with the same suppressed excitement he had noticed before. "I'll be back in a minute."

He sat down, and she hurried into the kitchen. She came back in a few minutes with a platter of roast beef and browned potatoes, and put it down in front of him. Then she brought the vegetables, the peas and creamed onions, and put them on the table.

"You can start carving," she said. "It should be nice and rare in the middle the way you like it. I've just got one more thing to do. I'll be back in a minute."

He picked up the carving knife and fork, but paused for a moment to look around the beautiful table. It was so obviously a party, a celebration for his success. Did it mean that she would accept nothing less?

He had started slicing the beef when she came back to the table, proudly carrying a bottle of champagne.

"It's good and cold," she said.

He put down the knife and fork and looked at the label. It was the kind of champagne he loved—when he got to drink champagne.

"And now," she said with a smile, "tell me what happened today. What about the job?"

He was relieved that she'd asked; he couldn't have enjoyed dinner if he hadn't told her. "I landed it," he said. "Meet the new assistant Eastern manager."

"Oh, Danny," she said and kissed him on the lips.

For a moment she fumbled in the pocket of her little apron, then pulled out a small white card which she carefully propped up against the side of the bottle.

"The official dedication," she said.

He leaned forward and read the words in her large, clear handwriting. *For the winner, with all my love. Phyllis.*

He kept his eyes fixed on the white card. Oh yes, he thought, to the winner go the garlands and the feast, but what if it had been the other way? Somewhere in his mind the question would always lurk.

"Oh, silly me," Phyllis said. "I've forgotten the champagne glasses. They're in the refrigerator getting chilled."

WATCHING her go to the kitchen, he saw the movement of her hand from her apron to the mouth of the silver vase on the sideboard. It happened so quickly that he scarcely realized what she'd done, but when she went through the swinging door he got up and went over to the sideboard. In the bottom of the vase he found it—a white card, the same size as the one she had propped against the champagne bottle. He read it—the other message that might have been. *For the loser—better luck next time. With all my love, Phyllis.*

THE END

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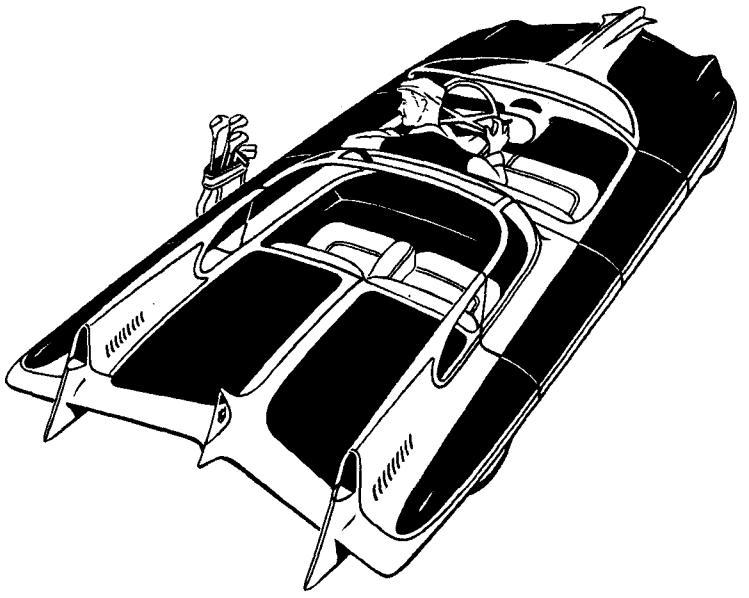

FOUND

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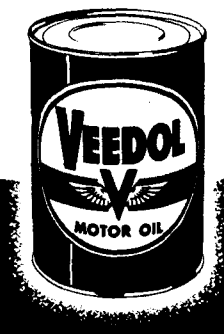

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This We Learned in Korea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

War I, where even then they were so fast-moving that the Bolshevik enemy allegedly gave them their nickname, "the Wolfhounds." Finding myself with the Wolfhounds was one of the most unexpected things that have happened to me, since I had been seriously wounded while commanding the 502d Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division in Europe in World War II, and I thought my combat days were over.

The morning the North Koreans struck, I was hard at work at my job as Chief of the Training Branch, G-3 section, of the 8th Army in Yokohama; and for the next two weeks, I averaged 18 to 20 hours a day at my desk as we organized and shipped an army to Korea. Then suddenly at 4:30 one afternoon, I was called to the office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations, Colonel William Bartlett.

Assigned to Combat Duty

I walked in and he said, "Congratulations. You're now the commander of the 27th Regimental Combat Team of the 25th Division." I looked over my shoulder to see if he was talking to someone behind me and I must have asked, "Who?", because he said, "No, I mean you." And that's all there was to one of the key moments of my life. Four hours later, I had said good-by to my wife Mary, and my eight-month-old daughter Maurene, and was on a train bound for Osaka. My new outfit already was embarking for Korea.

I flew to Korea with the 25th Division Commander, Major General William B. Kean, and then rushed to the front to see at firsthand what was happening to the U.S. units that had been thrown into battle piecemeal against overwhelming odds.

I knew then what I must do—and I prayed for 10 days in which to do it.

When the regiment was assembled at Uisong, I ruthlessly went through the outfit and weeded out those that I thought were unfit. Some officers got jittery almost immediately and began to imagine that the enemy was coming in on them at night. When they thus revealed themselves to be "grasshoppers," as we call them, out they went, to be replaced by new men.

Luckily, I had a magnificent operations officer in Captain (now Major) Earl W. Buchanan, of Burnsville, Alabama, and two truly outstanding battalion commanders, Lieutenant Colonel Check and Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) Gordon Murch, and soon we had lined up some of the best ex-combat officers in the theater. Then, since I knew that the making of an outfit more than anything else depends on how it stands up in its first serious contact with the enemy, I became obsessed with the importance of winning this first battle. My men must have hated me, and, in fact, my superb intelligence officer, Major Willard Hawke, of Walla Walla, Washington, later told me, "General, I lost 20 pounds working for you then, and I hope you enjoyed every bite of it."

I made the men turn in everything but their weapons, poncho, mosquito bar, canteen, ammunition and an extra pair of socks; and we sent tons of photographs, guitars, mementoes, overcoats, foot lockers and dress uniforms back to Pusan in boxcars. In our first defense position at Andong behind the 6th ROK Division, we put the companies on the hills instead of the roads and if I caught a soldier throwing fresh earth in front of his foxhole as he dug it, I escorted him down the hill to show him how visible this would be to an enemy, and made him drag the earth to the back side of the hill in his poncho.

At three o'clock in the morning, I would phone outposts and command posts and eat out the communications officers if the lines were out, a technique I learned from General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, who prowled around all night when I served under him as a young captain in the 7th Infantry Division. I stripped all canvas from our vehicles and lowered the windshields, and I eliminated the practice of feeding the men from 2½-ton kitchen trucks, which would get stuck on the forward trails and could not turn around because of the rice paddies on both sides. Rations went forward in jeeps or by hand. It was rough, but by the time that first battle came, we were ready.

The enemy hit us near the village of Sangyang-ni astride the Poun-Hwanggan road, down which much of the South Korean army was retreating. We dug in far back into the hills on both sides of the road and sent a platoon of B Company (commanded by Captain Gordon Jung, of Cincinnati) to patrol down the road to try to make contact with the onrushing North Koreans. They did, and this probably was the first time the Reds were outsmarted by their own tactics. The B Company platoon, in an amazing display of savvy for green troops, saw the North Koreans coming and melted away into the hills on both sides of the road.

They held their fire until the unsuspecting Communists were directly between them, and then they let go with every weapon they had—after which they scooted back to the road and to our lines as fast as they could go. The Reds mistook the handful of men for a major American force, and they held back for six precious hours. This meant that the main battle began after daybreak rather than in darkness, and it may have made the difference in how well the men stood up to it.

In the morning, we were hit by a terrible artillery barrage, and massed Red infantry surged to one side of the road, expecting to outflank us and cut behind. But B Company was there and the enemy bounced off —possibly the first time they had run into protected flanks since the war began. Then they hit higher up the flanks, but the same thing happened, and the Reds fell back in confusion. Finally, however, they did smash 10 dreaded T-34 tanks directly through A and B Companies on the road. But again the Reds were surprised, because instead of falling back, as previous units had had to do, A and B Companies merely closed their ranks again, enclosing the 10 tanks *within* our perimeter. Together with our artillery mortars they turned their attention to massacring the unprotected Red infantry following close behind the tanks.

Urgent Plea for Air Support

In the meantime, a weird hunt went on inside our perimeter. We sent bazooka teams stalking about 125 yards behind the enemy tanks, and the first round from the newly issued 3.5 bazookas knocked out a T-34. Bazookas and artillery accounted for one more, but then the North Korean tanks overran A Battery, which kept firing at them at point-blank range. At this, I decided I had to call for the almost impossible—an air strike within our perimeter. The air tactical officer, a Lieutenant Morrison, radioed for fighter planes, and the Air Force screamed back, "Are you crazy? You can't bring air support in there. It's too close to you." To which Lieutenant Morrison replied:

"You better bring it in as close as you can, Mac, or there won't be anything left for you to support." So the F-80 jets came in gingerly with their mighty 5-inch rockets, practically aiming them at the backs of our troops. In a miracle of marksmanship, they got six Red tanks—aided by the mortars and artillery. Then a final air strike mopped up the last two T-34s, and to all intents and purposes, the initial phase of the battle was over.

During the night, we pulled B Company back down the road, and in the morning, two Red battalions waged a magnificent

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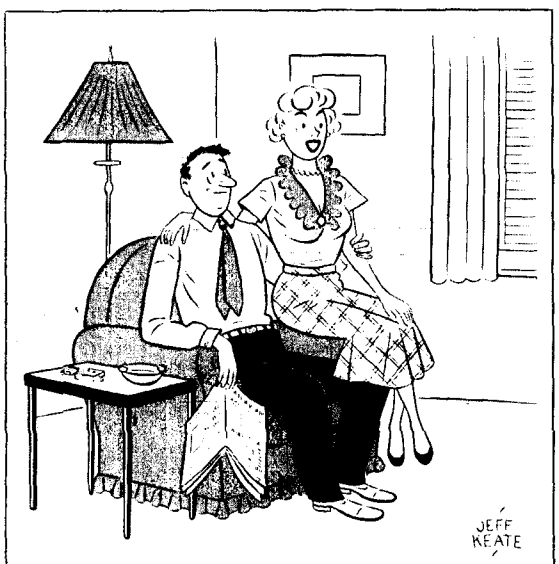
battle with each other—each thinking the other was B Company. We fell back like this for three days and still the enemy couldn't break through. When we finally severed contact, their headlong rush had been blunted for the first time since they crossed the 38th parallel. They had suffered over 5,000 casualties. We had been hit hard, too, but the green troops of the 27th had performed beyond anyone's expectations. In that baptism of fire, at Sangyang-ni, a great regiment was born.

We did not have much time to exult in this, however, because 24 hours later we were back in combat again without so much as a full night's sleep. These were the days when we were desperately trying to build up the Pusan beachhead; and to take advantage of our confusion, the enemy suddenly streamed to the south coast on a daring end-run attempt to take our only major port, Pusan, before we could get organized. Another regiment was sent to stop the North Koreans at the Chinju Gap near the south coast, but they were forced back and no one knew where the enemy was. It was imperative that we find out, and since I was the only one on the spot, I was forced to make a desperate gamble—without orders.



"I have to laugh when I think of the people who said our marriage wouldn't last—and here it is August!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

The regiment moved to a blocking position on the south coast road at Chindong-ni, just 40 miles from Pusan, and then Lieutenant Colonel Check's entire 1st Battalion, plus five tanks and A Battery's artillery, took off on a dash into enemy territory. We were able to do this because the men were so thoroughly stripped down that, when it became necessary, as many as 50 of them could ride on a tank, and others even sat astride the barrels of artillery pieces. Check sped 20 miles, almost to the Chinju Gap itself—and we won the gamble. The enemy hadn't yet arrived in force!

So Check fought his battalion onto the heights on both sides of the Gap approaches, and poured fire into the Communist masses as they filled the valley from the west. Again, this raid hurt the enemy and confused him because nothing like this had occurred before. But having located the main enemy threat, Check disengaged and fought his way back to the regiment. The battalion arrived at Chindong-ni, exhausted.

But the battle wasn't over yet. The next morning, I awoke in my schoolhouse command post to the sound of a whole row of windows being shot out over my head. Then a bullet zinged in and neatly cut a button off the front of my pants. My command post was being attacked by the Reds who had followed Check down the road and flanked our comparatively puny force.

But Check's battalion was intact and ready for action, and we gradually set up a defense perimeter around the schoolhouse. We fought a six-hour battle with a force of about regimental strength and by noon they pulled back. They had been hurt so badly that they required two days to reorganize for another attack.

And those two days made all the difference in the world, because this was the period when the fresh First Marine Brigade and the 5th Regimental Combat Team were disembarking at Pusan and moving into the line. By the time the enemy resumed his assault, we were too strong. The schoolhouse thus became the farthest point the Reds ever reached in any phase of the Korean war. And that night a translator and an operations officer had the pleasure of eavesdropping on the commercial telephone lines (which the North Koreans used for their communications), and hearing the commanding general of the 6th North Korean Division bawl the daylights out of one of his regimental commanders for having lost so many men against us that day—more than 600!

This was the first of many fire-brigade missions, and from then on we specialized in them. We were rushed to the danger spot and helped throw back the Reds at Yongsong when they penetrated the 24th Division sector along the Naktong River; and for five days we stopped them at the "Bowling Alley" near the key beachhead city of Taegu, after three Red divisions had punched through the 1st ROK Division and had spearheaded to within seven miles of Lieutenant General Walton Walker's headquarters. The Bowling Alley was a level stretch of road, lined by trees, down which the Red tanks took pot shots at us, much like bowlers aiming at tenpins. We foiled this by forming a U-shaped line on the hills over the Bowling Alley, with the open end of the U facing the enemy.

We also played a part in wrecking the last do-or-die North Korean offensive when five Red battalions got through the 25th Division and again surged back almost to Masan, about 35 miles from Pusan. In this engagement, we had to work like one-armed paper hangers, with my three battalions all fighting separate battles at once at Chirwon and behind Haman. We had to send a flying column consisting of Lieutenant Colonel Murch's 2d Battalion to relieve elements of another regiment cut off behind our lines by the Reds; and later, in this crazy battle, my new 3d Battalion, under able Lieutenant Colonel George H. De Chow, of San Francisco, bulled its way through to assist in restoring the lines of the 24th Regiment.

After this, we fought key battles in the breakout from the Pusan Perimeter and on to the Yellow Sea. When we reached the coast, we were used to mop up large bypassed groups of Reds; and in early November, we captured a fully stocked supply depot in the rugged mountains just north of the 38th parallel, which, interestingly enough, our prisoners told us was being stocked "to be used by the Chinese."

When the Chinese *did* enter the war a month later, we were in reserve at Unsan, forward of which Captain Desiderio made his heroic "Hold until first light" stand; and in the long retreat back down the peninsula and through Seoul, my regiment did much of the blocking for the western third of the 8th Army. By this time, the brilliant General Matthew Ridgway had taken command and when we turned to strike back at the Reds, he used the Wolfhounds way out in front, as a sort of left jab to keep the enemy off balance for the cutting blows of his famous "killer" offensives.

In all of these actions, my men kept proving to me that the American foot soldier cannot be matched in inventiveness and courage. In the bitter fighting for Sobuksan, a rugged peak that changed hands doz-

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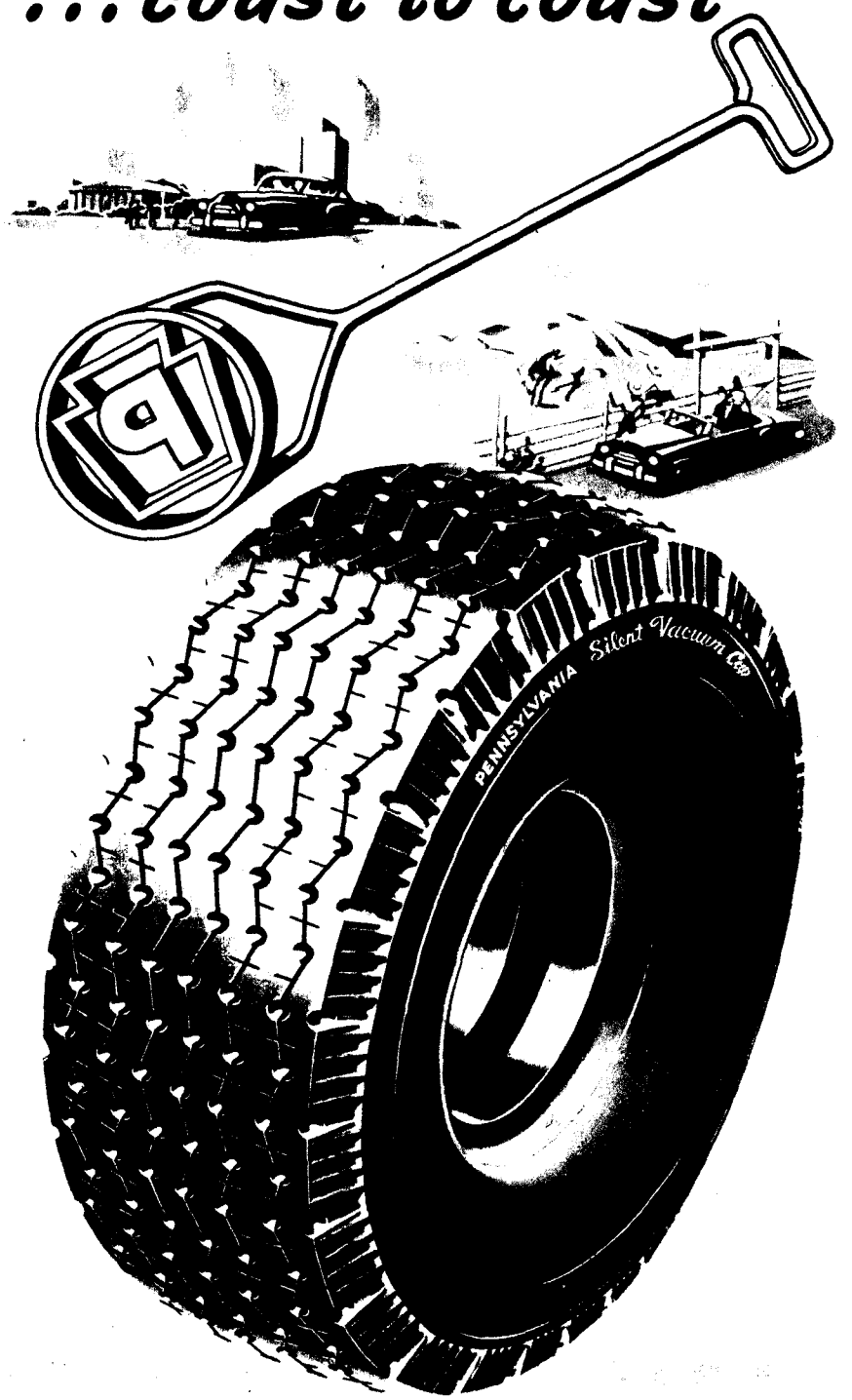

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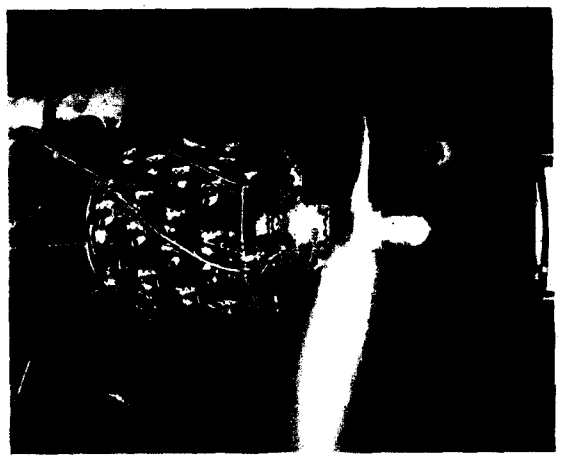

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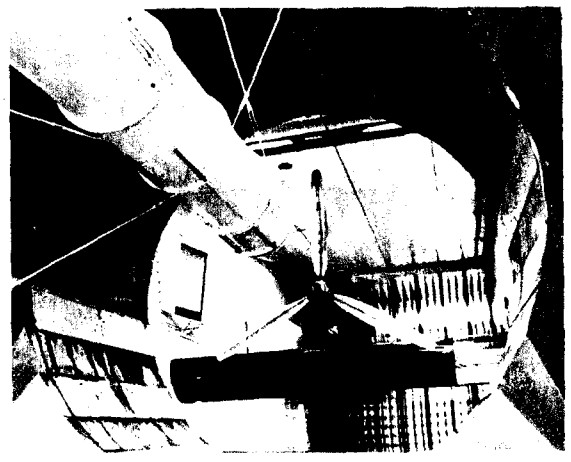

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ens of times before the breakout from the Pusan Perimeter, we finally got L Company (commanded by Captain Robert D. Glaser, of Lakewood, Ohio) on the summit more or less permanently. They were cut off for several days, however, and when battalion commander Lieutenant Colonel Richard Keyes, of Chicago, finally re-established contact with them, the first thing he radioed was, "I'm going to send 50 cases of rations up to you." To which platoon leader Lieutenant James E. Payne, of Detroit, replied, "The hell with the chow. Send us 50 cases of grenades."

In the same action, Corporal Albert J. Gevara, of Denver, Colorado, took command of his I Company platoon when both Lieutenant Robert Chamberlain, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Platoon Sergeant Robert S. McCammon, of Comanche, Oklahoma, were hit. Working like an old-time combat officer, Gevara, who was hardly more than a boy, drew ammunition for the platoon, yelled at them to inspire them to attack, assigned them their fields of fire, and finally led them in six hours of hard, dirty fighting with hand grenades and bayonets, to clean up the right flank of L Company perched up on Sobuk-san's peak.

The Rescue of Private Hill

In the fighting, a young Pfc, J. V. Hill, of Jasper, Alabama, overextended himself and he lay wounded and surrounded by Reds in a hole some 50 yards in front of the platoon's position. Exhibiting the same professional skill, Gevara then got more ammunition from the L Company command post and, coolly instructing the men on how to cover him, he crawled out to get Hill. Grenades and mortar shells burst all around him, but in some miraculous way, he managed to drag Hill back to our lines. He was still leading the platoon in night fighting when he collapsed an hour later. The medics examined him and discovered that he had fainted from loss of blood from 15 wounds in his legs and stomach *suffered when the attack got under way eight hours before.*

Gevara, a poor garrison soldier but a superb combat man, got the first of his two D.S.C.s that day. He was awarded the second posthumously, after he tried to wipe out an enemy machine gun nest all by himself on the Han River. I remember Gevara as a youngster who sat in the rain getting soaking wet while he covered his beloved machine gun with his poncho.

Typical of the improvisations my men evolved was our crossing of the 200-yard wide Nam River at Uiryong, without planking, pontons or any of the usual engineer's bridging equipment, all of which was being used for the main effort at Taegu, farther north. My engineers (C Company, 65th Engineers) puzzled over this problem for a while. Then they sent back to Pusan for 78,000 empty sandbags, and they solved the problem by the simple expedient of building themselves a dam. They used South Korean volunteer laborers as a human conveyer belt to fill and place the sandbags in the river.

When the sandbag dam was high enough, we started moving our 400 vehicles across, including the ponderous tanks, trucks and artillery. Each heavy vehicle squeezed mud from the sandbags, and more and more bags had to be added as the river kept rising behind the dam. By the time the operation was over, we had created an artificial lake that would be the envy of the TVA—and we had saved precious days in getting over the river to continue our pursuit of the enemy.

Perhaps the most interesting pursuit-of-the-enemy in which my men engaged was a fire-brigade mission which General Ridgway later labeled "Operation Wolfhound." It was after the Chinese had chased the 8th Army from the Manchurian border all the way to Pyongtaek, some 70 miles south of the 38th parallel; and General Ridgway estimated correctly that the Chinese would be reorganizing and getting ready for the final knockout of our supposedly beaten forces. So on January 8th, hardly before our retreat had ended, he sent the 27th raiding back north again toward Seoul—with a battalion of the 3d Division doing the same thing on the right flank. For 12 days the Wolfhounds pushed up the two main roads to Seoul in twin tank-infantry columns, until we were operating some 30 miles in front of the Allied lines, with the raiding parties moving out from my headquarters at Osan.

On January 14th another big gamble was ordered and we sent the raiders all the way up to Suwon, a sizable town just south of Seoul. The first column caught an entire Chinese regiment lolling about con-

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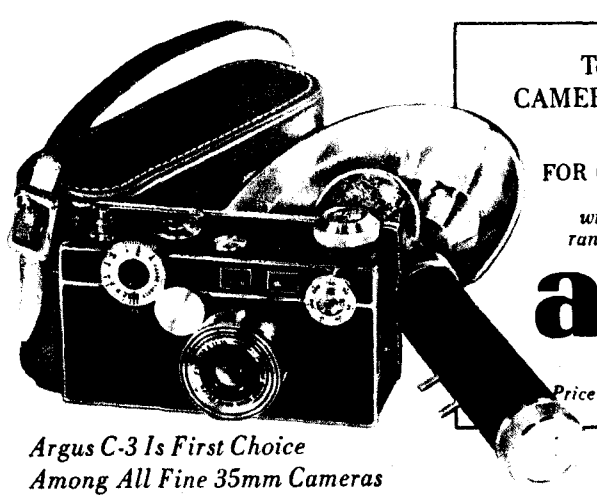

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- Why is his influence one of the best-kept secrets in American politics, in labor, in business—and in the underworld?

Don't Miss "The Man to See" in New Jersey

By LESTER VELIE

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tentedly in the comparatively warm houses of the town, and a genuine slaughter ensued as the panic-stricken Chinese rushed into the streets to escape. Just then, however, my second column showed up unexpectedly on the other side of town, and the fleeing Chinese were pulverized by our air, artillery and tank fire. We pulled back to Osan, but four days later, the 35th Infantry Regiment took Suwon.

The whole 8th Army then moved forward and they didn't stop until they had recaptured Seoul and were 15 miles above the 38th parallel, an advance of some 85 miles. General Ridgway had done a magnificent job with this first of his meat-grinder offensives, which never again let the enemy get set for a knockout punch—and the aggressive spirit was re-established in the UN armies.

A few days after Operation Wolfhound, I was sitting in my command post, a house in Suwon lately occupied by the Chinese, when Brigadier General Frank A. Allen, of the 1st Cavalry Division, walked in. He said, "Congratulations on your new job, Mike."

"What new job?" I asked.

"You're going to Europe to join Ike," he said. And that was my first inkling that I was to be assigned as deputy for organization and training on General Dwight D. Eisenhower's staff in Europe. Shortly after this, I was promoted to brigadier general, and my peerless 1st Battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Check, moved up as commander of the 27th, which has continued to be one of the hottest outfits in the theater. The night Check took command, the officers of the regiment gave me an impromptu farewell and when I left to go to my tent at 25th Division headquarters (I served for a while as assistant division commander), I suddenly became violently ill. I was overcome with dizziness, nausea and a fever, and I honestly thought I was going to die. It took me 24 hours to realize what had happened to me.

When the Screen Was Removed

It was just that after seven months of day-and-night tension, all at once the pressure was off. For seven months I had drawn an emotional screen in my brain to shut out the horrors of sending men to death in combat, and now suddenly the screen had snapped up, exposing feelings that had been concealed for all that time. The abrupt shock of this was too much for me, and it took me several days to get over it.

Today, in viewing this combat in retrospect, I cannot help but feel that some good, after all, has come of our hardships in Korea. Much of it admittedly was tough, and as in all warfare there were occasional snafus. When the Chinese first struck, it was the height of winter and our men suffered terribly from the intense cold. Some of our winter clothing hadn't arrived as yet, and a good deal of what had been issued was abandoned or lost by the men in the retreat. In many instances, we survived only because we were able to dig deep, tunneled foxholes, heated with small improvised stoves.

In a few instances, too, our equipment and supplies weren't all they could have been. We didn't have enough illuminating shells for the artillery and mortars, and most of our 60-mm. mortar illuminating shells from World War II stocks did not function.

In the same way, our vehicles were mostly World War II surplus that had been junked, and we spent precious man-hours rebuilding them and servicing them to keep them rolling.

We had few C rations in the early days, mostly B rations (ordinary grocery-store canned goods), which meant that men in positions remote from roads often went hungry; and my entire regiment was equipped with only two recoil-less 75-mm. rifles at the beginning of the war. Our tiny platoon radios were not designed to function in Korea's mountainous terrain; and at the height of the winter we discovered that our footwear could be improved. The U.S. Army shoe-pac is designed for standing in foxholes, but not for extensive marching. When we had to hike overland, our feet perspired in the bitter cold. In many instances, the perspiration turned to ice and we had cases of frozen feet to contend with.

Our Ace Against Communism

Many of these deficiencies, of course, were eliminated with time, and the others undoubtedly are being taken care of right now—a valuable result of our Korea combat experience. And even more significant, despite all the hardships, one glittering fact stands out: we have built a superb, battle-hardened professional Army which grew larger and more proficient every day, thanks to our wise rotation policy. This tough Army could act as a deterrent to any further Communist aggression; and if a major war comes, we shall be better prepared than for any other conflict in our history.

Not only that, but the U.S. infantrymen in Korea have proved that they don't have to take a back seat to *any* elite fighting group. They have developed great confidence in their weapons, partially acquired when they saw Chinese soldiers throw away their own equipment and use American arms whenever they could capture them; and they have become more skilled in collaboration with air and artillery than the best units I saw in World War II.

I knew, for instance, that I had a bunch of pros in my command as I watched L Company struggle up Hill 431, which was the key to the 25th Division's battle for the Han River, after General Ridgway began his counteroffensive against the Chinese. The company moved ahead, *just 50 yards behind our artillery barrage,* where troops ordinarily hang back 200 to 300 yards in combat, and 500 to 600 yards in training.

Our men *had* to develop this confidence in our artillery, because Communist military doctrine calls for defenders to dig in on the far side of the hill until our barrage lifts, and then rush to the crest to shower our infantry with hand grenades as we struggle up the last few yards. But when the men have guts enough to come in so close behind the artillery, the enemy infantry doesn't have time to recover from the shock of the big guns and the mortars.

Even more important, our men have seen other phases of Communist doctrine at firsthand, and it has had a lasting effect on them. They have been sickened by having to slaughter thousands of Chinese peasants in the "human sea" attacks, which look like a crowd at a big football game pouring out of the stands and onto the field when the game is over. They know, moreover, that Communist noncoms and officers are never with their men in the forward mass of these assaults and that few of them are ever killed. Also they are seldom left behind in rear-guard actions or in suicide squads defending key hills.

These are the handful of elite of the Red armies, and our soldiers bridle at how they are saved while the individual—the common man like themselves—is mercilessly sent out to the slaughter. In the same way, they have seen the unbelievable poverty among the civilians in Communist Korea, and the total disregard for human life, as opposed to the power and position enjoyed by the chosen Communist few. I have heard more than one soldier look at this, and curse, and vow that he will never let it happen in our country.

And to me, this is a remarkable development, because through the entire war in Europe, Hitler's monstrous atrocities never touched the vast majority of our troops; and I never saw a U.S. soldier genuinely angry at a Nazi for horrors perpetrated on civilians far from the fighting front.

Perhaps, then, this will turn out to be one of the Reds' major mistakes—this giving us the core of a professional Army and showing them the true face of Communism in Korea.

THE END

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The One Who Wouldn't Dance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

by a company of players—Eugenia and Ned—who plainly believed themselves to constitute a great procession. Lina was not with them.

Martin and Frances exchanged a glance over that, but politeness required that they sit still and watch the entertainment that was about to begin. Eugenia was bulging out of a fairy-princess costume she had grossly outgrown, but she made up for her fatness by being more graceful than necessary in her gestures with a wrecked scepter that had lost its star. Neddie wore an Indian headdress with broken feathers and Indian pants decorated with flaking paint, and he carried a rubber-headed drum which supplied the music.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Eugenia said, motioning to Ned to stop his drumming, "we will dance the Dance of the Fairy Princess and the Indian Prince. Thank you."

She turned to Ned and made him a grand, unsteady bow. He squatted halfway in return, and then began to whale his drum and jump up and down. Eugenia heaved herself with panting delicacy through one position after another of her elementary ballet lessons. Her ardent face and half-closed eyes expressed the spirit of her dance, and her little brother's assertive co-operation on the drum greatly enlarged the dream.

Martin and Frances leaned forward, watching with an ache of pride under their expressions of comic solemnity. Yet without Lina the performance was not what it was trying to be. One wouldn't dance. One was absent. The family was incomplete.

THE dance ended with uncertain bows from the stage. The audience applauded with wild enthusiasm so that the dancers would know the illusion of triumph before a vast throng.

"Oh, beautiful!" cried Frances. "Won't you do another dance for us, Fairy Princess and Indian Prince?"

Instantly and with gravity the actors resumed their performance.

"I'm going up to get Lina," Martin said softly. "She ought to be in this."

He started to tiptoe out. The dancers knew from the way he went that he would come back, and so they continued, but Ned called out over the erratic beats of his drum. "The kitty, the kitty."

Martin stopped and turned around. "What kitty, Ned?"

Eugenia scowled at all these distractions, and the Indian Prince renewed his caperings and beat his drum with penitent fury. The Fairy Princess floated off panting, again restored to her illusion. Martin shrugged and went upstairs.

The nursery was a large, square, corner room at the back of the house, overlooking lawn and trees and a flagstone terrace. Martin went in whistling, with his hands in his pockets, pretending to look all around for someone in hiding. He could see her all the time, though, and she knew it. She was in a dim corner of the room, as far from the window and the light as she could be, and on her face was an expression of contempt for her father's wistful game. She sat on a little hassock of washable imitation leather, her hands pushing up her cheeks, her elbows on her knees.

"Lina! There you are!" he cried, pretending that she needed only to be found to be restored to them all.

She did not answer, and looked away from him, and when he went to pick her up to hug and kiss her, she held herself rigid.

He put her down. He got nothing from her but a sense of fear and woe, as though there were some awful secret she could not tell.

"Will you come and dance with everybody else, Lina?"

She barely shook her head.

"We miss you," Martin said. "We want you with us."

She let her eyes fill with tears at the pity of this. The tears rolled out and down her cheeks but she made no move to stand up and go with him.

"Is something the matter, Lina?"

She nodded slowly.

"Won't you tell Daddy what it is?" Martin urged.

She opened her mouth in a faint meow and turned away from him, crumpling into herself. She was unable to speak. But Martin felt in her so much pity and sorrow that it made his eyes sting. He knew that he couldn't reach her now and that he could only wait until she came running and climbing on him, so full of love that she could eat him up.

The other door to the nursery opened, and Dorla looked in.

"Evening, Mr. O'Malley. She tell you anything?"

"Evening, Dorla. No."

"Just let her be, let her be, she be all right. I be here."

Martin nodded. He put his knuckles for a moment to Lina's face so that she could feel how little she was alone, how much strength awaited her return to the world. Then he went downstairs again where the formless dance went on. . . .

"Left my—YEOW!—beach—
OW!—sandals—WOW!—"

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE

Later, in the last moment of the summer dusk, Martin went outdoors to look around. He walked down to the rocky point of land that reached into the sea, and then came back to the house to sit and have a cigarette on the terrace while upstairs Frances was playing the evening game of being reasonable about unreasonable requests that were made only to defeat bedtime. The nursery window was open, and through it he could hear the voices of two of his children. He supposed Lina was silent.

Or was that she overhead? He sat up and listened.

Again it came, a small noise in the still, warm twilight. He glanced at the branch of a tree that almost touched the second story of the house on the nursery side. There amid the dark shining leaves was a white kitten, now and then opening its rose-pink mouth to make a faint cry that was half breath and half sound. Abandoned and desolate, it blinked slowly. It had no idea how to get down, and it made its faint yawning cry without hope.

"Hey, poor little kitty," he said, and went over to coax it down, snapping his fingers and whistling. But the kitten only dug its claws into the bark of the tree and quivered.

Martin went to the outside cellar doors and laid them back with a mild crash. In the furnace room he found a tall ladder. He dragged it out to the big beech tree and leaned it against the trunk. The children had heard the ladder bumping along the ground, and as he mounted the rungs, he saw their faces in the nursery window.

Then he heard the missing voice. It was Lina. She clapped her hands and screamed in a voice so high and tight that it pierced his hearing like the song of a locust.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" she cried in happiness and love.

"The kitty! The kitty!" cried Ned, beside her, and Martin remembered his having said it before. This was what he had meant.

Martin reached the branch and carefully took hold of the kitten. It tried to cling to the tree. "Let go, you little fool," Martin said fondly and, pulling it loose, held it in his hand. The kitten trembled wildly.

The children in the window shrieked and clapped as he started down the ladder. Then their faces vanished and he knew they were all rushing downstairs to meet him. Lina was the first to reach him as he crossed the terrace. He put his free arm around her and picked her up, and he saw with relief that she had returned.

"Kitty," she said, and then hugged Martin.

"Where did this kitty come from?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Did you see it before?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Today."

"Did you play with it?"

"Yes."

"Then what?"

"It went in the tree."

"Oh. You saw it go into the tree?"

"Yes." She shuddered.

"What did the kitty do?"

"It cried and cried."

"Why?"

"Because it couldn't get down."

"Oh. And what did you do?"

She put her face against his cheek and shook her head.

"Was that when you went upstairs and wouldn't come down again?"

She nodded, rubbing her cheek against his ear. He tightened his arm about her. It was all plain now.

The other children came, reaching for the cat. Martin held it high above them in his hand. "Mine, mine, I want the cat," they both cried.

"Now wait," Martin said. He put Lina down. "The poor kitty is tired and frightened. We have to be very gentle with it." He knelt down and let the kitten go. It trembled, alert for new terrors.

"The kitty, the kitty," Ned said.

"Did you see it in the tree?" Martin asked.

"Saw it in the tree," confirmed Ned.

"Did *you*, Eugenia?"

"No, I never saw it before."

Lina reached out with her fingers spread tensely and took up the cat.

"I want it," she said.

"Yes," Martin said, deciding suddenly, "I think this will be Lina's kitty. But everyone may play with it."

"I don't see why it has to be her cat," Eugenia said. "I'm the one who likes animals the most. Why can't it be my cat?"

"We'll have a pet for you next time," Martin said. "Come on, now. We must make a house for the cat."

They went down through the cellar doors, Martin carrying Lina, and Eugenia guarding Neddie. Into the damp darkness they went, turning on the dim lights that only made greater underground mysteries than ever out of the winding cellar, with its fat overhead pipes, its triangles of shadow darker than coal dust, its wooden echoes of voices and steps, and the room where the furnace sat like a dusty, fat spider.

"Now. Here's a nice box," Martin said, hauling an orange crate from the caverns of shadow beside the furnace. "We'll make a house for the cat." He gave the kitten to Lina while he took up and shook free of dust a burlap sack that had been idly saved a long time ago. Of this he made a cushion and set it into the crate, which lying on its side revealed two compartments.

"He can sleep in one room, and he can sit in the other," Eugenia said. "Or maybe it's his dining room."

"Eugenia," Martin said, "would you like to go up and get a saucer of milk?"

She glanced over her shoulder at the dark passage with its formless threats on either side of the pale lane of electric light. Then she took a deep breath and went to do her duty.

Until she came back, walking so carefully that she left a trail of pearl-like drops, the others watched the kitten, which had been thrust into its bedroom where it stood, staring and wild with apprehension.

"How old is he?" asked Lina.

"I should say he is about four weeks old."

"Where did he come from?"

"That's one thing nobody can ever say about a cat."

THEY fed the cat, and then he was put to bed strenuously several times with admonitions and pats and strokes.

"Can we leave a light on for him all night, like mine upstairs?" asked Lina. "He'll be scared in the dark."

"Oh yes, we can do that," Martin said.

So they left the light on in the furnace room and turned off all the others on the way to the stairs leading up to the kitchen. Looking back, just before Martin shut the kitchen door, they saw a faint glow in the heavy underground air about the furnace room entrance. Once again the children went upstairs to bed, and Martin and Frances went in to their dinner.

"It was that, all the time," he told her. "She was grief-stricken over that mangy little cat stuck in the tree."

"Yes, she could see it from her window. I wonder why nobody told us?"

"Neddie tried. I didn't get his point. And she did, too, when I went up, but I didn't understand. Why, what's this? Look, here come the dancers!"

It was a joy, but not to be openly noticed, that Lina was among them.

Frances groaned, for once again the children had escaped from bedtime. They came down the winding stairs—Eugenia and Ned in new costumes—accompanied

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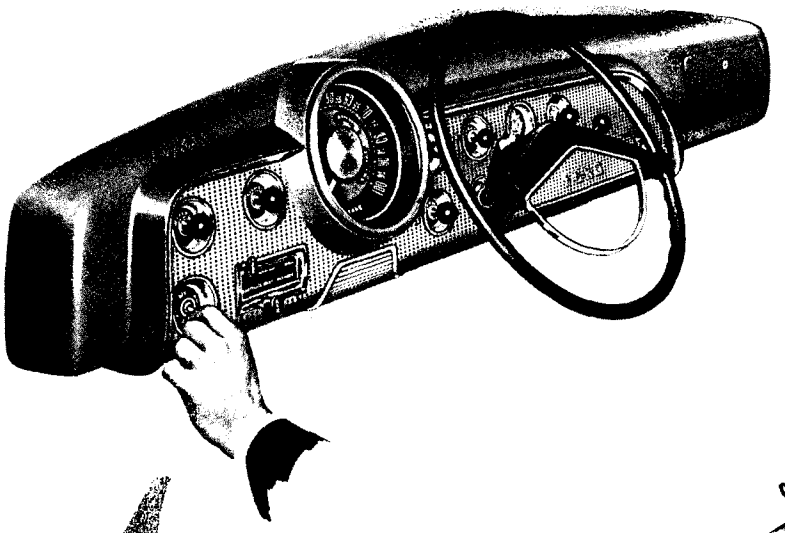

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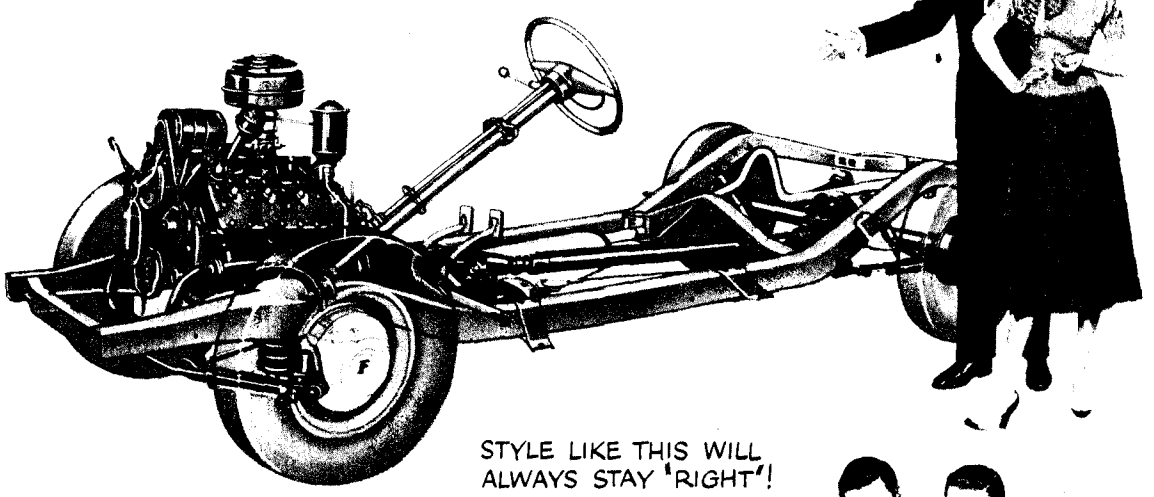

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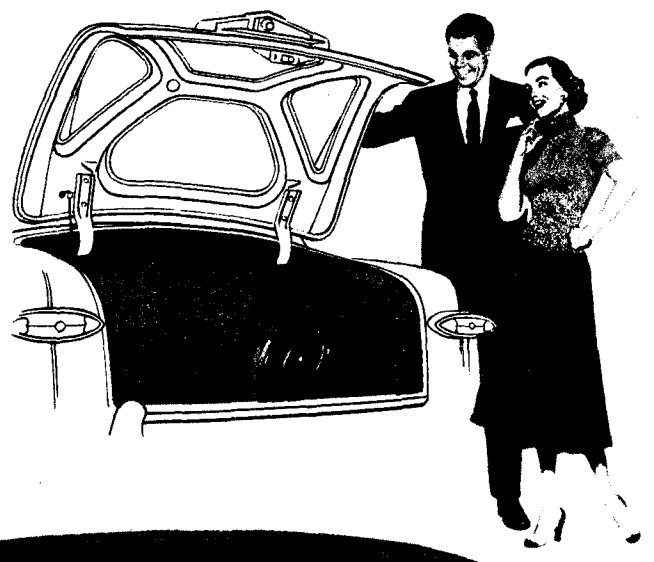

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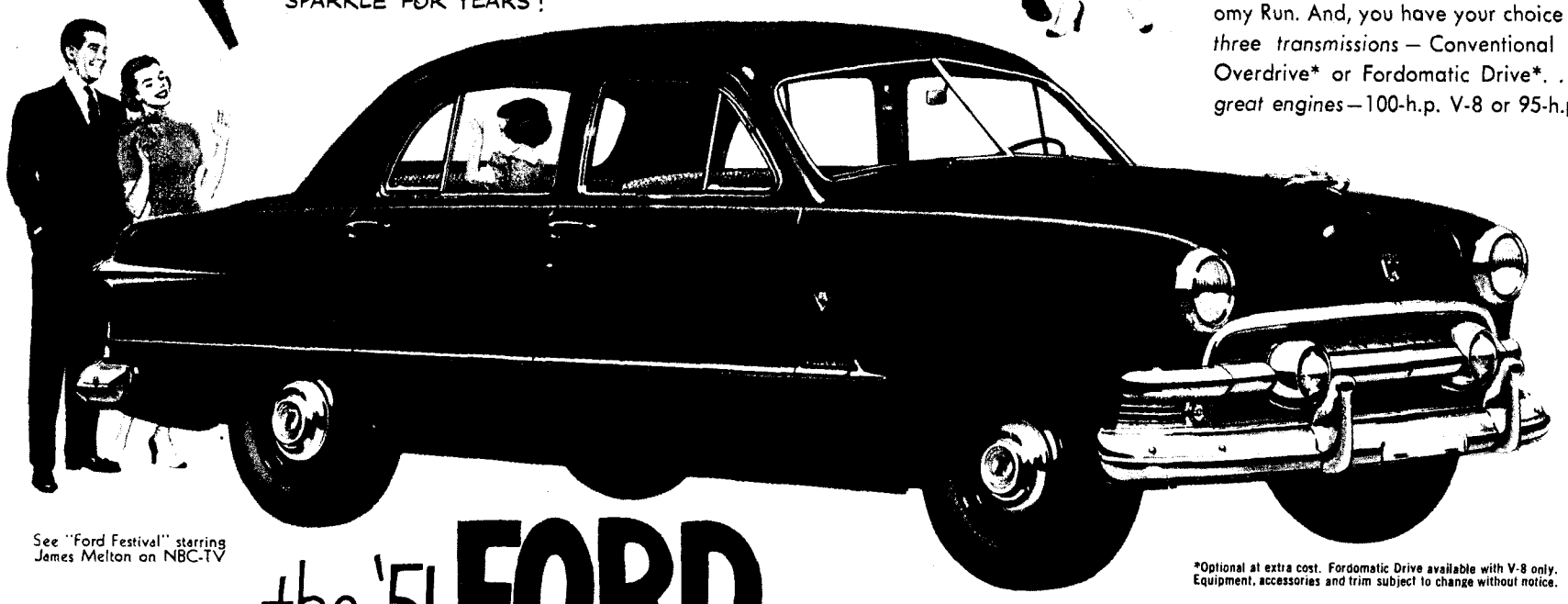

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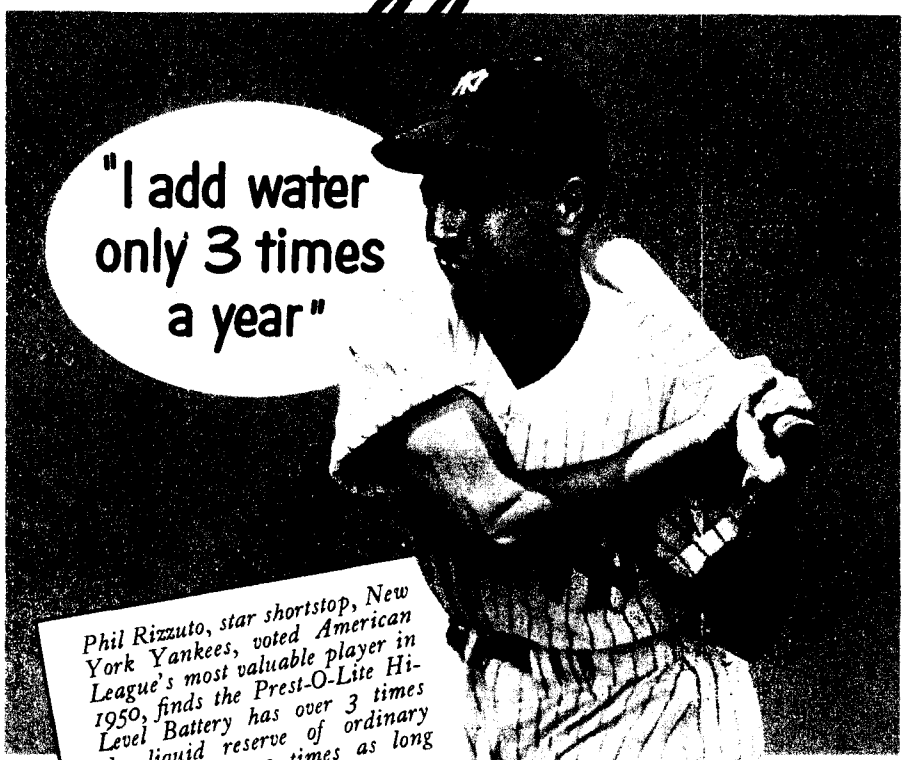
Phil Rizzuto SAYS



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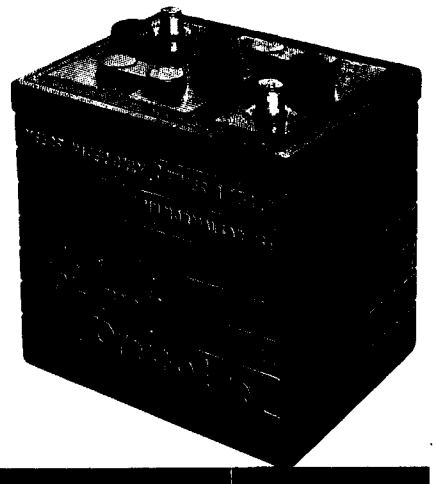

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by music that followed them from the nursery phonograph. The dining room was dimly lighted by candles. The little girls dragged rags of finery on the floor, and Ned wore a paper hat left over from a birthday party and a cloak made of his bathrobe tied around his neck by its sleeves. All three twirled independently but with zeal to the tune that rasped out of the phonograph. Lina danced entirely by inspiration, for she had not yet begun to take lessons.

THE record ended. Eugenia made a bow and whispered a reminder to Lina, who faced her and waited. Ned was impressed and stared from one to the other. Something was coming. Martin glanced at Frances and whispered, "The surprise?" She nodded. Impersonating a cavalier, Eugenia began to sing with pedantic firmness and clarity, addressing Lina, who stood suddenly abashed at what she had agreed to do:

I will give you a golden crown,
To be the fine lady of the town,
Madam will you walk,
Madam will you talk,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

Lina made her response, barely audible, in a breathy voice, with a lifetime's remove between her and the fine lady she was impersonating:

I do not want any golden crown,
To be the fine lady of the town,
Sir I will not walk,
Sir I will not talk,
Sir I will not walk and talk with you.

Ned began to dance by himself to attract attention. Eugenia scowled at him but did not interrupt her performance as the attentive cavalier. With an accompaniment of sweeping gestures, she sang:

I will give you a coach-and-four
With your name in gold upon the door,
Madam will you walk,
Madam will you talk,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

And perfectly expressionless but dutiful, the fine lady replied:

I do not wait for a coach-and-four
With my name in gold upon the door,
Sir I will not walk,
Sir I will not talk,
Sir I will not walk and talk with you.

A sudden awareness of her parents made her turn and look at them. Their faces were so full of protective love and understanding that she became self-conscious, and when the cavalier began his last verse, Lina stamped her foot and said, "I hate the old silly words."

But Eugenia coldly held the performance together by continuing:

Madam will you walk,
Madam will you talk,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

And so, near the end, Lina turned her back to her parents and sang her last response:

I will take the key to your heart
That we may never, never be apart—

Her pipy voice, barely a thread of tune, touched her parents so that even they could not look at each other, but allowed the little girl the privacy of her self-consciousness. Her neck was so thin, her jaws moved so bonily, she was so rigid with emotion that Martin felt a sudden sense of mortality, the sharper because it came to him from a life so barely begun. Seeing her turned away from him, the line of her cheek, the long lashes, the shadowy movement of her throat as she spoke her words, he blessed her in his mind and begged for her safety forever.

As she finished the song, she found her gaiety again, and ran to throw herself on her father's lap, while applause rang out, even from the stairs, where Dorla had come to watch the play. . . .

Early the next morning screams brought Martin to the upstairs hall where he found Eugenia clutching at something that Dorla held away from her.

"Eugenia!" he called. "Be quiet, what is it?"

"The poor, darling kitty!" Eugenia shrieked.

Lina and Ned ran out of the nursery, fascinated by Eugenia's noise.

"Dorla, what is all this?" Martin asked.

Dorla showed him the kitten, holding it high above the heads of the children.

"Kitty, he's dead," she said.

"Give me my darling cat," Eugenia sobbed.

"It's not yours. It's mine," said Lina loudly.

"What happened, Dorla? Hush, children."

"I found the cat in Lina's bed little while ago, I figured get it out of there before anybody wake. Eugenia cotched me. It died of smothering, I figure."

Martin looked at the children.

Death was a thing Eugenia had had explained to her, but this was her first experience with it. The other two children had no real notion of what it meant.

"In Lina's bed?" he said, astounded. "But how did it get there? We put it in the cellar, and closed the kitchen door."

"I went and got him," Lina said.

"When?"

"Last night."

Martin knelt and held her.

"No, now, sweetie, you didn't go all the way down to the cellar during the night and up again, with the kitty, did you?"

"I did so, I did, I did. I carried the kitty, and I took him to bed with me, because I thought he would be so cold and scared in the cellar all by himself."

"But how did you find your way alone? Wasn't it dark?"

She nodded, suddenly shy over the terrors he reminded her of. Martin thought of the awful journey—down the stairs, the lonely first floor of the house, with everything unfamiliar-seeming in the dark, and the cold kitchen she must have gone through to reach the cellar doors; and then the descent into the underworld, a step at a time, guided by the dim glow of the furnace room where the light had been left on, and where in daytime with her mother at hand she had been too frightened to go.

"Lina!" he said and hugged her.

"I put on the kitchen light. I can reach it."

"Yes," said Dorla, "I found it on this morning, early."

He tried to conceal his amazement, and let go of Lina. "All right, Dorla," he said, "we'll dispose of it. Take it downstairs."

EUGENIA cried out again with a new idea, turning on Lina. "You killed it!" she screamed.

"Hush, Eugenia!" Martin said sharply. "It was an accident. The kitten smothered because it wasn't used to being in bed with anybody. Never let me hear you say that again to Lina."

He watched Lina, fearing the effect upon her of her sister's words and their truth.

But Lina was unpredictable in her strength. She simply took Neddie by the hand and let him back to the nursery. Eugenia, wringing her hands and trying to weep, went downstairs after Dorla and the dead kitten. Martin went back to Frances.

With many speculative moments of silence, they talked of what had happened.

"I keep wondering why she didn't tell us yesterday, when she saw the kitten in the tree?"

"Perhaps she thought there was nothing to be done about it, no way to help the kitten out of the tree, and so she could only suffer. Who knows?"

"But why didn't the kitten's death bother her, if it bothered her so dreadfully to see it stuck in the tree?"

"You can only guess. But maybe it was because she could see herself lost in a big tree branch, high above the ground, and forgotten; but she couldn't see herself dead. Maybe that was why."

"Poor little thing," Martin said. THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

and I should think you would be disturbed at the effect that will sweep through that force (in Korea) of a situation in which their commander has stated his views which accentuate the casualties that they are suffering and in effect that it is without justified purpose.' "

I should say that if the thinking of the War Department's personnel is commonly as muddy as that sentence indicates, we may well wonder whether the War Department has a policy which can be expressed in English.

RALPH SADLER, New York, N. Y.

. . . Year of No Decision does not state all the facts, but the fact it does state is all-important. The decision of President Truman to support South Korea was, in the opinion of the people of the United States, the right action. In that, President Truman was a man of decision. If subsequent events reflected the same quality of decision, Year of No Decision might not now be written.

Indecision in Korea, in the Far East, in the world at large can but guarantee World War III. Will you now write another editorial and head it Year of Decision? In that editorial, will you call for reality, for the declaration of war where and when war exists; will you state whether General MacArthur is right or wrong in declaring victory essential, the quickest possible victory, victory sought with the maximum use of force, victory which is sought through destruction of the enemy's bases of supplies and of all of his war potential?

The tremendous confusion in world affairs, the indecision of world leadership is terrifying.

America and the world look for a clear, challenging courageous voice. Such a voice is that of General MacArthur.

WALTER C. ALLEN, M.D., Rochester, N. Y.

MacArthur the Man

EDITOR: Your editorial, Take a Clear Look, Then Listen (June 30th), on the MacArthur upheaval is the best by far I've read anywhere—unbiased, frank and to the point. How can any sane individual doubt the facts which have been made crystal-clear by the forthright MacArthur himself?

F. J. WORRALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . I am truly grateful for your lucid and intelligent summation of the MacArthur-Truman argument. But, I am more than grateful that there are editors, like yourself, in America who can and do speak the truth as they see it, and are courageous enough to place the safety of our country before and above all politics.

ELEANORE LEE FLADING, Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . I would like to compliment you on what I consider one of the best, if indeed not the best, editorial comment about the MacArthur incident that I have yet read. To me it seems that you gave the incident all the comment that it merits, though some Trumaneer may take you to task for it in another letter.

ALLEN COLLIER, USN, U.S. Naval Air Station, Patuxent River, Md.

. . . Anent your editorial, June 30, 1951:
Douglas MacArthur: Honest? Yes.
Intelligent? Yes.
Simple? P-perhaps.
Unaffected? Well, really . . .

RICHARD L. BERGMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

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Point Venus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

trying to convince herself, "so he can give the money to Ariipaea."

"Barff isn't going back. The French wouldn't give him a passport. Just Farenui and I are going."

For a moment she was silent; then in a low tone she said, "They won't give one to you, either."

"No. That's why we're going tonight. In an hour or so, when everyone's asleep."

"Tonight!"

"It's the perfect time," he said. "With the darkness to cover us, and the full southeast trade wind to carry us over."

He saw her fingers twist suddenly together. "But, Jonas, they'll never let you come back! You'll be openly their enemy if you go without permission."

"I have to go," he said. "It's the only thing to do—the only way we can get the money to Ariipaea and prevent a stupid, costly battle. You know how few arms they have—we can't let them die without a chance! Don't you see how important it is?"

Jonas reached out for both her hands and went on gently: "Why am I saying all that, when the only important thing is still unsaid, my darling? What a stupid, callous fool I've been not to realize sooner what I've come to know today!"

He looked down at her hands clasped tight in his own. "The happiness of these last few months means more to me than anything else in the world. I've been holding happiness in my hands ever since we were married, and yet I never once stopped to examine it, to be thankful for it, even to recognize it." He looked into her eyes once more. "I love you, Marianna. Our love is all that matters to me now or ever. Why have I never told you before?"

A KIND of radiance came into her face. "It's enough that you do now," she said simply.

"But to wait until now," he went on unhappily, "until there is no choice except to relinquish our love and our happiness for a while—perhaps for a long while. Can you ever forgive me, Marianna?"

"Forgive you for what, my dearest?" She was smiling at him now. "For being yourself? For being the Jonas I love? Oh, my darling, don't you see that I've known always that our life together could have no meaning unless you felt as I do about my people—the friends and neighbors I have always loved. Neither of us can turn our back on them in their fight for freedom. It is as necessary for me to give you up for a little while as it is for you to make this effort to help them."

Jonas stood up and pulled her up to face him. "You do understand," he said at last. "You've always understood." He leaned forward, kissing her with sudden passion. "When this is over it'll be like Moorea again, Marianna. We'll be together always—settle down in the country, where we belong, and raise a dozen children. Will you like that?"

In her eyes he saw a look of poignant longing. "Would I like paradise? Oh, Jonas, Jonas, you've already given me a glimpse of that!"

He kissed her again, gently and tenderly, holding her close against his chest. When he drew away he said soberly, "I must go now, my dearest. Those are the hardest words I ever had to say."

Her hand came to her mouth, but she only nodded, silently, and walked to the gate with him. On the road he paused, putting his hands on her shoulders.

"It'll seem long until I see you again."

Barely whispering, she said, "I know."

His fingers tightened on her shoulders. "I'll be back," he said. "Wait for me."

"Always," she said. "Take care, Jonas. Promise you'll take care."

"I will," he said. "Good-by, my darling."

He pulled her close to him in a fierce, brief embrace, turned and walked quickly away.

He was too late, after all, to purchase peace for Ariipaea. When, leaving Farenui aboard the schooner, he went ashore the next afternoon at Huahine, he found that Captain Bonnard had not waited a moment beyond the noon deadline to destroy the village at Fare. And yet the sweet taste of achievement still lingered in him; the trip across had been a joyous accomplishment, and perhaps it was still not too late to help Ariipaea if the encampment at Maeva were attacked.

He was in good time there and welcomed heartily. Another man—another gun! The encampment was alive with the expectancy of battle, the men exhilarated by the example of old Queen Ariipaea, who went about, musket in hand, exhorting them to courage. Shortly after dusk her scouts had come back from the hills above Fare with a report of the day's events. No one had been hurt; the village had been evacuated before the frigate's guns opened their heavy fire on the houses around the bay, but all was in ruins. The French steamer, Phaeton, had come over from Bora Bora to join the Uranie in the harbor, and it was certain that she would come around next day to attack Maeva.

Jonas, exhausted by the long voyage from Tahiti, slept well that night. The next morning, an hour or two after sunrise, watchers on the hills came running down to report that they had sighted the Phaeton on her way to Maeva.

THE plan of action had already been settled upon. Maeva was almost perfectly adapted to defense. From the sea the settlement was almost inaccessible. Hard behind it the mountains reared steeply to the sky, and before it lay the broad, still waters of Fauna Nui Lake—actually a lagoon, connected to the sea by a long, narrow channel extending two or three miles to the south, but so nearly landlocked that it could not be penetrated by any but the smallest boats. Across the lake, and enclosing it, like the curve of a great arm around channel and lake, was a stretch of low, heavily wooded land covered with dense verdure to the very edge of the sea beyond, and there protected by a barrier reef that would prevent the Phaeton's coming in close enough to use her guns effectively.

It had been decided to meet the French there, on the low land, as they attempted to cross it. The natives were to scatter through the bush, lying hidden until the French advanced far enough into the thickets to be ambushed. It was a good plan, but if it failed it might well boomerang to the enemy's advantage, since the natives' only retreat to the encampment and the safety of the hills would be across the narrow, exposed lagoon. But there was no thought in anyone's mind of failure.

Sitting on a fallen log near the edge of the water, on the lake shore opposite Maeva, Jonas leaned back, locking his hands around his knees, raising his eyes to the mountains. Queen Ariipaea, doughty old Trojan that she was, had taken full charge of ferrying her fighting men across the lake by canoe, and had now disappeared into the woods to direct the deployment of forces. She would soon return to direct Jonas personally to the special spot she had chosen for him to defend.

Meanwhile, in spite of the taut alertness in every fiber of his body, he felt a sense of peace more profound than any he had ever known before. What a magnificent spot—how eminently worth fighting for! The morning sun poured across the mountains and struck aquamarine brilliance from the smooth, shallow waters of the lake. How Marianna would love it. Here was where she belonged, not in the crowded shabbiness of town, but here in this generous and beautiful country. He'd bring her back here someday, he decided, when the fighting was over.

His eyes were still fixed on the mountains when Ariipaea came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. "Come along. There's not much time."

He followed her through the trees. After the brilliance of the shore it seemed dark and gloomy in their shade. For about two hundred yards they twisted through the thick, labyrinthine woods, then came suddenly on what appeared to be an immense, massive wall of stone. Jonas let out a low whistle of surprise. He saw now that the structure was a long, rectangular platform, walled with huge, flat slabs of limestone, filled in with coral and other rubble, and supporting another, smaller platform on top of it.

"An old temple to our evil gods. My foolish people are afraid to come here." Ariipaea gave him a wicked, gap-toothed grin, but he saw a twist of panic in it, like a child's bravado at a ghost story.

"It's a good place for defense," Jonas said thoughtfully. "Strong as any fort."

"Yes. You stay here, and don't let the French get to it. There are men hiding all about you, through the woods. If you need them, call out and they will come. When they attack the French, you stay here to defend this place."

"How far away is the sea?"

"About a hundred paces, there." She pointed to a barely perceptible brightening beyond the heavy twists of foliage. "They'll come from there. We need you here; it's good to have a *popaa* who isn't afraid of ancient curses."

"It's only the ancient ones that don't bother me," he said.

Cackling, she turned away into the woods, her musket held lightly in her hands.

WHEN she had gone, he loaded his musket, checked the cartridges in the box at his belt, and leaned against one of the big gray slabs. The shade was so heavy here that only an occasional small dapple of sunshine struck through it, and all about him he could see nothing except the thick, interlacing branches of the trees. Suddenly he was shaken by a curious apprehension.

From the woods about thirty feet to his right came a shrill moan, like a sea bird's cry, and other voices, around and beyond him, picked it up and carried it along like a signal, one to the other toward the sea. After a moment the voices came back the other way, this time repeating what the lookouts near the beach had told them. "The ship is coming. The ship is coming."

Jonas peered through the heavy shade, but he could see nothing, not even a trace of the men whose voices sounded so near to him. After a few minutes, a lookout spoke again, and the word was carried back along the hidden lines of men. "The ship is opposite. The ship is opposite."

There was no movement anywhere, and no sound except for the occasional calls back from the beach. Gradually, the intervals between the messages grew shorter. "The ship is slowing—the anchor has dropped. The boats are being lowered. The men are getting aboard the boats. The boats are pulling for the shore." At last the voices, low and muted, swung the somber, freighted words back: "Be still, and let them come."

He raised the musket closer against his body, his fingers tightening around it. For many minutes there was no sound at all, and then, far to his left, toward the sea, he heard faintly the grating of boats beaching on the gravelly shore and a Frenchman's voice, raised in command. "Proceed into the bush—columns of four—deploy on the opposite shore." Good God, the crazy fools weren't even going to reconnoiter!

Shortly after that he caught the sound of men crashing heavily and clumsily through the underbrush, and occasionally the far, muffled sound of a curse. The columns must be going through about a hundred yards or so to the south of him, he judged, and the first of them was now perhaps just opposite. Interminably, the seconds thudded by; then, loudly, the sound of several shots, almost in unison, cracked through the waiting woods.

He leaned forward, trying to read from the confusion of shots and shouts and the heavy trample of running feet just what was taking place. God, how stupid to wait impotently here, but he could not leave this refuge unprotected for the French to take. A faint sound, much nearer than the distant noise of the fighting, caught his ear and he

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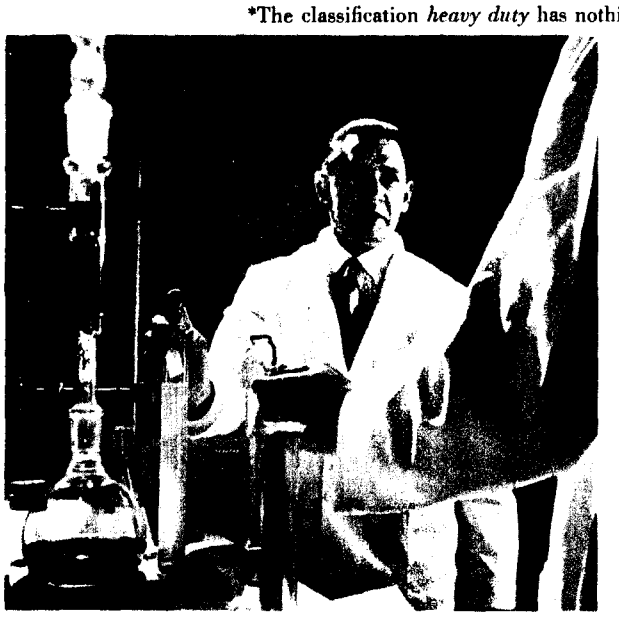

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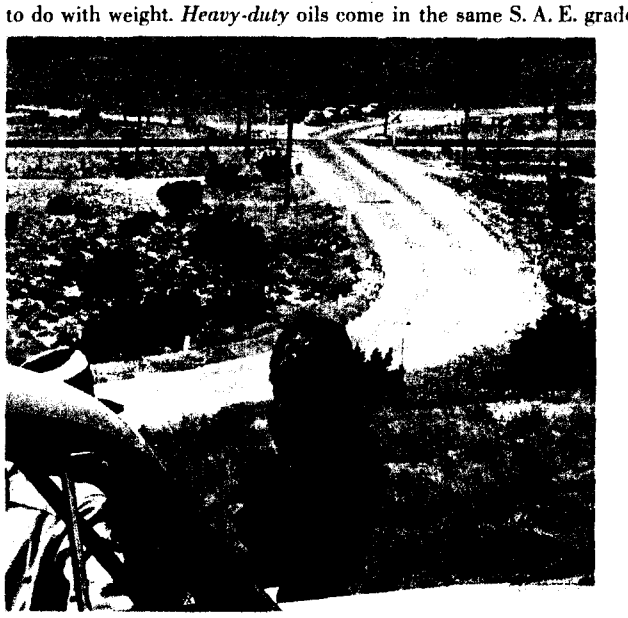

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swung around toward it, peering intently through the green shadows.

Just beyond a tree about twenty yards to his left he caught a quick glimpse of red breeches, and then a white, frightened face peering between the leaves. The man stepped forward, and as he raised his musket, Jonas fired. Almost instantly, a shot came roaring back, and something hit him hard in the chest. He staggered back, and fell heavily to the damp ground.

For a few moments he lay where he had fallen, fighting to pull the wind back into his lungs. When he tried to get to his feet the ground whirled up to meet him, and he fell against it. Painfully, he turned over, crawled the few feet back to the stone wall, and after a minute he was able to turn over and pull himself into a sitting position. Tensely squinting, he looked around him, but the shadows seemed more gray than before, and the tree trunks wavered giddily. His thoughts seemed to have slowed abnormally, like the beating of his heart, and the sounds of shooting grew more distant as he listened.

Almost incredulously, he became aware of a warm, spreading dampness flowing down his ribs; the side of his shirt and his sleeve were bright with blood. The shot had struck him high in the chest, almost at the right shoulder. With his left hand he pulled his musket up close to his eyes, staring at it stupidly. Impotently, he let it fall again, and his head dropped back.

The thought of Marianna came to him —actually an image, rather than a thought. He could see her there, in her faded blue dress, see the tenderness on her lips, feel her cool, compassionate hand on his forehead. Suddenly and urgently he felt a longing for her, felt it with the same violence with which, almost at once, the pain struck him. The image vanished, and for a long while there was nothing in the world but pain, tangible as an enemy, rocking him against the stones. He had no idea how long it lasted, but gradually it began to subside, and a dim clarity returned to his mind.

The shooting seemed to have stopped, he realized, and then he saw that Ariipaea and two of her men were coming toward him through the trees. Ariipaea ran forward at the sight of him.

"You're hurt!" she cried.

He managed to nod his head. Ariipaea knelt down on the ground beside him. *"Aue!"* she cried, and the old shrill cry of disbelief and lament echoed back from the stolid stones. *"Aue, aue,* your shoulder!"

"Not—bad," he managed to whisper. "French—what happened?"

"Finished!" she said. "They ran like dogs!" Carefully she tore his shirt, so that she could pull it away from the wound, talking rapidly as if to distract him from the pain that she must cause him. "We let them bury their dead and take their wounded back to the ship. Eighteen dead, and about fifty wounded! We only lost three. And now the ship is leaving. They won't come back to Maeva again!"

He listened to her carefully, letting the words, which seemed to come from a great distance, drop into his mind like pebbles into a still pool, sending their ripples to the far limits of his thoughts. Maeva was saved—saved for Ariipaea and her people, saved for him and Marianna. Perhaps, in a small way, he had helped to save it. He closed his eyes, suddenly aware that this had been the most truly complete and successful hour of his life.

FOR a mile or two above the sea the trail up the Papenoo Valley to the encampment followed closely along the gentle rise of the river, skirting away from the banks only when it must twist around one of the great trees that grew along the way. Except for the muffled clopping of the horses' hoofs, the valley was as silent as the afternoon sun drifting through the leaves, quiet as the clear, black glitter of the river. Marianna, holding the reins loosely in her hands, let her horse choose its own ambling gait, its patient head bobbing up and down at each step. About thirty paces ahead of her, Poriri, Teaui's son, rode bareback, leading a pack horse laden with the bundles of medicines and supplies she had got together to bring out to the encampment.

Poriri turned his head, looking back at her. "We'll soon be there."

She nodded. "Do they think—do they know I'm coming?"

"They prayed for it," he said. "I expect they'll rely on the Lord." He grinned suddenly. "And Poriri, who went to fetch you. Are you tired, Marianna?"

"I'm all right," she said.

She had been poor company for him, she knew, although she had tried, making a constant effort to inject some life into her voice and to turn her smile into something more than a mere grimace of the lips. But to someone who had known her for as many years as Poriri had, the effort must have been obvious.

IN HER blind impulse to get away from town it had not occurred to her that the ride back into the country, after so long a time, might entail its own small shocks. The abandoned houses, the bleached limbs and leafless branches of the girdled trees, the glimpse of the deserted church and mission buildings at Matavai with a French blockhouse rising on the point beyond, the French sentries demanding her passport before she could continue on the road that led past her own old schoolhouse; all these things had been more painful to see than to contemplate.

Still, just to be in motion, to be going somewhere, however briefly, was a little better than the inexpressible leadenness of the hours in town. A vague memory stirred within her, so vague that she could not define it. How long this time had she succeeded in keeping back the thought of Jonas? Five minutes? Seven, perhaps? Not even that, for it lay behind every thought, every action, as palpably as the sound of rain on a roof, pervading everything else. If only she knew what had happened to him, if only she could know! Wearily, her thoughts went over the familiar treadmill.

A month ago the steamer Phaeton had come back from Huahine, bringing the wounded French soldiers, and the foreign residents who had been evacuated from the ruined village of Fare. From the latter she had learned of the French rout at Maeva, but they knew nothing of Jonas, not even that he had been on the island. As a last, desperate resort, she had gone to Governor Bruat for information. Yes, he knew that Burkham had fought at Maeva; no, he had no idea what had happened to him. He had been kind, she thought drearily, telling her to come back a day later, after some inquiries could be made.

But his Gallic tact and his sympathy could not soften the blow he had to give her. One of the men had heard from another, who had since died, that a white man had fired the shot that eventually killed him. He had fired in return, and he thought that the white man had been wounded, but he was not sure; there was no further information to be had. In any case, Burkham could not return to Tahiti, the governor said with some sternness; he would be taken prisoner if he did.

There was no way out of the treadmill, no way at all. She could not go to him. Huahine was completely blockaded. Only a day's sail from Tahiti, it was as remote as the most distant planet.

If only she could know! She could not live without him, could not live without hope, at least. And ever since the afternoon Jonas had said good-by to her there on the veranda, she had found strength in the thought of how much there was to hope for. Yet how hard it was to hold on to that hope.

Her horse stumbled against the root of a tree, and she pulled up his head, suddenly aware that they were approaching a clearing. Poriri was waiting for her as she came forward into the sunshine.

"We're here, Marianna." He gestured toward the thatched houses huddling in the shade of the trees along the river. "There's the village. Up above, where the valley narrows, you can see the fortifications."

He tilted back his head, letting out a prolonged call, like a sea bird's cry. At once the little settlement seemed to quicken with life; men and women appeared in the doorways and from behind the houses, calling out greetings.

Marianna slid down from her horse, pulling the hat from her damp hair. Teaui, her old servant, was the first to reach her, folding her closely in a warm and comfortable embrace. "You're here, my little one, you're here!"

The others crowded about her, their soft voices raised in welcome. Araitea, the chief of the encampment, came forward through the group. "Welcome to Papenoo, good friend. All that we have is yours." Then Taua, the chief from Matavai, who had been her friend and her father's friend ever since she could remember, was taking her hand, looking at her closely. "We know that your man went away to fight for us, Marianna, and we sorrow for you."

There was a muted murmur of lament among the others; some of the women were crying. Someone said, "We pray for him, Marianna."

The tears that Marianna had refused to shed welled up in her eyes. She nodded dumbly, and Teaui took her arm, drawing her away. "No words now," she said. "Come to my house, Marianna, and refresh yourself. Just before sundown there's a prayer meeting."

Here, up in the hills, with no formal guidance, no pastor to lead them, they still clung to the faith the missionaries had taught them. Only the ones who were younger than thirty had been born into that faith, but the older ones, who had so reluctantly renounced their savage gods, were perhaps more steadfast in it than any. Sitting with them in the wide, unwalled meetinghouse, Marianna thought what a joy it would have been to her father to see them now: unguided, finding their comfort in a time of trouble from the precepts he had given a lifetime to bring them. She closed her eyes, listening to the voices around her soar together in a hymn. The torment in her heart could find no resolution yet, but to the frenzied questions that cried out within her whenever she thought of Jonas, the singing voices seemed to answer: Wait and see.

SHE opened her eyes, glancing at the people around her. There was a look of spareness on their faces, as if they did not ever have quite enough to eat, and their clothes were pitiably worn and patched. But there was an exquisite neatness about them, an air of pride and discipline that was in sharp contrast to the sloppy disorderliness of town. And in their faces, worn though they might be, was a kind of serenity that she had not seen in many months. Here, everyone was loyal to the same cause, and worked for it with the same will. No one need wonder if his friend might be, or could become, his enemy.

Taua was praying, and at the sound of her own name her attention jerked sharply back to his words. ". . . and for the good things she has brought us, the medicines and bandages to heal our sick and hurt, we thank Thee too. We pray, dear Jesus, that Your servant Marianna will find it in her heart to stay here with us and teach us the wise healing that she knows; that she will stay and school our unruly children, who make mischief in the camp, and have not enough learning to scratch their own names in the ground along the riverbank . . ."

Incredulously, Marianna stared at the earnest mask of his face, the closed eyes, the shaft of sunlight lying across his dark, lined cheeks. They wanted her here—they wanted her to stay here, in Papenoo! She sat numbly through the rest of the meeting, turning the thought over and over in her mind, scarcely hearing a word of the other prayers and songs.

The sun had set as the meeting ended, and the swift darkness of the valley was

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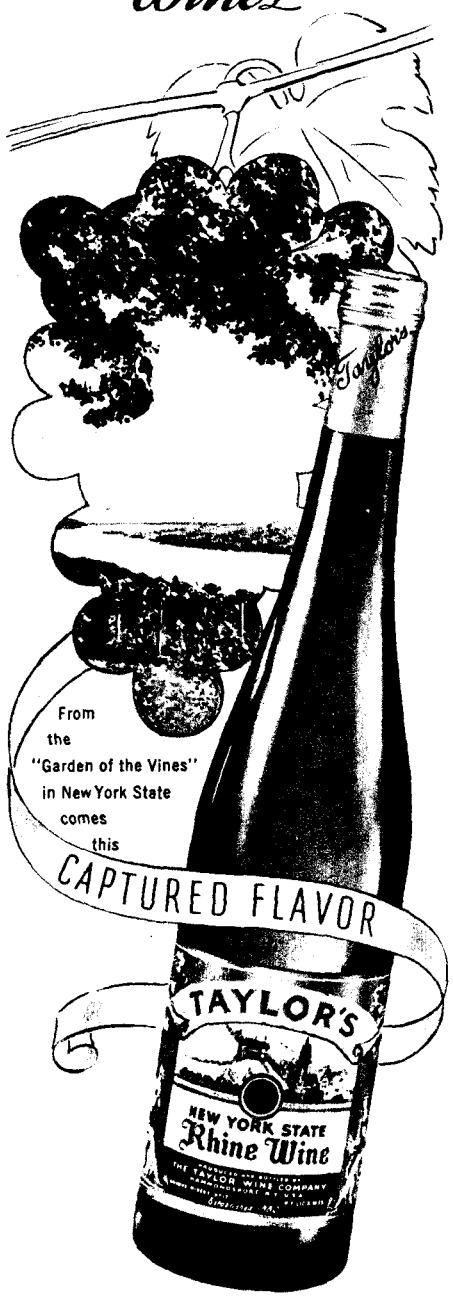


From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

rising between the hills. She was standing with Teaui and Poriri outside the meeting-house when Taua came up.

"You heard my word, Marianna?"

"Yes," she said. "I am grateful that you want me here—"

"You will stay, then?" Teaui asked eagerly.

"Teaui, how can I? My passport through the French lines expires at sundown tomorrow. I must get back to town."

Taua looked at her gravely. "It is much to ask, Marianna. Too much, perhaps. But we need you here badly, to teach the children and help us with our sick. Araitea, our chief here at Papenoo, agrees with me. If you would stay, and take your chances with us, we'd protect you with our lives."

"But the French—they might make more trouble."

Poriri said boastfully, "They won't come after you, Marianna. They don't dare! I can go back and get your clothes tomorrow, before they know you've gone."

"I'd like to stay," she said. "I don't want to go back to town. But, Taua, I'd be just one more stomach to feed, one more drain on your little supply of food."

"*Aue,*" Teaui said scornfully, "you've always eaten like a minnow, my child. Stay here, and live with your fat old Teaui."

"There is more in life than food, Marianna," Taua said. "And it's the other things you can give us that we need."

For a few moments she was silent, hearing the soft voices and laughter from the shadows around her, watching the sparks of a bonfire in a distant dooryard kindle into flame as a child stirred it with a stick. How familiar it all seemed—and how far she had gone since she had last been a part of this simple, nostalgic life. I have come home, she thought; come home again at last.

AT DAWN Poriri went to relieve the sentry on lookout just below the fortifications of the Papenoo encampment. He stood on the lookout rock, sleepily thinking of nothing, letting his senses, tuned to the proper sound and smell and feel of the place, keep guard for him. Slowly and silently the light increased; the far black peaks began to turn gold.

Then, before a leaf stirred or stone rattled against stone, Poriri became aware that someone was coming up the trail along the river. Silently, he dropped down behind the rock, sighting along his musket toward the path below. Soon he could hear the voices of two men, speaking together in Tahitian. He raised his head as they emerged from the trees beyond him.

Aue! Marianna's *popaa!* with his boatman, Farenui! With an incautious shout, Poriri leaped up and ran down to meet them, throwing his arms around Jonas.

"Jonas! How did you come here?"

Wincing a little, Jonas drew away, and his left hand, which was carrying a musket, went up in an involuntary gesture of protection against his right shoulder.

"Sailed over from Huahine in Ariipaea's little boat," he said. "It's all right, Poriri, we landed last night, and no one saw us come.

PORIRI seized Farenui's hand. "It's good to see you, friend. Wait till your cousins in the camp hear that you are back!" He looked at Jonas, and for the first time noticed the arm hanging inertly at his right side, and the curious, incomplete look of his shoulder, sloping downward beneath the wrinkled folds of his shirt. "*Aue,* you've been hurt!"

Jonas grimaced. "It's all right now." His brown hair was streaked with gray, and there were lines in his face that Poriri had never seen there before. "What's happened here, Poriri? Down below, there's not a house left standing, nor a breadfruit or palm tree that hasn't been destroyed."

"You haven't heard about the fighting? Here, and in Punaavia?" His face darkened. "They attack us, and drive us farther back into the hills, but they cannot beat us with the mountains to protect us. In the end they go away, and take their revenge on our lands. They've lost many men, Jonas," he said proudly, "far more than we have. And in Papeete the French shiver in fear of the men from Punaavia who come down and burn their houses and their forts."

"In town!" Jonas said. "What about—have you heard anything of Marianna?"

"Marianna!" Poriri said with surprise. "But, of course, you don't know about Marianna. She's here, Jonas! Right here in Papenoo."

"Here! In the camp?"

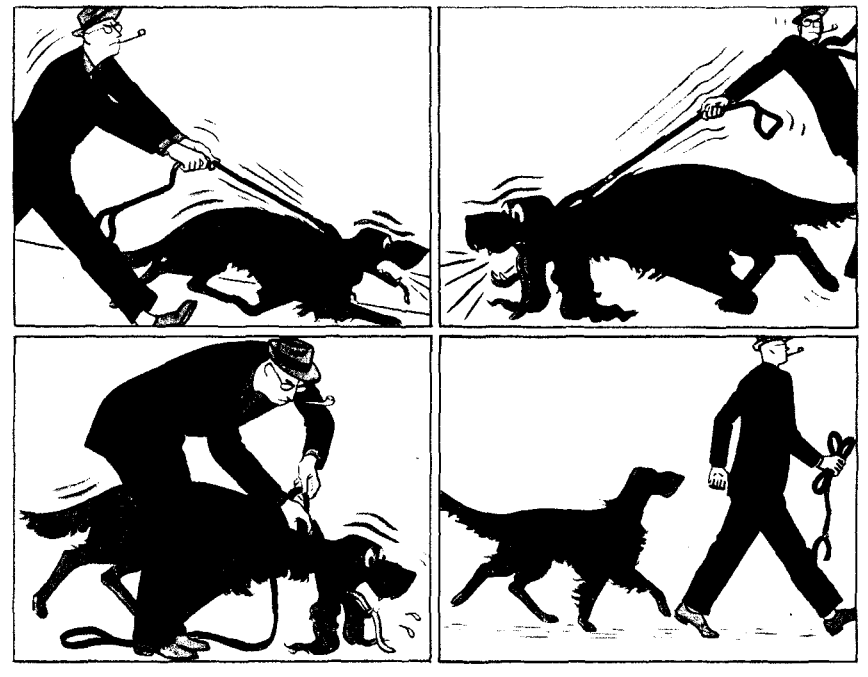
"She's been here—let me see—four or five moons, at least. She lives with my mother, up near the river."

"She's—all right?"

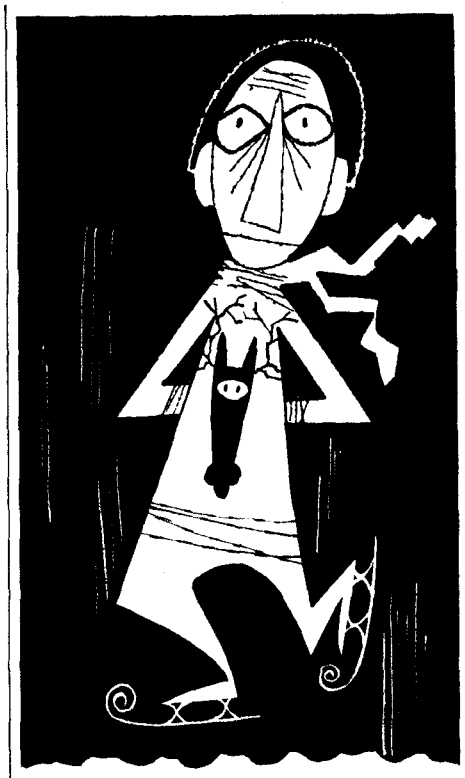
"She hasn't been sick, but her heart has grieved for you. I see it in her eyes, and hear it in her voice. Now that you are here, her voice will sing again." He touched Jonas gently on the shoulder, a look of tenderness coming across his brown face. "Go up and find her, Jonas. She needs you."

Farenui went off in the direction of the settlement in the clearing, but Jonas, following Poriri's directions, kept to the shadowed path along the river. Beyond

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



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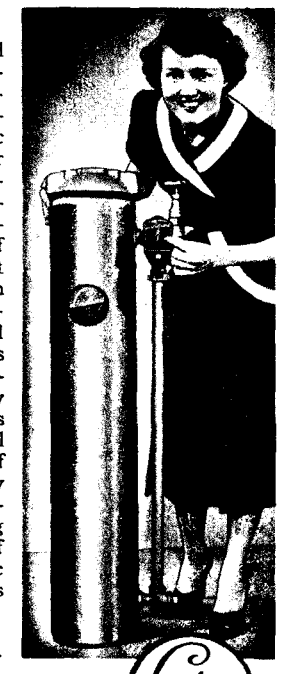

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the mango tree, Poriri had said, was Teaui's house. He would find Marianna there.

As he walked along he could feel his heart thudding against his ribs. In just a few minutes he would see her again, after all this interminable time. It was still impossible to believe; reality seemed to have become confusingly entangled in a dream. Oh, God, to see her again!

A stab of pain in his shoulder jolted him unpleasantly out of the dream. I shouldn't have come here, he thought again; I shouldn't come back to her now. He had no business to be here—a half man, who could never use his arm again, a cripple who couldn't even cut his own meat.

The path curved to the right to follow a bend in the chattering river, and ahead of him he saw the mango tree, fixed in a shaft of early morning sun. Beneath it a woman was standing, in a faded blue dress, bending over to braid the hair of a little girl who stood in front of her.

Marianna! With his left hand he lowered his musket to the ground, and stood there silently watching her. She was smiling at the little girl, he saw, but on her face was written a look of such sorrow that his heart seemed to stop for a moment. Did she look like that because of him?

He moved forward, and Marianna raised her head, staring at him. Suddenly her face became transfigured. He heard her say his name, and as she ran toward him he had time to think, almost in awe: That look was for me, too.

"Marianna," he said. With his left hand he reached out to touch her face, watching the incredulous shine of happiness in her eyes. She came close to him then, slipping her hand beneath his useless arm, holding him tightly. Already she seemed to have comprehended the hanging arm and the shattered indignity of his shoulder; and already it seemed to matter less.

"You've come back," she said. "You've come back to me, Jonas."

He put his face against the softness of her hair. "I've come back, my darling. I'll never leave again."

ON THE first day of the year 1847, the rain, which had been falling steadily for more than a week, poured relentlessly from a dark and sullen sky. Dr. Ferguson, a piece of tarpaulin draped like a toga around his shoulders, a broad straw hat protecting his old, bulldog face, stood by the fence in front of his house, chewing the butt end of a cigar and glaring down the road.

A few minutes earlier one of his native woman's young nephews had run into the house to tell him that the people from the Papenoo encampment, coming to surrender their arms to the French governor, had already reached the outskirts of the town. Dr. Ferguson, who had been unwise enough to witness, a couple of weeks earlier, the surrender of the people from the Fautaua and Punaavia camps, had no intention of watching this final capitulation.

He knew just how it would be; how they would march to the governor's palace, worn and bedraggled, and, with an intolerably pitiful air of submission file by to lay down their rusty, battered muskets in a gradually mounting pile at the governor's feet. Empty-handed, they would hear Bruat promise them amnesty, demand their allegiance, and direct them to return to their homes—or, at least to the place where their homes used to be. Then they would kneel down on the wet ground, bow their heads, and for the last time, together like this, unite in prayer. Oh, no, that spectacle was not for him; he couldn't stand it again.

His purpose in waiting now was to waylay Marianna Burkham. How long had she been up there in that camp? Nearly a year, he thought; it must have been early in February last when she left town. By God, it would have been no picnic! In March the fighting had commenced in earnest, and the natives had been pushed farther and farther back into the misty dampness of the mountains.

The past year was one he did not care to remember. The bloody, hopeless battles, ending always in stalemates, the vengeful fury of the French, ravaging the lowlands, laying waste to miles of the fertile coastlands; the useless courage of the Tahitians, their ill-advised strategies, the dogged insistence on continuing in a cause that was clearly hopeless, had driven him to the bottle more than once. Two or three months ago fifteen hundred additional French troops had been landed on the island, and the natives still had refused to surrender.

They would probably be rotting up there in the mountains at this moment, he thought grimly, if it hadn't been for the treacherous savage from the island of Rapa who had betrayed—for two hundred dollars and a suit of clothes—a secret pathway up the cliffs to a position where the French could command the rear of the mountain fort, the heart of the island where the three valleys, Papenoo, Punaavia and Fautaua joined together. That final encounter at least had been bloodless; when the natives saw that their last retreat was cut off they made no resistance, but laid down their arms, saying, "Now the key is stolen, it is no use keeping the box locked."

Dr. Ferguson pulled the tarpaulin higher around his neck, and leaned across the gate, squinting down the road. Through the lashing rain, he could see a column of figures approaching, plodding along slowly on foot. First came Araitea, chief of the encampment, carrying the protectorate flag. He was followed by Taua, and behind him walked their wives, with two women whom he recognized as the widows of other chiefs. Following them was a column of musketeers, walking two by two. Seventy of them he counted; big strapping fellows, but their muscles looked oddly unfleshed, and their faces were gaunt. Behind them straggled a larger group of women and older men and children of all ages; some of the women were carrying babies in their arms, and all of them walked as if their legs would not carry them much farther. For a few moments he was afraid that Marianna was not among them, but at last he saw her, her head bent, walking slowly beside a man with a crippled arm. God Almighty, it was Jonas! His first attempt to call them broke in his throat; then he managed to roar out her name.

"Marianna!"

They saw him then, and came toward him through the rain, smiling at him.

"Burkham! I thought you were dead—I thought you'd absconded!" Dr. Ferguson said.

"You ought to know you can't get rid of a sinner as easily as that," Jonas said.

Dr. Ferguson put out his hands to Marianna and pulled her through the gate. She was fleshless as a seashell, he thought, but she looked all right; her skin had a gloss to it, and in spite of the faint lines that marked it, there was a look of serenity on her face.

"You're soaking wet," he said severely. "Come inside at once."

"I think we ought to stay with the others—"

"Nonsense. You can make your peace with the governor another day."

One of the women walking near the side of the road called out to them: "Go inside, my children."

"All right, Teaui. Come back here later."

Dr. Ferguson turned to Jonas, his shrewd eyes noting the downward slope of Jonas' shoulder, the dangling arm. Quickly he looked away. "Come inside," he said gruffly. "I want to get out of this beastly rain." He pushed them impatiently up the walk.

His woman was waiting on the veranda. There were tears on her face as she embraced Marianna and Jonas and helped them off with their hats and coats, muttering, *"Aue, aue!"* over and over to herself.

"Stop clucking like a chicken," Dr. Ferguson said, "and get out to the kitchen. Warm up the soup and make some hot food at once."

At Marianna's word of protest, the woman gave her a wink. "Go in there," she said, "and keep the old man quiet till I get back."

Dr. Ferguson pushed them into his study and led them to his most comfortable chairs. "Sit down, sit down. And take your wet shoes off. Marianna, do you hear me?"

Obedient as a child, she bent over and pulled off her sopping shoes. When she raised her head he was standing in front of her, a largish glass of brandy in his shaky hand.

"Drink this," he said. "Doctor's orders."

SHE took the glass from him and he gave another one to Jonas, then sat down, pouring out one for himself. "Physician, heal thyself," he said. "Here's to your return. By God, I'm glad to see you! Now tell me, Jonas. How did you get to Papenoo?"

"Sailed over, with Farenui, from Huahine."

"How long have you been there?"

"Since June, I think. About six months."

"You're gray as a timber wolf, boy!"

"So they tell me," Jonas said. He touched his thick, crisp hair. "I'll have to see a mirror sometime, to check on Marianna. *She* says it's becoming."

"What about that arm?"

Jonas shrugged his left shoulder. "It's healed, at least."

"I'll have a look at it, later."

"If you want to. There's nothing to be done."

Dr. Ferguson took a gulp of brandy, looking at Marianna across the top of his glass. "Marianna, take your medicine!"

Meekly she took a swallow, choking a little. "Thank you," she said. "It does warm you up."

"How long since you've been really warm? Or dry?"

"Weeks, I suppose. The rains have been torrential. When we left, the river was so swollen some of the fortifications were beginning to wash away."

"You should have come down long ago!"

"I suppose so," she said, "but no one thought of giving up while there was still the slightest chance."

"You and Jonas, I meant. You're not as hard yas these Tahitians."

"We couldn't. There was too much to do. You forget your own hardships, up there."

"It must have been—pretty bad."

A LOOK of pain swept across her face. "It was tragic. The sickness, the broken families, the struggle for food—you can't imagine it! But their bravery made it worth while, somehow."

"And now," Jonas said, "what's going to happen to them now?"

"The French have promised them forgiveness and amnesty. I think they'll treat them kindly."

"Now that they've got what they want," Jonas said bitterly. "Now that it's too late."

"They're going to reinstate Pomare as nominal queen," Dr. Ferguson said. "She won't have any power, of course, but they'll treat her with respect. And they're going to pay her a yearly stipend, so she can live in comfort."

"Is she back from Raiatea?"

"Not yet. She's coming soon."

"How about Huahine and the other Leeward Islands?"

"They're still free."

"Thank God for that! At least that much was saved."

"Yes. What do you plan to do now, Jonas?" Dr. Ferguson asked.

He grimaced. "I don't know. Write, perhaps. I've got one hand, at least." He looked over at Marianna. "We might go to Huahine to live. Do you remember the place I told you about, Marianna? Would you like to live in Maeva, where we'd still be free?"

"Oh, yes," she said softly.

There was something in their eyes when they looked at each other that made Dr. Ferguson suddenly happier than he had felt in months. Gruffly, he said, "You need some food, you two. That old woman of mine is slower than the hills."

As if to deny him, she waddled into the room just then. "The soup is hot," she said. "Come and eat."

As they got to their feet they heard the first boom of a cannon, measured and solemn in salute, speak out from the direction of the harbor. The old Tahitian woman stopped in the doorway, motionless, her broad, homely face immobile as a mask. Marianna went over to her, slipping her arm around her waist. Jonas was staring down at the floor, and his left hand strayed up to touch his injured shoulder. Six—seven—eight— Dr. Ferguson saw Jonas raise his head and glance over at Marianna, the tight set of his lips softening a little. The doctor looked away, clumped over to the table, and poured himself a glassful of brandy. Relentlessly, the assured and ceremonial salutes to triumph boomed through the quiet room. Eighteen—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—

Dr. Ferguson put down his empty glass. "Well, it's all over," he said. "Come and eat, my children." THE END

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WILLIAM R. SCOTT

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The Last Maltby

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

household of the low country. But in the sheriff's town, when anyone spoke of the island, there was no need to give it a name: it was Maltby, just as the Hall meant Maltby Hall.

There were reasons. One was its situation, between the town and the ocean, as if the island had withdrawn from the land and anchored itself where it would be first to catch the breeze and the dash of surf. Then there was the Hall, nearly two hundred years old and one of the few remaining of its age. Surrounded by cedars, it sat in the center of the island. To the left, at the end of the island, there was another clump of cedars, from the midst of which rose a shaft of marble, the old Senator's monument. Every year on Confederate Memorial Day the United Daughters of the Confederacy made their pilgrimage and laid a magnolia wreath at the foot of the monument.

Every year, also, they became enraged anew at the impiety of the Senator's son, the Corporal, whose hideous tomb was a perpetual sneer. Between the Hall and the burying ground there was an avenue of live oaks whose inner branches had been trimmed to form a lofty nave which ended in a half circle of cedars. It was here, with the cedars as a background, that the Senator's monument had been placed. But within two years of its erection the Corporal had put up his tomb, spang in the middle of the view, and such a tomb; a solid cube of concrete, without inscription, save the name Maltby in huge block letters across the row of vaults.

THE sheriff could not recall when he had first seen Silas Maltby. For his memory was tribal: what he had seen and what he had been told—by mother or aunt or some other—were not distinct. His memory was also Southern in another way, in having little or no relation to time: forty years ago was as vivid as last week.

He had seen Silas last week. He remembered, because Silas had stumbled when he was getting out of his boat. What happened after that might have happened any time. Silas tied up the boat and walked across the road and up the steps of the general store, bowing to any acquaintance who greeted him. The loafers resolutely looked the other way, though they would have been reluctant to say why; rather, they could not say, having no words to explain their response to his grace, his utter lack of arrogance. That was what galled them, made them say, "What's he think he is?" knowing the answer all the while.

The question, in different words and with an undertone of pure excited curiosity, was often asked by strangers, when in later years the Hall had been shown to tourists. They asked, "Who on earth is he?" The answer, and no answer, for it raised a babble of questions, was to be found in his color. It was not brown, or tan, or gold, but all of these, with an inner glow. He was what the Southerner, not knowing him, would have called "dark complected." In neither face nor figure was there a hint of Negro. High frontal bone, amber eyes, curly hair without a trace of kink, a way of standing that had in it nothing of servility or of insolence—these gave him what the Negroes called, with envy and sometimes with malice, "quality." The whites had no name for it, being mute to the proper word. Except one, a sly Charlestonian, who said to his friends from the North, "Lord, no, you won't find a Southern gentleman here. Go down Beaufort way, to Maltby Hall, and see Silas Maltby."

That was when Silas Maltby was an old man, when he had long established the right to be himself and go his own way, and when few could recall from their own memory what his beginning had been. But the memory was no less vivid. It was of two infants nursing at the breasts of a Negro woman—one, the woman's child, Silas; the other, Philip, child of the Corporal's wife, Miss Mattie. No one could forget that sight. The United Daughters of the Confederacy had gone on their annual pilgrimage to the grave of the old Senator and returned desperate, almost upsetting the boat in their haste to get home and tell what they had seen. "There she sat," they said, "in a rocker on the front piazza, in broad daylight, letting the two of them suck away for dear life, and they as like as two peas in a pod, and the spit 'n' image of the Corporal."

Miss Mattie had nursed her first child and it had died, so when the second was born two years later she entrusted it to a wet nurse, a young, brilliantly yellow Negro who had come from the town to be her maid when she was a bride. "Wasn't it lucky," Miss Mattie said to a visitor, "Gabriella had a baby same time I did?" The lady forced her head into a nod and said, grim-lipped, "Yes." "Land sakes," she said, as soon as she could get away, to the first lady she met, "she don't *realize*, she don't *know*." Nor did she; it was not until the boys were about four years old that she had to assume another kind of blindness, not rare among Southern wives of that day. Again in the presence of a visitor, she called to one of the boys one day, by name, and when the boy turned it was the other.

Some thought it served Miss Mattie right, considering who she was. One summer, at Flat Rock, in the mountains of North Carolina, the Corporal had taken one look at a barelegged, raw beauty, hurried her into sudden marriage, and brought her to Maltby Hall, without benefit of family, or name that anyone could remember. "You'll learn," the Corporal had said. But she never did; never, in fact, quite knew what it was that she was expected to learn. "She couldn't even get herself buried decent," the town said, after she died.

The whole town went to her funeral, uninvited, and came away with enough to talk about for fifty years. They saw a plain wooden box carried by two Negro men, "just like you'd carry a log," and followed by the Corporal and the two boys, Philip and Silas. On the edge of the crowd, Julia the cook stood looking on. She was the only other dweller on the island; Gabriella, Silas' mother, had disappeared several years before. When the two Negro men reached the tomb they set the box down and looked at the Corporal, and the crowd held its breath, waiting to hear what he would say. He said nothing. He walked to the tomb, motioned the men to put the box into an open vault, then closed the iron door, turned, took the children back to the house, and shut the door on the crowd, and on a noise that was like a clatter of magnolia leaves in the wind.

The next day he met the rector in front of the store and, ignoring the row of spitting loafers on the piazza, said, "You see, Doctor, I think every man has a right to his own belief, and to his own unbelief." He put a placating hand on the rector's arm, turned away, took a few steps, and then, facing him again, said, "Besides, I swore that no undertaker would ever lay hand on a Maltby. I saw enough of those buzzards during the war. No, thank you, no undertakers."

The two boys were with him on that day, as they were always with him wherever he went; but, alike as they were in looks, there was already a difference. Silas stayed close to the Corporal and watched, and imitated, every move; the tilt of the head, the squared shoulders, the restless fingers, a way of talking that at once invited and defied contradiction. Philip, Miss Mattie's son, on the other hand, moved with the slouchy gait of a field Negro, hovering near but half detached from the other two, marking the dust of the road with a switch, in trivial concentration. The loafers, watching the three, found new grounds for anger, as if they, whites, had somehow been betrayed.

It was an old grievance, the more gnawing in that it could not be purged by words. The Corporal—he insisted on the title, would answer to no other, even within the family—had come home from the war not like other men of breeding, who returned undefeated and with the rank at least of captain. "Call me Corporal," he had said, and laughed. "I'm the only Confederate corporal. All the rest are generals."

AFTER his wife's death the Corporal let it be understood that visitors would not be welcome on the island, except at the time of the annual pilgrimage; and on that occasion he and the boys, and Julia the cook, were nowhere to be seen. It was believed that he had closed the upstairs of the Hall and that Julia continued to live in the slave cabin in which she had been born. Julia, now past middle age, was the only servant. The Corporal himself was often seen in the town, attending to the cotton crop. For Maltby Hall was different in another way, in being separated from the plantation, which lay on the mainland. The Corporal never stopped for a friendly chat with men, and the ladies vowed they would have preferred a snub to his urbane greeting.

But when the boys were seven or eight years old, the Corporal again did the unexpected. "Just like a Maltby," Miss Patty Bainbridge said. "You never know what a Maltby will do; all you know is, he'll do it." Miss Patty had been for years tutor to children of good family, but the children grew up and the families died out, and Miss Patty's income had grown as thin as the grosgrain of her Sunday dress. She was, in fact, living on the charity of her former patrons, though no one would have used the vulgar word to describe the dozen eggs, the pan of hot biscuits, the jug of milk, that found their way to her kitchen. "I do declare," she invariably said, "this is a real surprise," hoping that this offering would be different from the last, remembering the week that she had lived on nothing but corn bread and buttermilk. One day the Corporal appeared on her front piazza and said, "I came to ask a favor, Miss Patty. How's your peach tree?"

"I don't get any peaches any more," Miss Patty said.

"But it still grows switches, don't it? That's what I need. Not for me. I'm hopeless. Remember how you used to tell me that? No, it's for the children. I never thought about it until the other day, but they can't read." He smiled at her.

That was what Miss Patty had been dreading. That she, a Bainbridge, a lady, with a name as good as any Maltby, should be asked to . . .

She looked down at her mittened hands with tears of vexation in her eyes. But it was not the mittens she saw: it was a ham, a hickory-smoked country ham, and a pound of butter, a can of salmon—and she couldn't remember when she'd had a can of salmon—and macaroni and cheese, and bananas . . . She closed her eyes in agony. Lord God, she prayed, don't let me think of a bottle of wine. And, just when she knew for sure her prayer was not going to be answered, she heard the Corporal's voice. "I think it would be better, Miss Patty," he was saying, "if you could come over to the island instead of having them come here; and you could teach them in the kitchen, or in the room off the kitchen we never use." Miss Patty's tears fell.

She told the whole story afterward to her intimates and therefore to the town, and added, "Of course, I'll just let Silas listen. And besides, it'll be in the kitchen."

The Southern kitchen was socially ambiguous. In the church there was a gallery for Negroes, on trains there were Jim Crow cars, in stations separate waiting rooms; even in the general store black and white

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"You better take Mother's umbrella, Dad. I accidentally pushed that little button"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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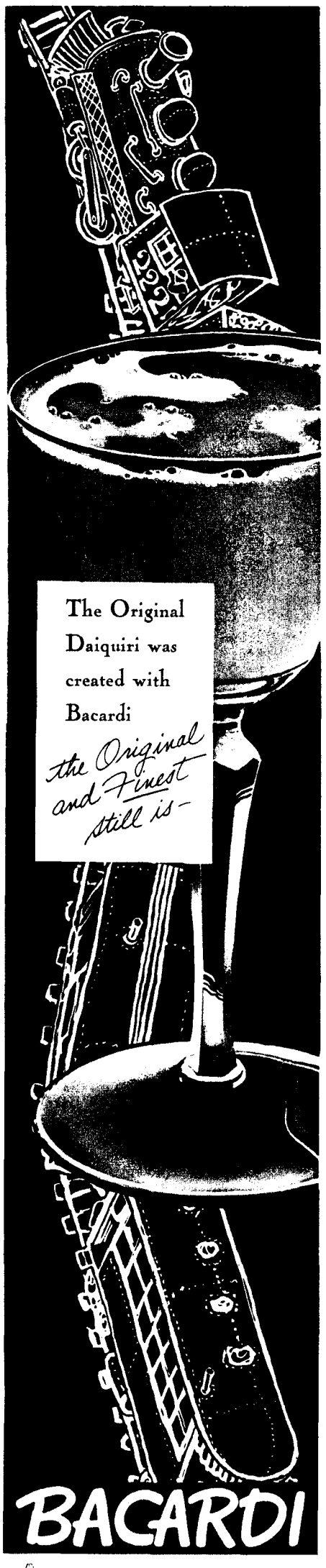

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mixed but did not mingle. The kitchen was different. Here rights and privileges were suspended in the common regard for food; for while Julia the cook—any Julia, any cook—was technically in command, there was no sternness except for the marauder; and in larger houses, such as Maltby Hall, adjacent rooms were part of the realm. It was in such a room, a discarded pantry, that table and chairs were set for Miss Patty and the two children.

At the appointed time Silas and Philip were waiting with a boat to row Miss Patty to her new job. They were so alike, the two boys, that she could not tell them apart until she found her glasses, and even then the difference was slight.

There was a difference, though, as she was soon to discover, and report. "Philip is lazy as all get out," she said, "but Silas —my, you wouldn't believe it—smart as a whip. It don't seem right." But her first morning, begun well enough with a cup of strong coffee set before her by Julia—and Miss Patty couldn't remember when she'd last had a good cup of coffee—that first morning turned into confusion. The Corporal suddenly appeared and said, "You'll stay for dinner, Miss Patty," and walked out without waiting for a reply.

"I went hot and cold by turns," she said afterward. "Did he expect me to sit down at the same table with him and Philip and Silas?" And when Julia came in and started setting the table at the far end, it looked as if she was expected to eat with just the two children, and panic overcame her. "That Julia knew I was flustered, I do believe, because a minute later she said, calm as you please, 'The Corporal's waiting for you in the dining room, Miss Patty.' "

"I always eat alone, Miss Patty," the Corporal said. "I don't like noise and I do like my bottle of wine at dinner. I hope you share my tastes." Tears came to Miss Patty's eyes, but this time the ham was there in front of her, and fixings, and the wine. That was the first of years of hearty dinners, five times a week. "Saturdays and Sundays," she said, "I rest up."

But the years also brought dismay. "I do declare, Patty Bainbridge," her friends would say, "to hear you talk you'd think that boy was *white.*" "And so he is," she said defiantly, "except for his color, and if you didn't know, you couldn't tell." The shell of the lady, cracked that first week, had broken and finally fallen clear away. "But what's going to become of him? What can he *do?*" they asked. "I don't know," she answered, "that's what I don't know."

Nor did the Corporal, and when Miss Patty put the question, at first obliquely, he was evasive. "There's plenty of time," he said. "He's still a child."

"It's a downright shame, that's what it is," Miss Patty said to her friends, "and I really believe the boy don't have any notion he ain't white."

HE MAY well not have known. Philip gave no sign of knowing, and Silas was never in the town except in the company of the Corporal. There was only Julia who might have told him.

He lived through boyhood and into youth in the security of the island, the pride, and grief, of Miss Patty, who became more insistent in her prodding of the Corporal. "You've just got to *do* something," she said, but when he asked what, she could only wring her hands and say, "Something."

But the decision was not made by the Corporal or Miss Patty. It was made by an event in Cuba. One day at dinner the Corporal said, "Have you seen the News and Courier, Miss Patty? It says the Maine has been blown up."

Within a few days, "Remember the Maine" was heard lashing the country to fury; then came war, and the South was crowding the recruiting offices. The Corporal said, "Fools," while Miss Patty picked at her food and said nothing. For the boys, now seventeen years old, had suddenly reversed roles. Philip was talkative and eager and Silas had become silent, sat staring out of the window with a strange look on his face, and when Miss Patty said, "Well now, war ain't for boys," he relaxed and seemed almost grateful. But one day when she came into the schoolroom he was sitting alone and the face he turned toward her stopped her short. "What's the matter, Silas?" she asked.

"Philip is gone," he said.

"Gone? Gone where?"

"To war," he said. "He went to Beaufort last night, said if he weren't back this morning it would mean he had enlisted. He made me promise not to tell, not until today."

"Now, Silas," she said, sitting down and pointing a finger at him, "you promise me right now you won't do anything foolish, promise you won't do anything without telling me beforehand. You hear me?"

"I promise, Miss Patty," he said, "but I feel like I got to go."

"You can't," Miss Patty said.

"Why not, Miss Patty?" The way he spoke seemed to show that he knew no reason. "I'm old enough, ain't I?"

"Well, you can't, and that's all there is to it." She took a handkerchief out of her satchel and said, "I guess we won't have any lessons today. But you be here tomorrow, and remember what you promised."

SHE found the Corporal in a field of broom sedge, with his guns and dogs, looking for partridge. He was about to greet her when she said, breathless, "Philip's gone—enlisted."

He squinted his eyes, half smiling, and said, "I beat him by a year. I was only sixteen when I went to war; but then of course he didn't have a war to go to until now. Where'd he go? To Beaufort?"

Miss Patty nodded and said, "I think Silas is going to want to go."

The Corporal was silent a moment; then he said quietly, "Well, we can't let him go," but when he saw the relief in Miss Patty's face, he added, "not to Beaufort, anyway."

"Why, you know they wouldn't take him," Miss Patty said.

"You mean, you hope they wouldn't, and you're right. They wouldn't, not in Beaufort. I'll send him up to North Carolina, to Raleigh, clean out of the state. If he wants to go, Miss Patty, we'll have to let him. I've always done as *I* pleased."

"I know," Miss Patty said.

Silas went to Raleigh. The Corporal drove him to the depot in Beaufort in a hired hack and, when the train came in, caught Silas by the arm and led him to the coach for whites, and waited until he was seated. Then he turned to the conductor, who stood as if he wanted to say something if he dared, and said, "The boy's name is Silas Maltby," and walked away.

Three days later Silas returned. The depot loafers in Beaufort spread the word: "He went away a white boy and come back a nigger." He had spoken to no one, they said, had looked at no one as he stepped down from the Jim Crow car and started walking along the dusty road. But he had not, they recalled, "walked nigger"; he had carried himself with his Maltby assurance. The town, eager to add to the skimpy news, also learned that he had twice declined offers of a ride, one from a wagonload of Negroes, one from the white carrier who was fetching the mail sack from the train.

The mail carrier was the father of the boy who was one day to become sheriff, and on that day his son was sitting beside him and storing up his first clear memory of Silas Maltby. He had seen him often with the Corporal and had given him the half acceptance of the town, but now, when Silas turned and refused the ride, he saw him in a new and different way. He had no words to describe his feelings, but he rejected his father's "uppity," uttered in disgust with a flick of the whip. No, not uppity, he said to himself, and not proud either. He would never find the word, but the feeling stayed with him from that day.

Silas, walking erect and with his eyes straight front, had already passed Miss Patty's gate when she called him from the front piazza. He turned back, opened the gate, went up the walk, and stopped at

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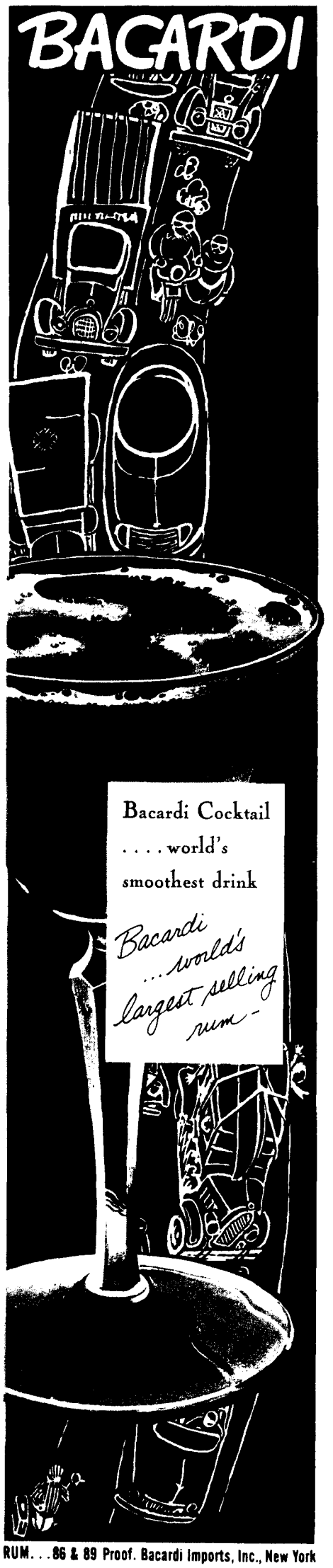

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the foot of the steps. Then he looked at her, and she burst out, "Why, Silas Maltby, what on earth has happened?"

He swallowed hard and in an unsteady voice asked, "Why didn't you tell me, Miss Patty?"

"I couldn't," she wailed. "You didn't know?"

"No, ma'am," he said quietly, "I didn't know. I suspicioned, but I didn't know."

"I tried to keep you from going," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, you did, and I thank you kindly for it. I was too butt-headed, I reckon." He stopped speaking and stood looking at Miss Patty, until she began to fumble for a handkerchief. Then he said, "The truth is, Miss Patty, I did know and I didn't know, all the same time. I didn't want to know, that's it; I just wasn't going to know if I could help it. I knew why you all sent me to Raleigh and I went there so as to keep from ever knowing. I think Julia sort of tried to tell me, long time ago, but I didn't understand; and she didn't make me because she wanted me not to have to know—just like you, Miss Patty."

MISS PATTY rocked in silence, working her handkerchief into a ball with her lean old hands, while Silas stood turning his hat by the brim. Finally he said, "Know the Bledsoes, Miss Patty, live out Hog Wallow way?" She nodded. "Remember Jed Bledsoe, joined the Army two or three years ago, after he got out of the pen?" She nodded again. "Well," Silas went on, "he was sitting with the recruiting officer, sorting papers, and when I come up he looked at me and then he whispered to the recruiting officer and they whispered together and then Jed Bledsoe said to me, and you'd have thought he was spitting, he said, 'Ain't you Silas Maltby?' And when I said, 'Yes,' he bawled out, so's everybody in the room could hear him, he bawled out, 'He's a nigger, Cap'm; he's Corporal Maltby's nigger' . . ." He broke off and rubbed a knuckle into his eyes like a small boy and said, " 'Nigger bastard'—excuse me, Miss Patty, but that's what he said."

"Some people ain't fit to live," Miss Patty said.

"Then the captain, the recruiting officer, he said, 'Is that so?' and I said, 'I don't know, sir,' and then everybody laughed, everybody in the room, and the officer said, 'Better go find out. We don't want any niggers here,' and then everybody laughed again." Silas twisted his hat tensely in his hands, the knuckles showing white. "Then, when I was coming out the door, some of them began to threaten. They called me all sorts of names, and one of them said, 'Better not let the sun go down in this town, nigger!' So I walked the tracks until I come to a town I thought was far enough away, and I hid—first time in my life I ever hid, except in fun—I hid until the Beaufort train come along. I went in the first car and when the conductor come along he said to me, 'This coach is for colored folks. You don't have to go back to the white coach, of course,' he said, very polite, 'I just thought maybe you didn't know.' " Silas was silent again; he stood marking the sand of the walk with the toe of his shoe. Then he looked at Miss Patty and said, "I don't belong anywhere."

Miss Patty said, "Don't say that, Silas."

"But it's the truth," he said, as if he were talking to himself. "Seems like there ain't any place in the world where you can be just a human being. You got to be white or black, and I can't be either. All my life I been thinking and feeling like a white boy, and all of a sudden I got to begin to feel and think black, and I can't do it. There's a lot of difference. If you're born black and live black, you don't care when a white man calls you 'nigger.' He's talking about himself more'n you."

"You ain't a nigger," Miss Patty said.

"No'm, I ain't," he said. "I wish I was. Leastways, I wish I was something."

"But you *are*, Silas. You *are* something." Miss Patty's voice was a plea.

Silas had kept his eyes down while he was speaking. Now he looked up and said, "What? Miss Patty, what?"

"I'm an old woman, Silas." She spoke, and let the words hang in the air until they gave meaning to what followed. "Seems like there are more questions than answers, but in time the answers come. Maybe you're wrong. Maybe there is a place for a human being, somewhere." She looked down nervously at her twisting hands. "They do say it's different up North."

"And never know when another Bledsoe'll turn up? No, Miss Patty." He shook his head. "Ain't it bad enough the way it is, without going where I don't know anybody and nobody knows me? And where nobody cares? Put yourself in my place."

"I am in your place, Silas," she said. "I *am*."

"Yes'm," he said, "and that's one reason why I ain't going away. I'm staying right here. When I was hiding in that shed and when the train come along and I sat in that coach, seemed like I didn't know anything, and never would. But I know now. I'm staying here, until the day I die." He looked at the old woman sitting huddled in her chair, and tried to smile. "Thank you, Miss Patty, thank you. I'll be going now." And he turned and walked down the path and out of the front gate.

"Our dinner will just have to wait. Your father is avoiding the traffic"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

The next day was a Saturday, when to the loafers of the town were added the loafers from the surrounding country. The way they spat showed their mood, every sentence being punctuated by a swirl of tobacco juice landing in the dust or spattering on the raised wooden sidewalk. The Negroes responded in their own way to the temper of the whites. They walked in close-knit groups in the middle of the road, as if they feared to stir more than the dust; and, usually noisy with laughter and talk, they were silent, and deaf, for the word "nigger" was heard everywhere. "Went away a white boy and come back a nigger," was repeated with curses and laughter.

The boy who was to be sheriff remembered the day. He stood on the edge of the crowd and looked up into the troubled face of his father, knowing that something was going to happen, but not coming anywhere near guessing, the actual event.

In the middle of the morning there was a sudden change in the tone of the noise that came from the crowd, and every face turned toward the landing, where the Corporal and Silas were tying up their boat. They took their time, as they would on any other day, and when the boat was secure, walked side by side toward the crowd. When they reached the first group of men standing stubbornly in the path, there was a moment, though the moment seemed an eternity, of doubt whether the men would yield to the advancing Corporal. Then, in dead and defeated silence, they parted and let them pass. The boy who was watching heard a sigh of relief from his father and heard him say, " 'Y God, he done it. Dog if I know how, but he done it."

Like a plow opening a furrow, the Corporal and Silas split the crowd outside the general store, creating, as they went, a vacuum of silence; and when the two had gone into the store, men avoided one another's eyes and if they spoke, their words were a mumble of inconsequential talk. As a rule, the Corporal's stay in town was short, but on this day, when he had gone to the store and the post office, he pretended to have business elsewhere, and where he came upon a group, white or black, he plowed through it as he had the first. The boy's father said, "He's got 'em licked now, licked for good. He makes me mad sometimes, but look at him now."

But the boy was looking at Silas and saw that there was something different about him. He did not now keep his eyes on the Corporal. He kept his eyes nowhere, on nothing, as if he was walking in a dream, withdrawn, apart. Lonely, that was the word; he looked lonely—not afraid, not even worried—alone; yes, that was a better word, alone.

Miss Patty's friends said that on the day Silas returned from Raleigh she became an old woman. They had never thought of her as possibly growing old, but she was old now. She was not feeble or querulous, only a little hesitant, even in her speech; and whenever Silas was mentioned she was as near as she could get to silence. They told her how, on the Saturday following the Corporal's mastery of the crowd, Silas had come alone to the town, the first time he had ever come alone. She said simply, "Yes. I know." The loafers had looked away: but others had treated Silas—well, they "couldn't say just how, but different." "Yes," Miss Patty said, "they would have to." "Land sakes, Patty Bainbridge," they said, "you used to could talk about nothing else. What's happened?" She could not tell them.

But when Silas came to see her she talked. She no longer went to the island—"I've taught you all I know," she said—but he came twice a week to bring food, and it was a chance for her to loosen her tongue. Sometimes she would bring up the question of what he was going to do. How about one of those places that taught you to do things—farm, for instance? Miss Patty could not bring herself to name a school for Negroes—Hampton or Tuskegee. "Miss Patty," he said, "all we grow is cotton, and I already know how."

Then one day Miss Patty, spurred by stony rejection, exclaimed, "Why, Silas, you could be the leader of your race."

He glanced up at her from where he was sitting on the top step and smiled. "What race, Miss Patty?" And then, when he saw the stricken look on her face, he said, "I would if I could, but you can't be a leader, you can't be anything but a boss, a bully to people, unless you feel deep down inside the way they do." He was silent for a moment; then he said quietly, "Corporal ain't a leader, not a *leader*."

Miss Patty herself was not a leader. She was regarded by the people of the town, except of course the loafers, with nervous tolerance. Being of good family, she was entitled to her opinions, if only she was not so blunt in their expression—or better still, kept them to herself. Her words were apt to break through to people's feelings. Take, for instance, what she had said about Silas Maltby. She could have said he was bright, or even very bright; but no, she had to go and say, "Silas Maltby has the best mind I have ever met with, bar none." The last two words stung, for many of the people she said them to had been her pupils.

But on the day of Miss Patty's funeral there was, since the morrow could require no change of opinion, nothing but praise. *"Nil nisi bonum,"* the rector said firmly, recalling his small Latin, while others spoke more simply. The post office was closed for two hours and Old Man Ziegler closed the wooden shutters on the windows and locked the door, and shooed the loafers off the piazza. Half an hour before the appointed time, her mourners began to gather at the church, where they found that the gallery reserved for the Negroes was already filled. To the Negroes it was a peculiar occasion: through Silas she had somehow reached out and blessed them.

But when the pallbearers—"Quality," the Negroes said, "ev'y one of 'em quality" —began their slow march up the aisle and the rector's voice was heard repeating the ancient promise, "I am the resurrection and the life," there was an uneasiness in the body of the church, mounting to fear in the gallery. Silas was nowhere to be seen.

The boy who was to be sheriff could have quieted them. He had come late, and, finding his way blocked by those who were standing in the entrance, had walked around to the side of the church. There he saw Silas by an open window near the chancel, listening, and alone. The boy stopped and waited, without moving, until, at the stir of departure within the church, he saw Silas walk to the far side of the churchyard and stand near the open grave.

WHEN the pallbearers appeared, followed by the rector, and the whites, and at last the Negroes, the boy skirted the crowd and went ahead to perch himself on the top of a flat tombstone, because he had to see, to see everything that would happen. Just what did happen he was never able to explain in words, or even quite describe.

The pallbearers were halfway across the churchyard by the time the boy reached his station opposite Silas; and just as he looked toward the procession, they too saw Silas. There was a moment, hardly time for a pause or even hesitation, a quiet murmur, and then they came forward. But now there was a difference in the way they walked and held themselves; and when the casket had been set down and the rector stood facing Silas across the open grave, the whites, as though at a signal, formed a half circle on his left, and the Negroes their half circle on his right. No one looked directly at him and he gave no sign of knowing that he was not alone. At a sign from the rector the pallbearers took their places

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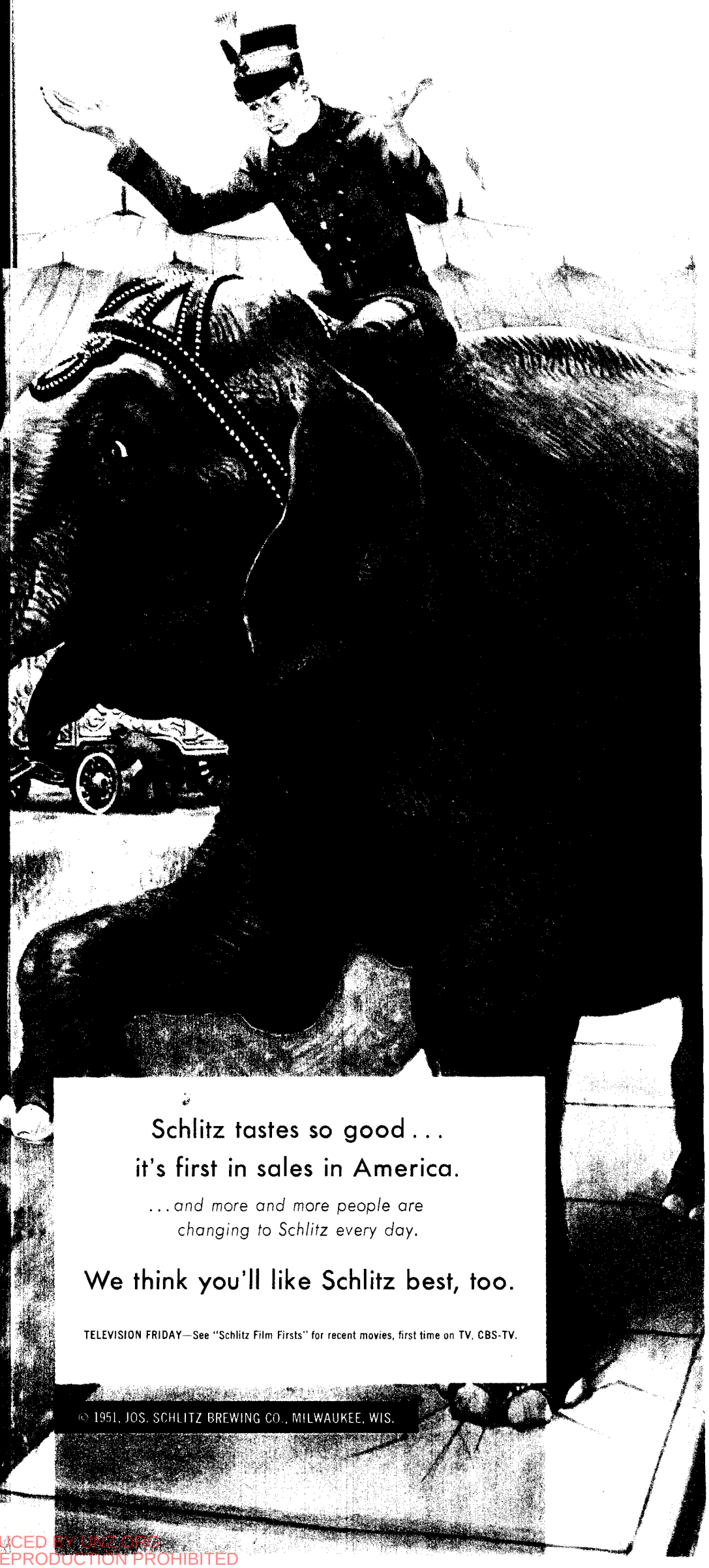

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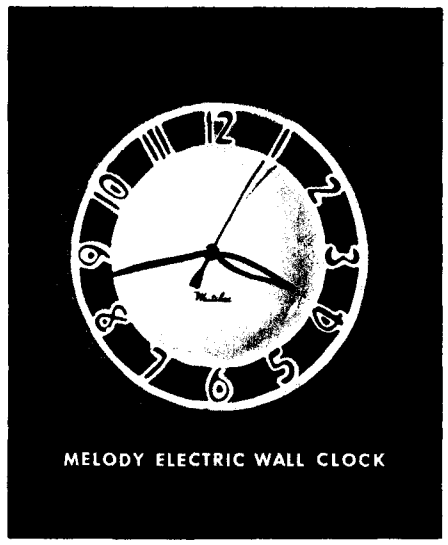

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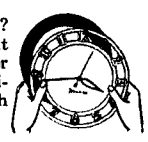

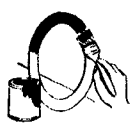

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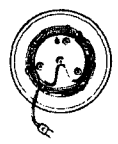

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to lower the casket into the grave. Then it happened, a thing the boy would never forget. One of the pallbearers, a Bainbridge cousin, stepped back from the casket and motioned to Silas to take his place.

"Durndest thing I ever see," the boy's father said at dinner. "All right, though." But the boy did not hear him. He was remembering how Silas had helped to bury Miss Patty, and he, a great big fifteen-year-old boy, had stood on that tombstone and blubbered like a baby; and how afterward, when the earth had been heaped on the grave and everybody else was gone, he had watched from behind a tree while Silas stood and stood, and at last went away; and how Silas now walked different, too. "Boy, whyn't you eat?" his father asked.

THE boy grew up and became a man, and the man became sheriff. The war was over and the Maine forgotten, and the boys who had gone away to be heroes returned to be plow hands or loafers. But not Philip; he had been reported missing in action—"and presumed dead," the notice read.

The Corporal lived now in seclusion—"because he's broke," the town said—seldom leaving the island, so seldom that he too was almost forgotten. But the sheriff saw Silas often; he now managed the plantation, and they spoke when they met, of the crops and other country matters.

One day, however, Silas came to the sheriff's office. It was the first time he had ever come there. The sheriff asked, "What's on your mind, Silas? You ain't in trouble?"

"Not law trouble," Silas said. "Corporal died last night—a stroke."

"And I thought he'd live forever," the sheriff said. "Had he been sick any?"

"No," Silas said, "only a little ailing. Wouldn't see a doctor, of course. But he knew he was going to die, or thought so; told me a week ago he didn't expect to live much longer."

"When's the funeral?" the sheriff asked.

"There ain't going to be any," Silas said. "That's what I come to see you about. He made me promise."

"What?"

"He made me promise to wrap him in a sheet and put him in one of the vaults, and not tell anybody until afterward. Except you." He stopped speaking and looked out the window and back again. "He said it would be all right to ask you to help."

It was a warm spring day and the sheriff always remembered the day whenever he smelled the first yellow jasmine; he and Silas had wrapped the body and laid it on a ten-inch plank—funny how he remembered the width of that plank—and the two of them had marched the length of the avenue; and when they had closed the iron door to the vault, and he'd said, "Funny way to be buried," Silas couldn't speak, just shook the tears out of his eyes.

The Corporal had once been rich by the standards of the town. Long-staple cotton, the sea-island cotton with the long silky fiber, had been a steady source of wealth to the careful planter in the low country for more than a hundred years. It also furnished a good living to the Negroes, for it was long-growing, and for nine months in the year, as much as any sensible person would want to work, payday was every Saturday. For the plantation, payday was once a year, and when Old Man Ziegler, who was also cotton factor, had made the reckoning, he deposited the balance in the Corporal's bank.

But in the last years of the Corporal's life there was nothing to put in the bank. The boll weevil, starting in Mexico, completed its journey to the Coast and destroyed the cotton in one season and doomed it forever. After that it was lean living for everybody. Old Man Ziegler, looking around at bare shelves and empty hogsheads, said, "Doggone if the niggers ain't as pore as the white folks."

Silas was thirty years old, according to the calendar, when the Corporal died; and, again by the calendar, was to live another forty. But time, slow Southern uneventful time, passed unmarked and unmarking. Summer came, and winter with its sudden deep penetrating bite, the coldest cold; but there was no violent death of the year, as in Northern climates, no sharp reminder of mortality. Other wars came, faraway wars, and boys again went far away from home and became heroes, and returned, and had never been away at all. The Klan marched through Georgia, and all over the South, but passed by the town. The depression came, spreading down from the North, but it meant little to the town.

"Yessir, we're pore, but it's a mighty peaceful town. Pity it can't be everywhere," the sheriff had said to a caller, a professor, just a week ago, and the professor, ready with notebook and pencil, had asked, "Can you tell me how the result was achieved—something of its genesis, its development?" The sheriff had smiled and said, "It ain't anything you could put down on paper."

But he thought he knew. One thing he did know: he knew when it had started, this peaceful feeling; he knew the day that fear, the fear that was the ruination of any town, had left for good. That was the day when the Negroes stopped being afraid of the whites, and the whites—well, what was it the whites had been afraid of? Maybe it was fear of the fear that was in the Negroes, the fear that the whites had put there themselves. Anyway, he knew the day it started, the peaceful feeling—that day he stood on the tombstone at Miss Patty's funeral.

That was the beginning. And what had happened to keep the town peaceful? One thing was sure: it wasn't anything that anybody had *done*. People were always talking about doing. "You've got to *do* something," they said. Miss Patty had said Silas had a good mind, the best—the sheriff had heard that often enough—and she had died disappointed because he wasn't going to do anything with that good mind of his. What she couldn't see was what he was going to *be*. Silas wasn't afraid of anybody, black or white—didn't seem to know what the word "afraid" meant. Maybe it was because he had been both white and black, and wasn't either now, hadn't been for years, didn't think of himself as one or the other. If you didn't think of yourself as black or white, you wouldn't think of others—

"Dinner's ready, Mr. Seabrook," the sheriff's wife called from the kitchen.

At two o'clock Homer Langley and Grandboy Dan were waiting for him at the dock, soaking up the sunshine. This winter had been the worst in twenty years, and yesterday cold as blazes, but in the night there had been a change, and man and beast were beginning to thaw. Chickens pecked confidently in the road and the loafers once again crowded the store piazza. The sheriff said, "You must have been powerful hungry, Grandboy, to go rabbit hunting on the island in weather like yesterday."

The boy looked up, startled. "What you say, Mr. Seabrook?"

"You worried about something, son?" the sheriff asked.

"Naw, sir," the boy said weakly.

At the island dock the sheriff said to him, "Will it be all right if we let you wait here?" and laughed.

The back door was open, as Grandboy Dan had said. They went through the cold kitchen and into the hall beyond, and stopped at a bedroom door. The body lay face down by the side of an unmade bed, the right hand clutching the edge of a sheet.

"Do God," Homer said, "what happened?"

The sheriff stood looking down at the body and then stooped and laid a hand on the side of the face. "A stroke, probably, like the Corporal." Without turning, he said, "Go out to the shed, Homer, and fetch a plank, six or seven foot, and wide."

"What you go' do, Sheriff?" Homer asked.

The sheriff said, still not looking at him, "Go fetch the plank."

Homer started down the hall.

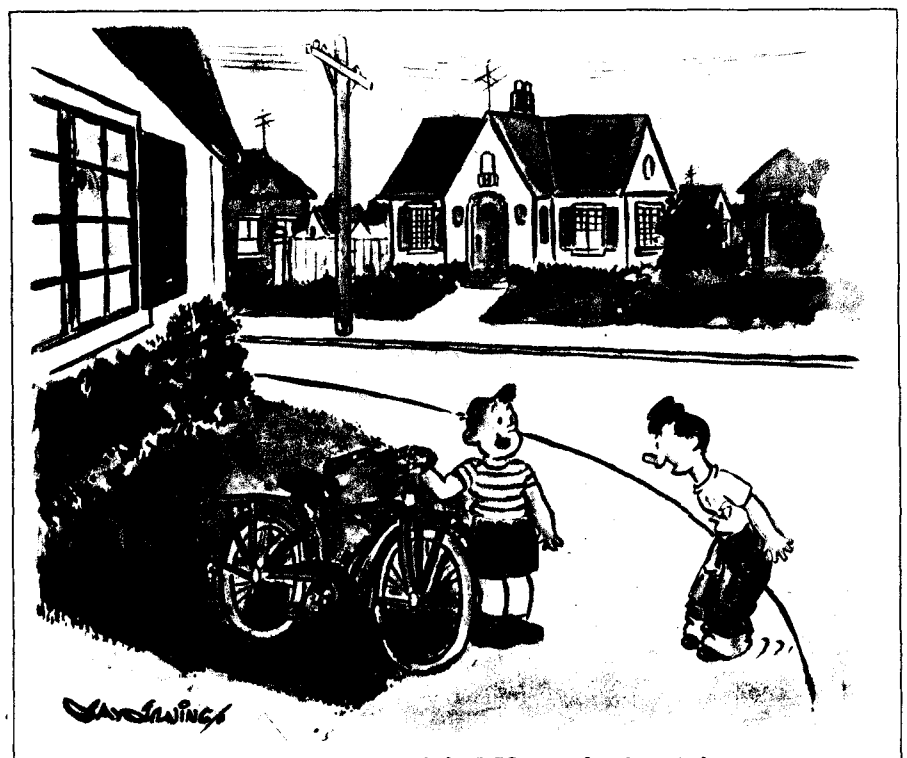
THE sheriff released the sheet from the rigid hand and spread it over the body, and when Homer came back, he put the plank on the floor and rolled the sheeted body onto it, being careful to keep the face covered. Then he straightened up and said to Homer, who was standing in the doorway, "Take that end."

Homer asked, "What you aimin' to do, Sheriff?"

The sheriff said again, "Take that end." When they had gone through the kitchen and the open back door, he said, "Turn left," and at the corner of the house, "left again," and, where the avenue began, "now right."

Homer stopped and turned his head and said over his shoulder, "You ain't fixin' to *bury* him, Sheriff?"

"Go ahead," the sheriff said, "and don't talk." When they reached the tomb he said, "In there, where the door's open." When Homer had rested his end of the plank inside the entrance to the vault, the sheriff held up his end with his left hand and with his right smoothed the sheet over Silas' face. Then he slowly thrust plank and body into the vault and closed the iron door, and, without looking at Homer, turned and led the way down the avenue. THE END



"How d'yuh like my bike? My mother's usin' a new child psychologist and he's terrific!" COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

us, too, of an Englishman who traded one slightly damaged bulb (variety not specified) for two barrels of beer, a cask of wine, four firkins of butter, three pounds of cheese, four oxen, three pigs and 12 sheep.

★ ★ ★

Just heard from a gentleman named Caleb Hard. Mr. Hard writes from Machias, Maine. He has a problem, too. Says he hadn't figured how hot it was until he saw all those vacationing folks walking around in shorts. Reminded him, though, he says, to take off his winter flannels.

★ ★ ★

The Louisiana legislature has rejected—60 to 20—a motion to investigate a "rumor" that there are law-enforcement agents on the state payroll who have a "deep-seated aversion to doing their duty." It just goes to show you again how much Louisiana misses the late Huey Long. Huey would have staged an investigation that would have made Senator Kefauver look like Elsie Dinsmore. There would have been TV—in color. There would have been a nationwide radio hookup. Music would have been furnished by the state university band, built up for the occasion to 500. There would have been platoons of beautiful cheer leaders, drum majorettes, bathing beauties, Hollywood starlets for ushers and a male chorus of 1,000 voices. The windup would have been a vociferous whitewash for all concerned and a closing speech by Huey promising not only to crown every man a king but to throw in a farm, a city house, convertible, free porterhouse steaks for a year and a week in the White House for all honeymooners. We once wrote several pieces about Huey, a couple of which got under his well-tanned hide. "Look here," he said the next time we saw him, "I got my racket and you got yours. Why can't we be friends?"

★ ★ ★

Couple of years ago, Sidney Phelps, a farmer on 470 acres near Bayard, Iowa, decided to build himself and wife, Lucille, a new house. Whereupon he did so—a seven-room home. The only thing he didn't include was stairs. This, however, caused no inconvenience. The house has an elevator, cellar to attic. Yep, life on the farm goes modern. Now if they could only think of some way to beat those hours.

★ ★ ★

Someone in the Iowa legislature introduced a bill entitled: A Bill to Repeal Poor Laws. There was immediate objection on the grounds that the legislature would not be able to sit long enough to write off so many statutes.

★ ★ ★

And the Pomona, California, City Council has denied the First English Lutheran congregation the right to build a church and school in the San Bernardino Avenue residential district. Say they did it because property owners protested that the church and school would decrease the value of their holdings.

★ ★ ★

Well, the way we see it, there are *some* things for which the price is never too high.

Battling the Early Black Markets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was no money to take their place. We therefore issued our own currency. The Germans put a levy on some of the towns for "reparations," and thus obtained our currency, spending it to buy services and the like.

To stop this we issued for every single commune a separate currency good only in that particular commune. We thus had 1,200 currencies, and the *maire* had to sign every single note and make the books balance. One of my vivid memories is calling at a maire's office, still lighted, about midnight and finding an efficient Frenchwoman still signing 50-centime notes. Nor did she pause while we talked with her about the food and relief problems.

As our cash receipts from rations in both Belgium and France in the earlier years of the Relief exceeded the needs of "Benevolence," the Relief undertook to keep the schools open and pay the teachers. We even financed some building and loan associations to prevent them from going bankrupt, and also paid the minor judiciary, the police and other officials.

In addition to giving out free ration cards bought from "Provisioning," "Benevolence" provided the jobless and poor with fuel, clothes, rent and medical care and many other services; it also looked after the hospitals, insane asylums and other public institutions with cash received from "Provisioning."

One of our daily inspirations was the capacity of the Belgian and French relief workers and the utter devotion they showed. In the end there were over 50,000 of them, mostly women—and the highest pay they got was free rations. The women developed a zeal born of the spiritual realization that they were saving their race. They had the major responsibilities of administering "Benevolence," including the soup kitchens, which were spread over the congested areas as a means of providing supplemental food for special cases.

The soup was issued on a ticket basis, and was usually fetched by the children of the household. I often thought that the Belgian coat of arms for that period should have included a child with a soup bucket.

Over the years I visited hundreds of "Soups," and the women who ran them insisted on my sampling all of them. They were great cooks.

Another service of "Benevolence" was based on our early discovery, from certain almost epidemic diseases, that children must have special supplies of fats in addition to the meager rations of staple food. Gradually we built up the practice of a noon meal in schoolhouses and public buildings until in the end over 2,500,000 children and expectant mothers were being served daily. This was the first mass feeding of children in history.

Among our inventions was a big solid cracker made of fats, cocoa, sugar and flour, containing every chemical needed for growing children. We ultimately had it manufactured on a huge scale—Belgian flour millers and bakers did the job—and we served one cracker to each child every day. With it the children got some sort of stew and imported condensed milk—or fresh milk when it was available.

The cheerful chattering youngsters lining up for their portions, eating at long tables, cleaning their own dishes afterward, were a gladdening lift. At the war's end it was found that child mortality and morbidity were lower than ever before in Belgian and French history.

Another of the side issues of "Benevolence" was lace. For over a century Belgian women hand makers of lace had led the world and built up a cottage industry supporting about 50,000 families. With the

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loss of the market, they were not only destitute but the art was likely to suffer for lack of continuity. "Benevolence" bought the lace and marked each piece with the name of its maker.

When the war ended, the Relief had about $4,000,000 worth of lace. I had not expected anything to come of it, but to our great surprise it found a market at prices which returned substantial dividends to each laceworker.

Still another "Benevolence" side project was clothing the destitute. We imported over 46,000,000 pounds of secondhand and new clothing, materials, buttons, thread, needles and what not. The women organized great workrooms where the clothes were sorted, made over and repaired. Then they were distributed.

Making Sweaters into Shawls

One feature was of special interest. Women all over the world started knitting wool garments for the Belgians, mostly sweaters. The Belgian women carefully unraveled most of the sweaters and knitted them over into shawls—their own idea of a knitted garment.

With an innate sense of humor, the workroom women sorted out from secondhand clothing sent from America evening gowns of every fashion for 30 years back. They put on an exhibition of them and charged admission to see it.

All such projects, large and small, and indeed the entire relief program, might never have come to fruition at all, however, had we not solved an impasse which threatened the organization only two short months after it came into being.

Soon after we began, it became obvious that to maintain a minimum food supply for 10,000,000 people we would have to spend at least $12,000,000 a month. Moreover, we needed another $10,000,000 worth of food afloat or in stock—"in the pipe line"—in order to insure a steady supply.

Our resources in the beginning totaled around $15,000,000—about $2,000,000 in immediate charity and the rest foreign assets of Belgian banks and of the Belgian exile government at Le Havre. These funds were quickly exhausted by initial food deliveries into Belgium. In addition—in order to assure a transocean stream of food for the next few weeks—I had incurred a $12,000,000 debt over and above our assets, financing these purchases by personally accepted trade bills payable on the ships' arrival at Rotterdam.

By January, 1915, it was plain that we were approaching bankruptcy at high speed. There seemed no hope of saving the Belgians and northern French unless we could get governmental support somewhere. But this problem was inextricably bound up with the general question of our relations with the British and Germans, already no mean problem on its own.

On the one hand, the Germans in Belgium had developed some devilish habits and manners. They had imposed on the Belgian provinces heavy levies payable by a compulsory issue of a new currency jointly guaranteed by the Belgian banks and secured by provincial bonds. While the Germans were respecting their guarantees not to interfere with our imported food, they now began using this currency to pay for native food and cattle, which they began to requisition on a considerable scale. This amounted to our being compelled to import more food and thus indirectly feed the Germans. The quantity was not great proportionately, but furnished ample fodder for complaints by the widespread British Intelligence Service in Belgium.

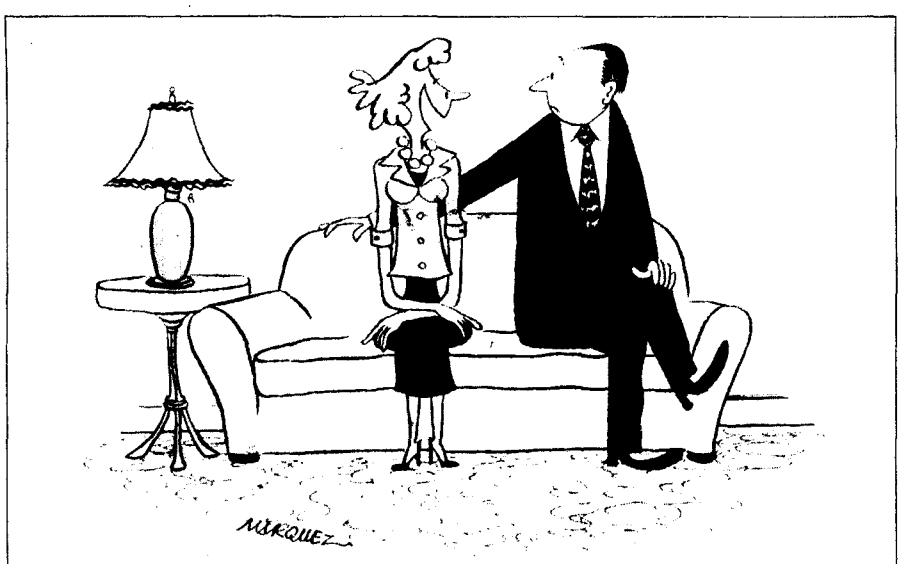
Furthermore, the Germans had imposed such restrictions on the movement of our staff that we could not keep track of what was going on, and they made difficulties over every American we wanted to send into Belgium. Among other troubles, we had to deal not only with Governor General von Bissing's so-called civil government in Brussels, but also with the German army of occupation, which exerted separate control over foreigners. And beyond reach of the "occupied" area were four separate zones of "operations" of the four German armies in Belgium and northern France. Thus we were compelled to deal with six different German authorities, each independent of the others.

Added to all these woes, we had only a tacit agreement that our ships would not be attacked by submarines. We had to get a pass and a route direction from the Germans for every ship. Their agents insisted on searching every shipment on arrival at Dutch ports, which also caused much delay.

England, on the other hand, had also become an uncomfortable bedfellow. Its navy was bent on the blockade. Every single shipment involved a fight for a permit. All ships had to call at a British port and be searched. That prolonged the voyage and our costs of transportation. The British authorities caused tedious delays for our C.R.B. men coming and going from Britain.

In view of all these matters of international relations and our financial dilemma, I concluded that we must have quick reform and help or we would be put out of existence.

We decided to open up with the British.



COLLIER'S

"You lack only one requirement to be a good husband . . . you haven't asked me yet!"

ERNEST MARQUEZ

With the approval of Ambassador Page and through a personal friend, I obtained an appointment with British Prime Minister Herbert Asquith, presented the general situation of the Belgians, and proposed that the British government regularize the passage of our ships through the blockade by a definite program authorized three months in advance; regularize the movement of our staff, and consider giving us financial support, conditional, of course, upon more effective undertaking from the Germans. Asquith was sympathetic on all except the finance question.

Next I met with Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey. He informed me that many in the Cabinet were opposed to the whole idea of feeding the Belgians; that Lord Kitchener, then Minister of War, and especially Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, were violently opposed, and that Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was more or less on their side. The military leaders felt that if the Belgians starved it would make trouble for the Germans and help the Allies win the war.

With little hope, Sir Edward arranged a meeting for me with a Cabinet committee consisting of Lloyd George, Lord Emmett, representing the blockade, Lord Eustace Percy, representing the Foreign Office, and Sir John Simon.

They listened patiently to my presentation of the Belgian case. Lloyd George was not as belligerent as I had expected. The committee tentatively agreed to open the blockade for a regular advance program of food shipments, contingent on our securing from the Germans more effective control of food in Belgium. The committee, however, held out no hope of a subsidy from the British government.

The next step was obviously into Germany, which was insisting that if the British blockade were opened Belgium could provision itself; that Germany's duty was to feed its own people first, and that if it had to feed an additional 10,000,000 people its own food supplies would be jeopardized.

I started for Berlin, resolved to besiege the German government at the top and on all fronts. The American Ambassador, James W. Gerard, arranged and was often helpfully present at my interviews with Reich Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, Foreign Minister von Jagow, director of the Deutsch Bank Hjalmar Schacht and other top officials. Daniel Heineman, an American engineer who was a member of our Brussels organization, also gave me invaluable aid.

The Germans ultimately agreed to stop all taking of food from Belgium and northern France; to give complete freedom of movement to our staff without search; to give definite instructions to submarine commanders to respect the markings on our ships; to give us sailing directions from time to time on mine-free sea routes to Rotterdam; to charter us German merchant ships which were in refuge in neutral ports; to designate one officer for us to deal with authoritatively in Belgium and another one at the German Army Headquarters at Charleville, France, to deal with all questions in the four army zones.

All of this the Germans confirmed in writing through Ambassador Gerard, and generally carried out. They promised to consider our proposals to abandon forced contributions of money from the Belgian cities and provinces (but never did).

We also arrived at a tentative plan by which the Reichsbank would guarantee trade bills in the United States for the C.R.B. to the amount of from 50 to 100 million dollars, to be secured by Belgian provincial and municipal bonds and also to be jointly guaranteed by the Belgian banks. This device obviously was a sort of kiting of paper and unless the war ended soon, it would break down. From our point of view, however, the Belgians would have been fed in the meantime.

This Berlin visit was my first contact with the leading German civil officials. Unlike the British, every one of them was in a uniform of some sort. In those bright clothes they were all cogs in the military machine. Their attitudes were military. Their minds were military. The military mind is without sentiment, but at least it has common sense and usually says what it means. It took less time and argument to put points over and get decisions than with the British. The mental operations of the whole group contrasted sharply with the groping and ofttimes timid and uncertain attitudes of the Allied official mind. There was less red tape, more direct and effective action.

On the other hand, there was something indescribably automatic and inhuman about the German actions and thinking. Nowhere did I encounter any relieving sense of human interest or humor. The only laugh I heard from any of them was from Von Bethmann-Hollweg, when I illustrated to him the need for more and better instructions to submarine commanders by telling him an old American story about the man who demanded that a neighbor keep his bulldog in better control. The neighbor replied: "Oh, he won't bite." The first man observed: "You may know he won't bite. I may know he won't bite. But does the dog know it?"

The outstanding realization which came to me on this visit, however, was something more important. The Germans had revived something in this war that the world had not seen since ancient Sparta: total war. For the first time in modern history a nation was incorporating its full human power into its striking strength. The entire civilian population, women as well as men, was mobilized for the one purpose of manufacturing the instruments of war and producing food.

The whole philosophy of life, the whole military, social and economic organization of the Western democracies were just as opposite to all this as ancient Athens was to ancient Sparta. The British and French were slow to realize what they had to meet. Their fumbling with inadequate armies and inadequate industrial and social organization of civilians gave me grave doubt as to whether they could ever win the war within themselves.

In any event, I went back to England completely convinced that the war would not "be over in the spring"; that, in fact, it had not yet really begun.

Funds Sought from Allies

Next came my second battle with the British.

I had of course a strong premonition that the Allies would not like the exhibit—before the neutral world—of the Germans saving Belgians. I hoped that the German offer of financial aid would serve to thaw out the Allied treasuries.

Lord Eustace Percy at once arranged a conference with Lloyd George, Lord Emmett and myself on February 17, 1915. Lloyd George listened patiently as I reported my progress with the Germans. He did not like the idea of Germans paying for the food and thus advertising the British starvation of their Allies by the blockade. He asked me to prepare him a memorandum to present to the full Cabinet next morning. I prepared it during the night and had it in his hands before the Cabinet meeting at noon.

The next day Lloyd George asked me to come to the Treasury. I found Lord Percy waiting. Percy informed me that they had overruled Churchill and Kitchener. (Twenty-five years later, when Belgium was again ground between a savage German occupation and an Allied blockade, the Belgian government was to ask me to organize another Relief. But Winston Churchill, this time together with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, refused us.)

Lloyd George told me that they had agreed to give £1,000,000 a month (about $4,820,000) to the "Hoover Fund." I told him they had taken a load from millions of hearts, to which he replied: "Your work deserves to win out."

Having settled this much of our finance, we began work on the French government. I addressed a letter to the President of France and followed it immediately by going to Paris. Securing an interview with French Minister of Foreign Affairs Delcassé, I emphasized the poignant situation of the 3,000,000 people in northern France. They were already reduced to

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famine rations and disease was rampant. We had done our best and were already feeding 400,000 of them. But without unjustly depriving the Belgians, for whom even the British subsidy was insufficient, we would have to stop.

Delcassé listened courteously but delivered himself violently upon the obligation of the Germans to feed the occupied populations or get out. I replied that the Germans justified themselves on the ground that the British blockade was pinching their own women and children. The minister finally became so abrupt in his declaration that France would never condone this gross barbarity that I concluded I had been wholly inadequate in my presentation and withdrew, not only discouraged but humiliated.

Visited by a French Banker

I returned to the Hotel Meurice and started to pack my bag to return to London on the night boat. A few moments later a bellboy presented the card of M. Maurice Homberg, president of the Banque Union Parisienne. I went down to the reception room to meet an elderly and distinguished-looking Frenchman who spoke perfect English. He said he had heard that I was in Paris trying to finance food for the French and Belgians in the occupied north.

He asked that I explain the matter to him. I did so; I had now become so familiar with the political, military and humanitarian arguments that I repeated them in my sleep. He asked what I estimated as the cost. I stated that for the French population we should have a minimum of $5,000,000 of capital for food in transit and $3,000,000 a month for current use.

Homberg inquired when I was returning to London. I told him I was going that evening unless he thought it worth while to try some of the other French Ministers. He did not think it worth while, but said I would hear from him if the possibilities should open up. This was all cold comfort, and I returned to London.

The next morning, soon after I arrived at the C.R.B. office, an official of one of the French banks in London called on me and stated that he was authorized to say that funds would be placed at my disposal. I asked if they would come from the French government. He handed me two checks amounting to about $7,000,000. I asked to whom we should account. The bank official said he did not know. I kept the checks nevertheless. And the $3,000,000 a month for the French population arrived punctually. In later months the amount was increased to aid our work in Belgium.

I, of course, knew that the donor was the French government, and although I saw their officials frequently during the war we did not mention the source of the money. They were resolved not to recede from Delcassé's position—publicly. After the armistice, I settled the accounts with the French Treasury.

These subsidies from Britain and France, now amounting to about $11,000,000 a month, were substantially increased from time to time as prices rose and the need became greater. During the first two years our charitable gifts averaged about $2,000,000 a month.

In 1917, when I became U.S. Food Administrator, I got the American government to join in this financial support. In the last years, the costs of the Relief rose to $25,000,000 a month, and the government subsidies were regularized as loans to the Belgian government, but they were never collected.

The external receipts of the C.R.B. for the whole of the war totaled $927,681,484.98, of which about $50,000,000 was public charity. The entire overhead expenditures of the commission for the whole of over four years were $3,908,892.24, or less than one half of one per cent.

My troubles with governments were by no means limited to Europe. Early in 1915, I had taken up with Ambassador Page the whole question of C.R.B. contacts and negotiations with the belligerent governments. We were a great bother to our patron ambassadors and their staffs in making appointments, attending conferences, securing visas, ship passes and a hundred other details, to say nothing of major negotiations with top officials. Mr. Page and the Spanish and Dutch Ambassadors had agreed that I should set up my own direct relations with government officials and that the ambassadors would help—when things went wrong.

Then a discharged and consequently aggrieved member of the C.R.B. staff lodged a formal complaint with the American State Department to the effect that I was constantly violating the century-old Logan Act, which made it a crime for private citizens to negotiate on governmental matters with foreign governments. He also thought that we were violating George Washington's injunction against entanglements in Europe.

Knowing that our State Department knew all about our activities, I paid no attention to the matter until Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's adviser, advised Mr. Page that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was preparing an attack upon me and our work as a violation of the law and a dangerous "involvement" of the United States.

Maintaining confidence and good will in the United States and over the world was the very lifeblood of our work; on it depended the safety of the Belgians and the northern French. I feared that such stuff as Lodge had in mind might, in the hands of the sensational press, do us irreparable injury among the neutrals, and provide the militarist groups in Britain and Germany with a weapon to attack us.

I may have been overfearful, but under the urging of John White, who was now in charge of our New York office, and my friend Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, I sailed for New York on May 7, 1915.

There I immediately consulted with Stone, who agreed that such an attack would do great damage to our prestige and our flow of charity. The next evening he assembled at dinner every leading New York publisher or editor, and the heads of the other press agencies. I described the whole Relief operation, how it grew up, and my present difficulty.

Press Lines Up Against Lodge

Frank Cobb of the New York World made a few "remarks" to the effect that America should be proud of what we were doing, and that among the assembled group he was sure they could take care of any little matter like the Lodge attack by a notice of counterattack—at which they all applauded. I suggested that my situation was akin to Caesar's wife and that while defense would be fine, what I wanted was to stop the attack. I added that if somebody could let the senator know their attitude, he might desist. Stone agreed to do this.

The next morning I went to Washington to see Secretary of State Robert Lansing. He greeted me thus: "Have you prepared your soul for a thousand years in jail?"

In Washington, I received great encouragement from Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane and Secretary of Agriculture David Houston, to whom I was introduced by Secretary Lansing as good counselors. With their advice, I settled on a plan which required the co-operation of President Wilson. Secretary Lane took me to see him. It was the first time I had ever met the President.

Mr. Wilson listened to my difficulties with amusement (as he hated Lodge), and showed considerable knowledge of what we had been doing in Europe. We also discussed the military and political situation in Europe, and I advised him that little could be done at that time to bring peace. The President impressed me not only with his high intelligence, but with his wide understanding and sympathetic attitude toward world problems.

I suggested that it would lend prestige and probably head off all the trouble if he would appoint an outstanding committee to represent us in the United States. The President responded in a most generous manner. He issued a public statement of the highest commendation for the C.R.B. and announced the selection of a "New York Advisory Committee" of men whose background could not be challenged.

A Showdown with the Senator

Melville Stone informed me that Lodge was even more on the warpath after the President's statement. Deciding to beard the senator direct, I went to Boston to see him. He kept me waiting an hour after the appointed time, although no other visitor came or went. Then he threw out a chilly, what-do-you-mean-young-man atmosphere before I could get in a word.

The senator asked by what right did I, a private American citizen, make agreements with a belligerent government which might involve the United States in serious controversies. He continued that probably I did not know that there was a law on the statute books making any such action by an American citizen a penitentiary crime.

I replied that I knew the law but that we were acting under the patronage and with the approval of the American Ambassadors, whose relation to the matter was in turn approved by our government; that these were not agreements between a belligerent government and the United States but with a purely private neutral organization; and that moreover we were acting under the approval of other great neutral governments which were also our patrons.

Lodge insisted that even so I was on very dangerous personal ground, and that he did not approve of our government involving itself even morally in undertakings which, in effect, modified the rules of international law as applied to the blockade and to war. I remarked that assuming his interpretations were all valid, I was sure the American people would not be averse to saving the lives of 10,000,000 people even by such means. In support of this view I mentioned the meeting Stone had arranged for me with the press. Lodge inquired who were present, and I took pleasure in telling him and relating the particular assurances I had had from them.

I came away confident that nothing would happen.

The next day I received an invitation from former President Theodore Roosevelt to come to Oyster Bay for lunch. Stone had inspired it. After my experiences with Mr. Roosevelt's great friend Lodge, I was not expecting much from the meeting, especially as President Wilson's statement commending the Relief had been issued to the press.

But the former President said he wanted to tell me that if the Democrats made any trouble for me, he would "go at 'em." I told him of my encounter with Lodge. He laughed uproariously and opined that Lodge could see "involvements" in Europe under every bush. But, he declared, "I will hold his hand." He further observed that I need have no fear that Lodge would break out. "The courage of any political official," he assured me, "is stronger in his office than in the newspapers."

Mr. Roosevelt kept me most of the afternoon—to the havoc of several appointments. He continued as my warm supporter to his death.

Mr. Hoover's headaches as Belgian Relief chief were personal as well as political. The British charged him with being a German agent, and he received his only "wound" of the war. To learn about the dangerous life of a humanitarian, order next week's Collier's from your newsstand today

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For a Big-Game Fishing Thrill—Tackle a Tuna

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

wealth of keg buoys, he could not tell immediately which one he had tied to the anchor line, and in his hurry and excitement he tossed every one of them overboard—an effective but costly procedure.

Since that day, Elmore and I have become fast friends, and have hunted and fished together over much of Maine, but this was the only occasion on which I ever saw him betray even a hint of excitement. Right before his eyes something was taking place which he did not believe possible.

We boated a 635-pound fish after almost two hours, and from that moment Elmore was a qualified tuna guide. Since then, countless big bluefins have been hauled in over the stern of the Whizzer, many of them in the near-record class. In each instance, Elmore was a vital part of the fishing team.

You have to hook only one big tuna to understand the real importance of teamwork between angler and boatman. The man with a big fish on the other end of the line has no time to direct the boatman. He must concentrate on keeping a tight line, put as much pressure on the fish as his tackle will stand, and gauge the tension put on the line by the "drag" in relation to the amount of line taken out by the fish.

Testing the Line's Strength

The first lesson learned by the novice big-game angler, and some never learn it, is that the more line you have out the weaker it is. Take a reel loaded with any standard line, regardless of strength, tie an ordinary knot at the end of this line and let it pay out over the stern of a boat going 10 miles per hour. When about 500 yards of line have left the reel, set up the drag tightly and brace yourself. When the line tightens up after the spool has stopped turning, it will snap like thread.

The boatman, during the course of a fight, must keep an eye on the angler and his reel. When too much line has been taken out by big fish the boatman must either reverse until some of this line has been regained, or swing the boat and parallel the fish's course at a slight angle. The speed of the boat, and the angle, must be determined to a nicety, and the boatman must be ready to make a quick turn if the fish changes course.

The actions of a tuna, after the first long run most of them make, are as unpredictable as those of any fish that swims. It may cut a wide circle, sulk, reverse its course and head for the boat, or sound deeply. Fish that are hooked in shallow water usually are maneuvered to deeper water if possible, for the fish that bores deep usually gives up more quickly. Under the great pressure of the depths, a tuna must fight not only the strain on the line but the pressure itself, and often a big fish will sound, fight stoutly, then die.

Most Tiring Task in Angling

The tuna that gives up the ghost while it is 300 to 400 feet beneath the surface must be "pumped" slowly, a foot or less at a time, until it is on the surface. There is no more tiring task than this one in all angling. If, during the course of the pumping, the rod is allowed to rest on the gunwale of the boat, and there happens to be much of a swell running, the surge of the boat can snap the line in an instant, or break the rod like a toothpick.

The modern offshore fishing cruiser, equipped with topside controls which provide the boatman with a vantage point for observing both fish and angler, simplifies the job of boat handling. Many big-game anglers, however, insist that playing one of these big fish from a small dory or skiff, as is often done around Nova Scotia, is more sporting. It is also more difficult, more dangerous, and demands greater skill.

The present world's record tuna, a fish scaling 977 pounds, was landed in this manner last September by Commander D. M. Hodgson of the Royal Canadian Navy. There were many interesting elements involved in this catch. Hodgson was the son-in-law of Commander Ross, who landed the first big tuna from the same Nova Scotia waters in 1911. Further, the 18-foot dory used by Hodgson was a faithful copy of Ross's boat, and at the oars was the same boatman, Percy MacRitchie.

The Hodgson tuna, on its first run, stripped off only about 200 yards of line. It then reversed its course and ran straight for the boat, almost ending the contest right then, for neither the angler nor the boatman was prepared for this move. For an hour the big fish fought in short rushes, then began a tour of Saint Ann's Bay. By skillful boat handling and equally skillful angling, the tired fish was finally led to the shallows near shore, and when the fight was over, Hodgson was handling the giant from the beach itself.

Despite the need for skill, plenty of really big tuna have been taken by rank beginners. The angler who held the tuna record from 1940 to 1950 had never taken a big fish in his life until he hooked and boated the 927-pounder that brought him angling renown in the brief period of three hours and 15 minutes. Dr. John Vernaglia, of Medford, Massachusetts, not only acquired fame for this catch but a $1,000 fishing boat as a prize. As the big tuna was caught in Ipswich Bay, this body of water became cluttered up with anglers almost overnight.

The charter boats now available for big-game fishing are equipped with all the necessary tackle and gear required to handle a new record fish. The hobbyist who takes up the sport seriously, however, would not consider using "boat tackle," which he probably would consider too heavy to be really sporting. The increased interest in big-game angling not only has cut down charter-boat costs, but tackle prices also. A satisfactory big-game angling outfit, including rod, reel, line, harness, hooks and leaders, can range in price from $400 to $2,000, depending upon the quality and decoration. The average tuna outfit comprises a 22-ounce rod tip, preferably a laminated job made up of layers of bamboo, hickory, beefwood and spruce, and a 14/0 reel, capable of handling at least 800 yards of 39-thread (117-pound-test) linen line.

It is important that there be a "balance" between rod and line. A 16-ounce tip, for example, balances with a 24-thread line, and a 30-ounce tip with 54-thread line. The line too light to "flex" the rod tip might part under the sharp surge of the fish, for the resilience of the rod acts as a shock absorber.

If he happens to be fishing with an experienced boatman and can follow simple directions, the novice should have no trouble handling a big tuna. Occasionally, of course, a beginner will hook what anglers call a "green" fish, one that does its fighting near the surface and persists in boring off in a series of short rushes.

It is this type of fighting that often ends in disappointment, leaving the new angler spent as well as dispirited.

Adventure on Rosie's Ledge

Only last summer I witnessed a contest between a "green" tuna and a "green" angler that was a tribute to both fish and fisherman. A friend, whose angling experience had been limited to fresh water, was overcome by a desire to land a large tuna. A watery stretch known as Rosie's Ledge, situated between Montauk, Long Island, and Watch Hill, Rhode Island, was giving up a number of really big fish, so I arranged for a boat and we embarked on my friend's first salt-water venture.

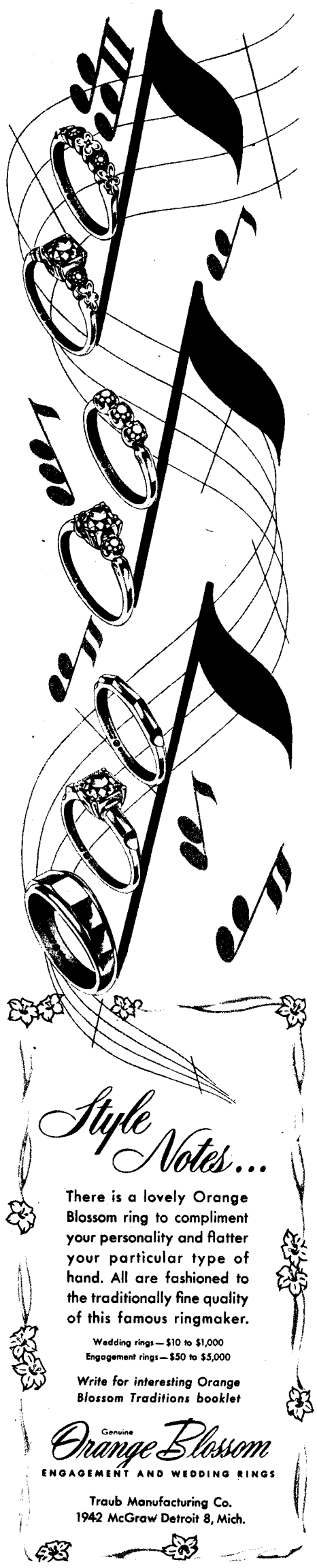
By early morning our cruiser, with Captain Frank Tuma, Jr., at the helm and Captain Frank Tuma, Sr., in the coach's corner, was anchored in the middle of a fleet of at least 30 other boats. We followed the routine procedure of "chumming" for a tuna. A hundred pounds of ground-up menhaden was dribbled over the stern, and occasionally Frank, Sr., would toss over a whole herring or butterfish. About 75 feet astern a cork float bobbed, and beneath it dangled a tempting herring bait.

For three hours everything was disgustingly serene. Several boats ahead, astern and on either side of us, roared off, their anglers fast to big tuna, but nothing touched our bait. At 10 minutes before noon my friend, who had been sitting patiently in the fighting chair, announced that when the noon whistle sounded he was giving up his seat to someone without a jinx. Just two minutes before 12 the cork disappeared and the reel began to sing.

For the next 20 minutes the skipper de-

"Here's your money, and that's just a sample of what will happen to you if you don't pay up!"

COLLIER'S — AL ROSS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voted his efforts to a skillful bit of boat handling, for he had to maneuver the tuna through a score of boats and an equal number of threatening anchor cables. During this activity my friend merely sat in the chair and held the rod, a contented smile lighting his face.

"This," he announced, "is for me. Why didn't someone tell me tuna fishing was this simple?"

With open water ahead and the fleet behind, the skipper shouted down to the happy angler. "We're clear now. Put the pressure on that fish."

Twenty minutes later one glance at my friend indicated that he was no longer convinced that this sport was "for him." The tuna was making short runs, one after another. No sooner would the angler get 100 yards of line back on the reel than the tuna would run it out again. At the end of an hour the fish was brought close enough for Frank, Sr., to grasp the leader in his gloved hands, but that was all. When the tuna saw the boat, apparently for the first time, he set off at top speed in the direction of Point Judith.

An hour later the fish was again maneuvered alongside. This time he went off with a $60 gaff and almost took Frank, Sr., with him. By now everyone aboard had had a clear look at the fish, and the weight estimates ranged from 750 to 2,000 pounds. The latter estimate was that of the angler.

Exactly four hours and 50 minutes after the tuna was hooked the fight was over, the angler exhausted, and a 698-pound fish gaffed (by a meat hook tied to a mop handle). Today my friend insists he finds even the tuna in the small cans to be repugnant.

Although tuna fishing can be hard work, some big ones have been landed by the fair sex. The largest ever taken by a woman scaled 882 pounds, and fell to Mrs. B. D. Crowninshield, of Boston. She took this big fish in the fast, turbulent waters of the Soldier's Rip off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. S. Kip Farrington and Mrs. Michael Lerner, both of New York, are slight individuals neither of whom would weigh 100 pounds wringing wet, yet both have boated a number of tuna scaling better than 700 pounds. Just last June, another woman, Mrs. Phyllis Whisnant, of New York, walked off with the prized trophy at the Bimini Tuna Tournament by boating the largest tuna of that event, a 664-pounder. What is more, Mrs. Whisnant landed the fish on 24-thread line, which has a breaking strain of 72 pounds.

Many Nations Now Compete

Which brings up the matter of tournaments. These contests are of rather recent origin, but have snowballed along the coast from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas. The first of them, the International Tuna Cup Matches, was held in 1937 at Wedgeport, and was a team competition between the United States and the British Empire, each country sending a five-man squad to fish it out in the Soldier's Rip. With the exception of the war years, the matches have been held each year since, but the entries have now been expanded to take in teams from Brazil, Cuba, Chile, Argentina and Scandinavia.

The Soldier's Rip, through which the waters race in and out of the Bay of Fundy, is a concentration area for big tuna, and boating a big fish there calls for real angling skill. The best fishing is during the periods when the Rip is running like a torrent, and boats are forced to race their engines to keep their position in the fast water. The Rip tuna also seem to be the most exasperating examples of their kind.

An angler will toss a dozen herring to one of the big fish that is clearly visible only 10 to 15 feet astern. The fish will grab each herring as it passes, but when one is tossed with a hook inside he ignores it without blinking an eye.

One of the most unusual "teasers" ever devised is used in this Rip. It is formed by stringing up a dozen herring, six inches apart, on a length of stout cord. This is called a "grapevine," and is allowed to trail astern of the boat.

Another unusual method practiced there is that of tying the line, 40 or 50 feet up from the bait, to a short, light line at the end of a long bamboo pole. By waving this pole back and forth the bait can be given a lifelike movement and presented right in front of a tuna. When the tuna strikes (if he does) the light line on the pole snaps and leaves the angler free to play the fish.

The only other team competition for tuna is the Atlantic Tuna Tournament, usually held off the New Jersey or Long Island coast. This is a club event, and any angling club can enter a four-man team. Last year, two dozen teams took part in the tournament, which was held off Montauk, Long Island.

There are a number of individual tuna tournaments at fishing resorts along the coast, but the largest of these are the Maine Tuna Tournament, and the Ipswich Bay Tuna Tournament, both of which attract big-game anglers from points several thousand miles distant.

Sharks Mutilate Hooked Tuna

Each May, long before the bluefins make their appearance in the Northern waters, thousands of big tuna migrate northward through the clear waters adjacent to Bimini and Cat Cay, two tiny Bahama islands located about 50 miles off Florida. For many years these tuna defied the efforts of anglers. Plenty of them were hooked, but getting one to the boat unmutilated seemed to be an impossible task. These waters are heavily populated with large sharks, which gather soon after the first drop of blood leaves a tuna. Many bluefins were brought in that were termed "applecores." This term was appropriate, for by the time the sharks were through only the head, backbone and tail remained of what had been a 500-pound tuna a few moments before. One small bite by a shark may disqualify the fish under the rules of the International Game Fish Association, the body which decides on all salt-water fishing records. The first big unmutilated tuna was landed by novelist Ernest Hemingway in 1935, but the fish scaled between 400 and 500 pounds, which hardly compared with the big Northern fish.

In view of the great popularity of this fishing, and the value of tuna as food, it is surprising that the ichthyologists have been able to run down so few facts on the tuna life cycle. Very little is known of its migration route, and nothing is known concerning its spawning grounds.

Even the identification of the various tuna species is a subject for considerable debate by biologists. Some insist that the Atlantic and Pacific bluefins are not the same fish. As for the yellowfin and Allison tuna (found in large numbers in the Pacific, but rare in the Atlantic), arguments really become heated when they are mentioned. Both are distinctly marked by long, curving, yellow dorsal and anal fins, but those of the Allison are longer. This has led some biologists to insist that the Allison is merely an "old" yellowfin, a theory scored by others. However, whether Allison or yellowfin, these fish do not compare in size with the Atlantic bluefins, for the largest of the species ever recorded scaled only about 450 pounds, and the average fish weighs only 125.

Small or large, bluefin or yellow, the tuna always provides an interesting session when hooked. Now that tuna-boat charters range from $40 to $60 a day (depending upon the area and the type of boat), more and more anglers can afford a crack at the sport. Many of the boats will carry up to four fishermen (only one playing a fish at a time, of course), which reduces the individual overhead to $10 or $15.

From July to October, from New Jersey's famous Mudhole to Nova Scotia's great Rip, thousands of these big fish are fattening only a mile or two offshore. And there are plenty of fish larger than the 977-pounder waiting to grab up a bait. THE END

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Can Man Foresee the Future?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

showed no movement of Rudi's hands or feet, the Austrian did generate a strange force which made the beam oscillate at exactly twice the rate of his extraordinary breathing. (After losing sight of Rudi during World War II, the society has again located him and plans to invite him to sit under a new, better infrared telescope.)

Other cases more recent than that of the brothers Schneider similarly intrigue the society's *aficionados*. One, for example, concerns Lieutenant Jean Chaloteaux, a Belgian soldier held at a prisoner-of-war camp in Prenzlau, Germany, during the last war. Chaloteaux was a practitioner of divining. In February, 1941, fellow inmates persuaded him to apply his technique to predicting the exact date of the end of the war. Chaloteaux, using a swinging pendulum over a calendar, announced, correctly, that the date would be May 8, 1945; affidavits so attesting, from many Prenzlau prisoners, are in the society's archives.

Telepathic Powers Put to Test

Dr. S. G. Soal, lecturer in mathematics at London University and president of the society, turned up a man who is apparently the first person ever to look into the future in the course of a scientifically controlled test. While studying the mathematics of chance, Soal decided to test Basil Shackleton, a London photographer reported to have telepathic powers.

The Soal-Shackleton sessions started in 1943. The photographer sat under guard in one room, while in another, cards marked with the pictures of five different animals were turned up by a man acting as the control. Shackleton didn't often guess the right card, but a re-examination of the record showed that he frequently guessed the card which was going to turn up *next*.

"He was," Dr. Soal concluded, "apparently reading the future state of mind of the control." This put Shackleton officially two and a half seconds into the future, but after a while he tired of sitting. "All I get out of concentrating on the future is a headache," he complained.

The story of the Society for Psychical Research goes back to 1876, when Professor (later Sir) William Barrett, a Fellow of the Royal Society—one of the world's foremost scientific bodies—had a paper on telepathy rejected by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His colleagues' reluctance to break new ground led him to consider forming a society devoted exclusively to psychical research.

He enlisted two well-known scholars, Frederic W. H. Myers and Edmund Gurney, and they in turn approached Professor Henry Sidgwick, a celebrated lecturer in moral philosophy at Cambridge University. Sidgwick, according to contemporaries, had "the most incorrigibly and exasperatingly critical and skeptical mind in England." But when the society was finally organized in 1882, he became its first president.

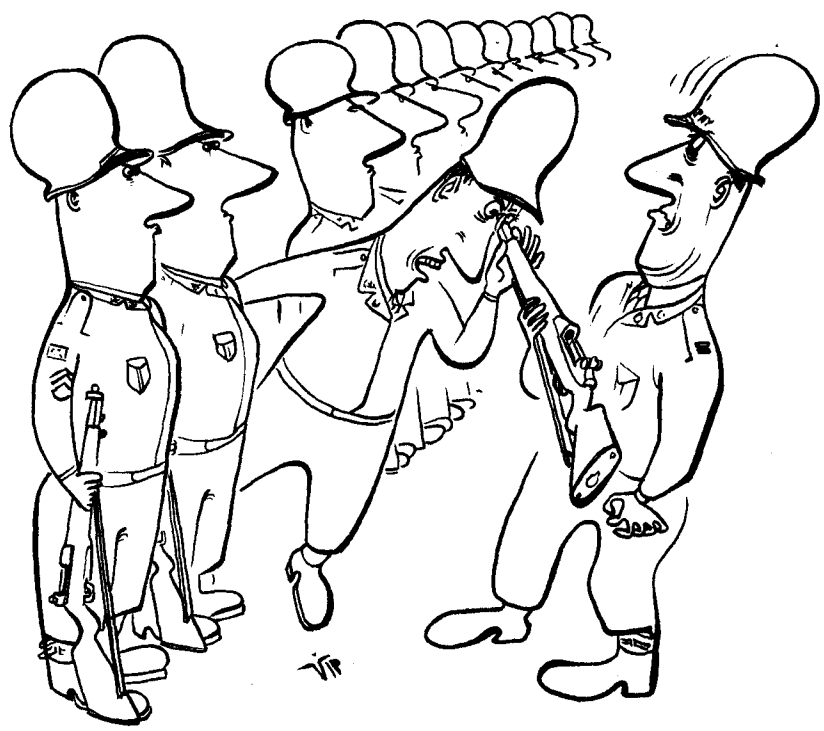
The S.P.R.'s purpose, as stated in its constitution, was and is to investigate any event not explainable by generally accepted theories. From the start it attracted a notable membership, and over the years many famous scientists have been members. The current council—directing group—includes nine professors. Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford University, the renowned classical scholar, is a vice-president.

Mark Twain was a member ("Someday by telepathy," he wrote, "we'll be able to do away with the phone and talk from London to New York, just like that."). Dr. Alfred Wallace, who pioneered with Darwin in developing the theory of evolution, was another member; psychologists Sigmund Freud and Carl Gustav Jung were corresponding members. Among the society's presidents have been such famous physicists as Sir Oliver Lodge, principal of Birmingham University, and Sir William Crookes, discoverer of thallium; such philosophers as Professor William James, of Harvard and Professor Henri Bergson, of France, a 1927 Nobel prize winner; and French astronomer Camille Flammarion.

This is undoubtedly an impressive list, and, it might be said, lucky for the society. For the very nature of much of its research alarms the strictly orthodox. One scholar of repute who was asked to help in an investigation turned down the request with the retort: "Sir, I have a wife and children to support"—an avowal that his professorial post would be in jeopardy.

For most of the society's members,

VIP'S WAR



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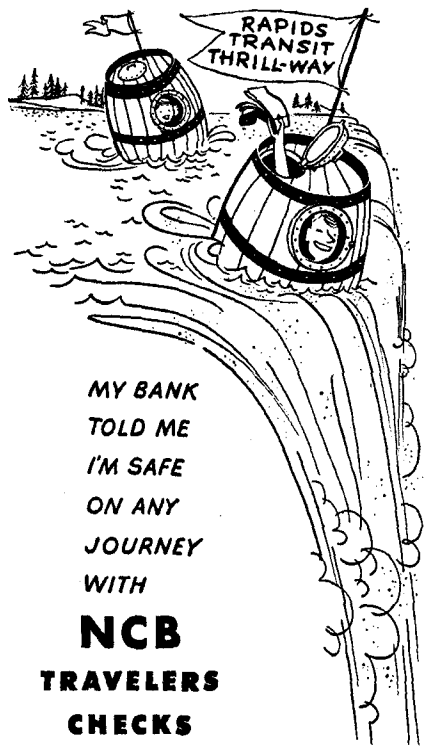

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psychical research is little more than an absorbing hobby. Before high income taxes, it was a fashionable hobby as well, and many of the society's endowments date from the days when its members could independently afford to arrange elaborate tests by importing mediums from other countries for observation. Like other learned societies in austerity-ridden Britain, the S.P.R. has in recent years had to forgo or restrict some of its activities because of high costs.

The society grew into its present headquarters—the four-story mansion of the late industrialist Sir Ernest Clarke—in 1922. In it are housed a psychical research library of 10,000 books, many of them rare, and a collection of curiosities contributed by members—"ectoplasm" seized from a medium (which turned out to be cheesecloth), the thumbprint of a ghost (actually the thumbprint of the medium), a plaster cast of the hands of a "spirit," and so on.

Scared by "Haunted Mummy"

In it, too, are the society's massive files, photographs included. One picture is of the "haunted mummy" which caused so much trouble in the British Museum in 1934 that it was finally removed. Museum-goers kept complaining that the mummy uttered cries and moans, although Dr. Dingwall, who investigated the matter, wrote it off as a case of contagious hallucination.

On the first floor of S.P.R. headquarters is the séance room, added to the building after the society took it over, and built according to its specifications. A compact 16 by 13 feet, it is practically soundproof. Among the pieces of equipment available for the study of mediums, besides the infrared telescope, are cameras, flood- and spotlights, special bulbs, color filters, photographic processing apparatus, bells, buzzers, rheostats, cards for testing telepathy and ESP (extrasensory perception), a small lab for simple chemical analyses and a photographic darkroom. In addition, the séance room is wired so that its lighting can be gradually dimmed to zero.

In this room many a medium has been trapped by society sleuths. A famous Polish medium who produced puzzling effects—including various mysterious lights around his face—was found to be able to twist his neck so as to grab in his teeth a pillow he had placed behind his head. The white of the pillow was one "light" he produced, and another proved to be some small, phosphorescent bulbs which he apparently had regurgitated from a throat pouch, a trick Indian fakirs also use.

Since 1947, when the infrared telescope was added, "physical" mediums—those who produce such effects as the lifting of objects—have been reluctant to sit at the society even with the added bait of a £250 ($700) prize which was offered at one time for anyone producing phenomena under the society's rigid conditions.

One medium who, in several decades of investigation, never tarnished her reputation for honesty—and in the view of some society members was the most important psychic ever studied—was Mrs. Leonora Piper, who died in Boston last December. She was credited with converting to spiritualism Sir Oliver Lodge, the archskeptic author Richard Hodgson, and many others.

Hodgson even moved to Boston to study Mrs. Piper. On one occasion she told Sir Oliver some facts about the boyhood of his uncles; he in turn hired a private detective to see how long it would take a stranger to uncover the same information. After a while the agent reported: "Mrs. Piper certainly beats me."

As in any scientific or quasi-scientific group, S.P.R. members report on their studies from time to time by means of papers submitted to the society's Committee of Reference, which decides whether the case is properly documented, whether it adds anything to what is already known on the subject, and whether it is important enough to be published for general distribution to the membership. Since its founding, the society has published more than 1,000 cases and rejected a greater number. The rejects are usually kept in manuscript form in a filing cabinet in the house on Tavistock Square, where other members pursuing the same line of inquiry can consult them.

Robert Musel, who wrote this article, has been a United Press reporter for 25 years, and has been covering the European scene since 1942. At present he is on UP's London staff

Acceptance of a paper by the Committee of Reference does not mean that the society endorses its findings. This is in line with a decision of the founders that members are under no obligation to accept anything in which they, as individuals, do not believe.

And there are, of course, a number of society members who insist that nothing psychically out-of-the-normal has ever happened; these are concerned mainly with trying to find natural explanations for those events for which there are no such explanations—as yet. Their credo is: "Nothing is inexplicable—once it is understood."

The society never issues a group opinion and only rarely sponsors an investigation itself. But two trained investigators are available at headquarters to advise members on how to go about a particularly tricky bit of research. The current pair are Dr. Donald J. West, the society's "honorary research officer," and Mrs. K. M. Goldney, its organizing secretary and holder of the Medal of the British Empire for her hospital work during the last war.

Members who propose to follow one line or another of psychic research are put in touch with other members with similar interests. The society also recommends that new members read and ponder several papers in its files which are the fruit of much painful experience. One such provocative report is The Psychology of Testimony, written by a former research officer, Theodore Besterman.

Besterman invited 46 S.P.R. members to a séance which—he did not tell them—was to be a phony with a prearranged schedule of events. After the séance, at which the medium tooted horns, rapped tambourines and so on, as rehearsed, Besterman asked each of the 46 guests to give his version of what he had seen and heard. No one got better than 61 per cent of the incidents right, and some marks were as low as 5 per cent.

With this human frailty in mind, the society's leaflet, distributed as a guide to the novice member, stresses the need for affidavits; the importance of seeing to it that the several accounts—if there were several witnesses to a particular phenomenon—are obtained without previous consultation among them; the value of such "documentary evidence" as letters, diaries and notebooks. All these, the S.P.R. leaflet notes, are equally important precautions whether the phenomenon reported is a "veridical" (truthtelling) dream, an apparition or a case of spontaneous telepathy.

A whole section of the S.P.R.'s instructions to investigating members centers around "haunts and poltergeists." These dead-pan directions caution: "The phenomena frequently center around and appear to be produced by children at about the age of puberty who are mentally or physically subnormal or 'misfits' in their environment. . . . There is much trickery, deliberate or unconscious, in the production of the phenomena. It follows that the investigator of such cases is called on to exercise not only his critical faculties but much tact as well."

Haunts and poltergeists, which were among the most frequent of the "inexplicable phenomena" current when the society was first launched, have become far less frequent since S.P.R. members began tracing the howls, clanking chains and other alleged evidences to small boys, subnormal adults, practical jokers or psychopaths.

Endless hours of vigil spent by members in stately homes and corroded castles revealed many of the classic ghosts of Olde Englande to be loose roof tiles clattering in the wind, echoes in ancient plumbing and tree branches tapping on windows.

For many ghosts, however, there has been no easy explanation, and some society members believe that sensitive people are often affected by places and events so that the subconscious mind conjures up a ghost or apparition.

Dissension over Spirit Photos

The society's members are its own severest critics. A serious split in the organization took place in 1922 when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle resigned because he thought the society unfair in condemning alleged spirit photographs taken by one William Hope, a carpenter. The author of Sherlock Holmes, who believed completely in spiritualism, was followed by more than a score of members; but others in the society steadfastly refused to believe the plates had not been tampered with.

More recently, in 1948, Dr. West, the present honorary research officer, himself presented a long paper in which he suggested that even the most respected cases in the society's files were not flawless because of "the excessive unreliability of human testimony in such matters." In a gentle commentary on West's paper, W. H. Salter, a past president, declared that an organization "born in a blaze of unorthodoxy" could not afford to become intoler-

COLLIER'S — **"My name is Georgie Adams, I can't find my mother and I'll take strawberry"** — MARV TANNENBERG

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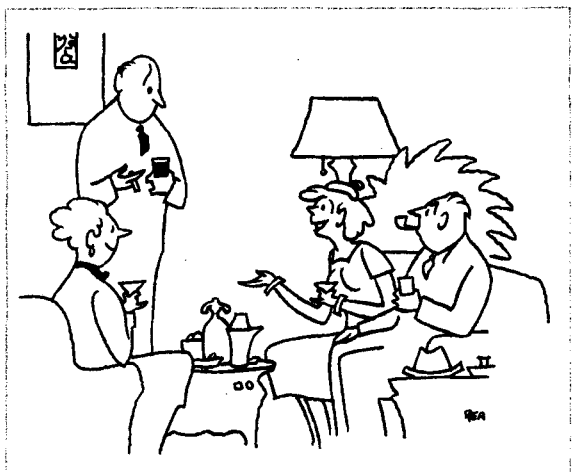
ant of criticism, but voiced the opinion of many older members that the cases brought into question by West were expertly investigated at the time.

Regardless of the intramural furor roused by West's declaration, S.P.R. members avidly continue their pursuit of the unknown. For the enthusiast there is little difficulty finding his own pet "case." If interested in ghosts, he can pick up tips from newspaper reports of a haunt harrying some anxious tenant, or the tenant himself may ask the society for help, since its reputation for aid and comfort to those troubled by the inexplicable is unexcelled.

Always Alert for Material

Or, the new member may travel around to sit with the numerous mediums who advertise, or he may keep an eye out for a report of anything unusual in magazines devoted to dowsing or prediction. On the other hand, he may strike pay dirt in tips from friends, or give birth to some original idea for testing telepathy and so on.

Several times a year, the society publishes its Journal, containing news of experiments and new cases, and its Proceedings, which give fuller accounts. These casebooks are among the most alluring documents ever printed anywhere, and now mount up to a prodigious compilation.



"Howard just took me to my very first baseball game! And all I really remember of it was that Detroit beat the 'Tigers' "

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

For instance, in the files is the report to the society by Robert Browning, the poet, that he showed a pair of cuff links to an Italian clairvoyant, Count Guinasi, of Ravenna, who thereupon muttered: "Something here cries out 'murder.' " The cuff links, Browning told the society, had been taken from the body of his great-uncle, violently killed 80 years earlier.

Another case in the society's archives centers around a will which became the basis of a widely discussed lawsuit. Four months after the death of James Chaffin, of North Carolina, in 1921, his son James reported that his father had appeared to him in a dream wearing his favorite overcoat, and said, "You will find my real will in my overcoat pocket," and pulled back the coat to show where. James went to the home of his brother John, where the coat was stored, and found inside the lining of a pocket a direction to consult Genesis in the family Bible. The will was found pasted in the 27th chapter of Genesis, and James used it to make a successful claim for a share in his father's estate.

Today's S.P.R. members are concentrating less on haunts and poltergeists than on statistical studies of telepathy, extrasensory perception, and psychokinesis—or the production of physical movements by psychic means. Dr. Soal is engaged in experiments with a London housewife who, in his opinion, has marked telepathic gifts. He has been testing her long-distance—sending her to Amsterdam or Brussels and asking her to guess cards he turns up in London.

Mrs. Goldney and Dr. Dingwall have joined in an extensive study of the so-called Borley Rectory Manifestations. The rectory, on the fringe of London, burned down during the last war after three generations of inhabitants had reported psychic disturbances, including a "transparent nun" who walked about the grounds by day. The two investigators plan to interview all surviving witnesses; the nun was supposed to have materialized before at least a dozen people.

About once every three weeks S.P.R. members gather at headquarters to hear papers or listen to visiting authorities on various phases of psychical research. In past months they have heard Dr. Betty Humphreys of Duke University, assistant to Dr. J. B. Rhine of the Parapsychology Laboratory there; invited to Britain by the society, Dr. Humphreys discussed recent experiments in extrasensory perception. Several S.P.R. officers have also crossed the Atlantic to study Dr. Rhine's parapsychology techniques.

Another recent paper before the society was read by Dr. Thouless, who reported that in dice-throwing experiments he got his best results—4,027 "naturals" out of 23,144 throws—when he was not too anxious about the result; that he brought up the number of his choice more often in the morning and evening than he did in the afternoon. His conclusion was that there was strong evidence that an honest dice thrower can influence his own score.

The theft of the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey last Christmas Day had society members in a temporary turmoil. Diviners and dowsers and clairvoyants came flocking to claim that they could find the historic sandstone slab in their own way. Leslie J. Latham, a barrister member of the society whose hobby is radiesthesia—a term covering all forms of divining—reported that in spite of the difficulty of working without even a sliver of the Stone to provide the necessary "emanations," his pendulum showed it in England. The Stone turned up in Scotland, but Latham claims it was still in England when he made his report.

"Woman in Brown" Case Solved

An occasional ghost or poltergeist still crops up in society inquiries, but modern techniques of inquiry dissipate most of them in quick time. Not long ago there was a promising report of a daylight ghost, the Woman in Brown, in a busy building off Oxford Street in London. A society member, using psychoanalysis, hypnotism and a recording machine, discovered that the woman who had reported the wraith was re-living an air-raid bombing in which she had seen the body of a female victim wrapped in a brown blanket.

These days the society gets few cases like the striking haunts of yesteryear such as the intriguingly labeled "Demon of Derrygonnelly," or "Ghost of Drury Lane" (a Restoration buck who has reportedly been watching matinee performances at the Drury Lane theater for 100 years).

Dr. Soal, the society's president, believes there are fewer cases of this type because of "a world-wide decline in psychic powers." His theory is that these powers flourish best in a more leisurely climate, and that the tensions and crises which have afflicted the world in recent decades have prevented the psychic part of human personality from functioning in full.

But he holds out hope for the future. "When and if we ever get periods of tranquillity again, as for a time between the world wars," says Dr. Soal, "I feel that these powers will return to us." THE END

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Unlazy Susan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

once was late to work, nor did she ever hold up a scene."

Miss Hayward's apparent eagerness to labor without letup stems only partly from sheer enjoyment of work. "I'm a one-thing-at-a-time sort of girl," she once explained. "Days off get me out of the rhythm and take the edge off my characterization."

Characterization is important to her, as it is to any serious actress. And it doesn't come easy. Unlike some film stars of a more superficial nature, Susan can't turn tears off and on at will. To portray an emotion, she has to experience it herself.

During the filming of Tulsa, the last picture she made for Wanger, she had a scene in which she was supposed to crack up with remorse. The way the scene was planned, the camera followed her across a room until she went out, slamming the door behind her. During rehearsals she raved and ranted at the door. She kicked it and slammed it and yelled at it, while most people present watched in astonishment. The director, Stuart Heisler, merely sat back in his chair, however, waiting for the tears to come. Having directed her in Smash Up, the film about a lady alcoholic which won Susan her other Academy nomination in 1947, he was wise to her ways. To whip up her emotions, she had to have something, like the door, to get mad at.

When making Smash Up, Susan had so many emotional crises that she arranged a set of signals, like a lifted finger or a nod of the head, to let Heisler know when she was in the proper mood to start a scene. She was afraid to speak, for fear it would break her emotional pitch. The director became so sensitive to her vibrations that he likes to say now that he shared every moment of anguish with her. "What an ordeal that picture was," he says. "I was limp as a rag every night."

Costuming Must Be Authentic

In keeping with this deadly earnest approach to her work, Miss Hayward is a stickler for authenticity. She takes a tremendous interest in the clothes she wears before the camera, insisting that they must fit the character she is portraying. When she reports to a wardrobe department for fittings, therefore, she is all business. She spends her time fitting, and doesn't upset the routine of the department, as certain other stars sometimes do, by sending out for champagne or otherwise making a garden party of the event.

All risks and physical discomforts that are in the script are taken in stride. Last January, for the famous bathing scene in David and Bathsheba, she stood up all day long in a waist-high tub while a female slave poured water over her. Although the temperature of the water was controlled, the air on the sound stage was not. Shooting was interrupted several times by Susan's fits of sneezing. By the time she was finally dried off, she had caught a cold. Nevertheless, she showed up promptly for work the next day.

In 1942, as a lumber-mill operator in The Forest Rangers, she was required to do some logrolling, a dangerous sport even for a lumberjack. Nevertheless, Susan gamely scrambled onto a floating log and started to spin it with her feet.

Suddenly she lost her balance and skidded into the water, amid the bone-crushing logs. Several men promptly dived in after her. Locating her under a log, they dragged her out, fuming and sputtering. Her body was intact, but her legs had been skinned badly. However, she reported back at the pond the next morning, ready to try again.

"Susan may look frail," a friend commented, "but she's got the constitution of a buffalo."

In her work, Miss Hayward is sure and adept. Directors, especially, respect her as a craftswoman. But this respect rarely develops into a personal friendship; between shots she remains aloof. After 12 years in pictures, she still hasn't fallen into the easy familiarity of the profession. She almost never addresses co-workers on sight as "honey," "darling" or "sweetie pie"—which sets her apart from practically every other actress in the business.

Veterans working with her for the first time are often taken aback by this apparent lack of warmth. During the production of House of Strangers, a couple of years ago, she thoroughly upset Joe Mankiewicz, a director noted for his informal approach to life, by continually addressing him as "Mr. Mankiewicz." He called her "Susie" and, between setups, used to tell her jokes. Finally, as the picture was winding up, Susan completed a scene and asked, "How was that, Joe?"

Mankiewicz was so startled by her familiarity that he replied, "It was fine, Miss Hayward."

The second daughter and third child of Swedish-French-Irish parents, Susan Hayward, whose real name is Edythe Marrener and whose father was a wireman with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, was born in Flatbush on June 30, 1919. Her childhood was an introduction into a world where a good left hook was the best social arbiter and a dime was a lot of money.

In Commercial High School she played supporting parts in the dramatic class, but none of her performances gave any indication that she was destined for a film career. After graduation, she became a photographer's model. "I had to earn money and I wasn't trained for anything," she said.

It was a fortuitous decision. Within six months, two events—one of them 3,000 miles away—reshaped her life. First, she was hired to pose for a series of color shots to illustrate a magazine story. Second, George Cukor, a top-notch director, was hired by David O. Selznick in Hollywood to round up some unknown redheaded girls to test for the part of Scarlett O'Hara in his proposed film Gone with the Wind.

While he was thumbing through a magazine, Cukor's eyes lighted on Susan. Tests were made of her, both in black and white and in color, and in both New York and Hollywood. Finally, after living in the film capital for three weeks on pins and needles at Selznick's expense, she was advised that she had lost the part. "Selznick wanted an unknown," a friend remarked later, "but Susan was too unknown."

The rejection far from discouraged her. She decided to stay in Hollywood and make good. To obtain operating capital, Susan and her sister, who had come along, cashed the return portions of their railroad tickets and moved into an inexpensive bungalow court. They ate breakfast food three times a day to stretch their tiny grubstake into several months of survival.

Miss Hayward got her first break in typical Hollywood style, much as Lana Turner was "discovered" while sipping a soda and Ellen Drew while waiting on table. The story of Susan's big turning point is even more incredible, but the parties involved insist it's true. Pedaling about town on a rented bike, she lost control. She shot over a curb, went across a lawn and smacked into a house. Her momentum carried her through an open ground-floor window.

The Agent's First Question

A man sitting at a desk helped her to her feet. He was a Hollywood agent named Benny Medford. Being a man of action, he didn't bother to ask her whether she was hurt, or to indulge in other amenities. His first words were: "Are you in pictures?"

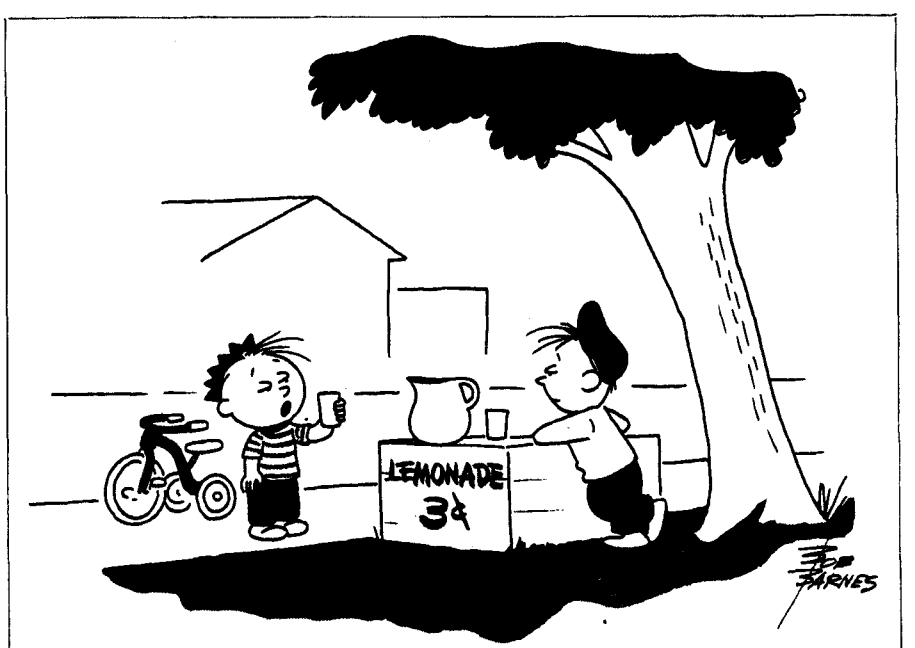
She shook her head in reply, and Medford thereupon signed her as a client. Soon he had her set in a stock contract at Warners. There, for $50 a week, she got into bathing suits instead of pictures. She posed on a broomstick as "Miss Halloween," with an ax as "Miss Thanksgiving" and with a firecracker as "Miss July Fourth."

At the end of six months, Warners dropped her. A producer had interviewed her for a part of a Southern belle, but her accent startled him. "Physically, she was just what we wanted," he said. "But when she opened her mouth I thought I was back at Ebbets Field."

To eliminate her Brooklyn accent, Susan started to go to Ronald Colman movies; night after night, she sat in the balcony with her eyes closed, listening to his voice. "I must have gone to see Prisoner of Zenda a hundred times," she recalls. "I'd memorize his speeches, and then try to imitate them on the way home."

Medford next took Susan to Paramount. The moment two of the talent executives saw her they wanted to put her under contract at $75 a week, just on the strength of her beauty. A third, who prided himself on an intuitive feeling for talent, insisted that she sing something first. Without benefit of rehearsal or accompaniment, Miss Hayward rendered several choruses of The Man I Love. The executives were so impressed they raised the ante to a starting salary of $250 a week.

She has barely warbled a note since.



COLLIER'S "Seems to need just a touch of vermouth—whatever that is" BOB BARNES

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What singing she has done has been off screen, for servicemen at the Hollywood Canteen during the war. When, after 11 years, she was finally cast as a singer, studio executives decided that her voice wasn't right for the part. In With a Song in My Heart—a picture based on the life of Jane Froman, which she is now completing at Fox—Jane's voice emerges from Susan's throat by means of sound-track magic. Miss Hayward has no pretensions about her own voice. "I saw the rushes the other night," she said, referring to the Froman film. "For the first time in my life I can stand myself singing."

It was director William Wellman who gave Susan her first movie role—a part in Beau Geste, a story concerning the adventures of three brothers in the French Foreign Legion. Her role was unimportant. Even so, she worked out a complete characterization. When in front of the camera, she played her scenes as if they were matters of life or death. "Great Scott!" Wellman exclaimed. "They've sprung a redheaded Bette Davis on me."

At about this time, Susan discovered that the rule of "survival of the fittest" applied no less in Hollywood than in the streets of Brooklyn—except that now her fists were no help, a fact which put her at a decided disadvantage.

Once, for instance, she was cast as the second woman in a vehicle starring a reigning box-office favorite. At the rushes, the next day, the leading lady said, patronizingly, "Susan, dear, you did that beautifully." On the way back to the set, the star called up the film's producer and gave him a choice—either replace Susan or she'd walk off. Susan was replaced.

Another time, for a shipboard sequence, Susan had a little piece of business in which she used a pair of knitting needles. Waving objects can steal almost any scene, and when the star came on stage and spied the needles, she said, "No, Susan. You can't knit. I am going to knit." The star knitted.

Although she lost those battles, word quickly shot around the Paramount lot that the studio had a new dramatic discovery. But the high praise had a curious and rather discouraging effect. None of the studio's top feminine stars wanted to risk their reputations by having Susan appear in any of their films. The new discovery was relegated to the studio's "B" products, and she appeared in such films as $1,000 a Touchdown, Among the Living and Our Leading Citizen. "I became God's gift to the lower half of the double bill," she said.

More—and Worse—Frustration

A year or two later, the studio took Susan out of pictures and sent her out on tour to help exploit forthcoming films. It was a frustrating experience. The pictures she was "selling" starred other people. Furthermore, it didn't help her career, because it didn't get her face on the film. It seemed unlikely, therefore, that Paramount would renew her contract, when the next option (which would put her salary above $1,000 a week) came due.

It was at this juncture that Susan first demonstrated her cool capacity to strike a ruthless blow in her own behalf.

Just before the contract was to expire, the Paramount film salesmen held their annual convention in Los Angeles. Along with everyone else on the lot, Susan was told to take a bow. When she was introduced by Y. Frank Freeman, the studio vice-president, she amazed the audience by saying, "I don't think I need to be introduced. I've met most of you personally on a dozen tours. Every time I've met you you've asked me why I'm not in pictures. There's a man here who can answer that question. Mr. Freeman, will you please tell these gentlemen why I'm not in any pictures?"

After a moment of stunned silence, the salesmen rose to their feet, cheering. Freeman, startled by her unexpected behavior, was on a spot. And perhaps the enthusiastic reception by the film distributors made him decide the studio was missing a good bet. In any event, he raised his hand to quiet the crowd, and said:

"Don't worry. We'll put her in pictures."

He was as good as his word. Susan was given a top assignment in De Mille's Reap the Wild Wind. Then she was loaned to Columbia for Adam Had Four Sons, with Warner Baxter and Ingrid Bergman.

In each case, she contributed an excellent performance, and Paramount started to give her a star build-up.

As her career progressed, Susan began to pick her assignments more carefully. Good stories were her main concern. When, in 1945, her contract with Paramount expired, she turned down several other offers to sign with Walter Wanger, an independent producer. Under his more leisurely schedule—he didn't have to meet specific release dates—she felt she'd get a better break in stories.

It was while she was with Wanger that her talent really began to flower. Forever looking for new characters to play, whenever she came across a book that excited her she would pester Wanger to buy it. "When I sold Susan's contract it was with a mixture of relief and regret," Wanger said. "If she'd had her way I'd have owned more books than the New York Public Library."

No matter how far off actual production may be, Miss Hayward starts to work out her characterization the minute she receives a script. She discusses the character with the producer, the director and, if possible, the writer, seeking to find out just what makes it tick. When she was assigned the role of the scheming Bathsheba, she compared the script with the Second Book of Samuel, from which it was derived. She was disappointed to find that the screen play's ending automatically precluded a dramatic scene for her involving the birth of Solomon. Looking up Henry King, the director, she urged him to use his influence in lengthening the story to include this sequence.

"We couldn't do that, of course. We were running much too long as it was," King says. "But you have to take your hat off to Susan. She's not timid when she wants something."

No one, of course, knows this better than Jess Barker, the young actor whom she married in 1944. It has been an explosive partnership, so much so that on occasion their differences have rated page-one display in the local newspapers.

When Jess and Susan met, at the Hollywood Canteen, Barker, who had played in the Broadway production of You Can't Take It with You, was by far the bigger box-office personality of the two. The shift in their respective fortunes has put a severe strain on them, but Jess, on the whole, is philosophical about it. "Activity runs in cycles," he says. "Next year, for all anyone knows, can be my busiest yet."

The Barkers, with their six-year-old twin sons, Timothy and Gregory, live in an ivy-covered, two-story English cottage in the San Fernando Valley. Miss Hayward prides herself on being a good mother to the boys. So far, she has been fairly successful at keeping their childhood free of the encroachments of her film career. When they were born, nearly every fan magazine wanted pictures of them. She turned them all down. A couple of editors haven't forgiven her yet.

Susan's career has been marked by frequent squabbles with the press. When working on a picture, she often refuses to give interviews or allow pictures to be taken because it takes her mind off her characterization. When not working, she feels her time is her own and resents any invasion on her privacy.

While understandable, her attitude places the studio publicity men in a frantic dilemma, for it is their job to keep her name and face in the papers. On the suggestion of a press agent that Susan was "a dynamic redhead who would give fearless quotes," a writer managed to get into her home for an interview. After 30 minutes of unfruitful small talk, the reporter decided the only way to get her to talk freely was to make her angry. Discussing her performance in My Foolish Heart, the reporter told Susan, "I liked you better in The Hairy Ape," mentioning one of her earlier and less memorable efforts. She abruptly closed the interview, and when the writer complained that he hadn't yet got any good quotes, she replied, furiously, "Then make them up. You probably will anyway."

Despite her six-figure salary, Susan allows herself few extravagances. Her pinch-penny childhood prevents her from ever losing sight of the proverbial rainy day. She still has simple tastes in clothing and household furnishings.

While her wardrobe today is extensive, most of the things were made at home, with the help of a dressmaker. Some months ago, Susan attended an exhibitor's convention in Minneapolis. One of the reporters covering the affair wrote glowingly of her chic appearance. She was wearing her own interpretation of a Paris creation which she had spotted a few days earlier in a fashion magazine and had stitched up herself.

Not Furnished for Shindigs

The Barkers have few close friends and do little entertaining. They couldn't throw a big party if they wanted to. Although they have occupied their house for four years, their living room is still unfurnished. Susan uses it as a storeroom for excess clothes. The occasional guests that come to the house are received in the den, a homey, comfortable little room which Susan has decorated herself. She sewed the taffeta curtains and, when the painter failed after numerous tries to come up with the tone she wanted for the walls, she took his brush and mixed the color herself. She had trouble with the carpet men as well. "They had to dye the rug three times before they got the green I wanted."

Susan regards herself as something of an authority on colors. She has taken up oil painting, and is currently doing a large canvas of her garden, the most ambitious oil she has ever attempted. Here, for some reason, her penchant for authenticity has deserted her. Because she likes to see flowers and trees in full bloom, she is waiting for each specimen to burst into blossom before incorporating it in the picture. It doesn't worry her that a garden could never bloom as she is depicting it, although it means that it will be some time before the painting is finished: she still wants to include her lilac bushes, which won't blossom again until next spring.

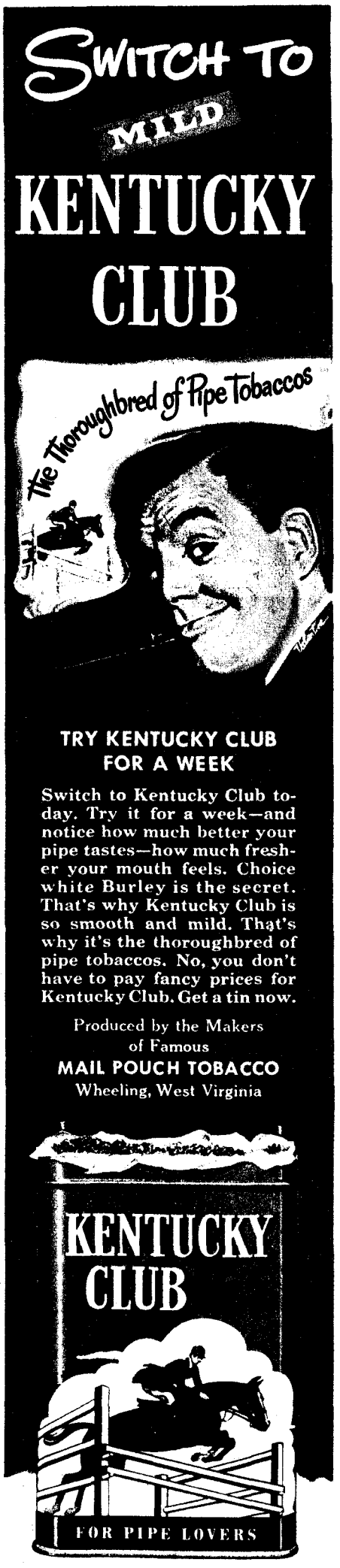
Despite the horticultural inexactitude of this composition, she is taking great care to get her colors just right. A few weeks ago she had trouble mixing a pink for the branches of her coral tree. "After three or four tries, I cut off a limb and took it to the art store to have it matched," she said.

Considering this fascination with color, it is not surprising that Susan's proudest possession is her long, luxurious red hair. She regards it as an identifying trade-mark, like Jimmy Durante's nose. Until recently, no studio hairdresser was allowed to touch it, and her present contract prevents Fox from even suggesting a change in her hairdo, without her consent.

However, her adamant refusal to wear it up while modeling evening gowns in I Can Get It for You Wholesale caused snickers in the garment trade. Because of the adverse comment, Susan finally let the studio cut her hair in a long Jane Froman-like bob for With a Song in My Heart. She wept quietly during the bobbing, and when the operation was completed, she gathered up all the locks and took them home.

Though many people have complimented her on her new look, Susan is not at all happy about it. She misses her long hair and is determined to let it grow back, regardless of what it does to her future characterizations. And there is no authority high enough to make her change her mind.

When a top executive at Fox told her that everyone at the studio liked her hair much better short, she eyed him for a moment and then replied, crisply, "Everyone but me—and that's what counts." THE END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Chicago Safari

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

or head-hunters, or whatever they call those native jokers over there, who will proceed to scare everybody half to death with some tribal dances and very real spear tossing.

Which is where you come in.

Because at this very moment our six African head-hunters are approaching New York from Nairobi on the SS Spitsbergen. And somebody has to meet them, welcome them to our shores, and see that they get to Chicago by Friday. We've done the main rehearsing here, and Thorne and the others will go direct to Chicago, where the thing opens Sunday.

Beautiful Rebecca Lane, the blonde lady star of the picture, is in New York, but she'll fly directly out by herself, also getting there Friday.

So as you can see there's really no problem at all, except for somebody to meet these fun-loving head-hunters—six thirty Monday morning, Pier 6—and get the safari started for Chicago. I'd love to do it myself, as you know, but I'm needed here.

So guess who has drawn this plum of an assignment? Right.

I'm leaving everything to you, including the mode of transportation. There are floods all over that end of the country, so go by canoe if you want to, just so you're in Chicago by Friday. Do whatever you think best after you meet them and size up the situation.

There's nothing to it. You shouldn't have any trouble at all locating them. Unless it's a cruise ship, they'll be the only people getting off the boat naked and carrying spears.

Love,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

THANKS, BUT DON'T NEED ANY HEAD-HUNTERS TO HUNT MINE. I KNOW RIGHT WHERE IT IS. AND RIGHT WHERE I INTEND TO KEEP IT.
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL MAYFLOWER WASH DC

OH, GEORGE, DON'T GET DRAMATIC. THESE GUYS WORK FOR US. PROBABLY ALL GRADUATES OF OXFORD. AUTHORITIES ON NATIVE ARTS AND CRAFTS. THE ONLY POSSIBLE DANGER IS THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE TO BUY A BASKET.
DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF—TO CARRY MY HEAD IN. LOOK, DICK, I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO SERVE IN ANY REASONABLE WAY, BUT WHEN YOU GET INTO THE CANNIBAL DEPARTMENT I SAY YOU'RE CARRYING GENUINENESS TOO FAR. SUPPOSE I JUST TURN THIS WHOLE PROJECT OVER TO THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC—THEIR OFFICE IS NOT OVER TWO BLOCKS FROM THIS HOTEL—AND THEN GET BACK TO MY WORK. OKAY?
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL MAYFLOWER WASH DC

WHY CAN'T THIS PLACE GET ME ONE DECENT ASSISTANT? GEORGE. THESE GUYS WERE PERSONALLY PICKED FOR US BY OLD BILL JENKINS AT NAIROBI, WHO HIRED ALL THE NATIVES WE USED IN THE PICTURE. AND WHO WOULDN'T DARE LET US DOWN. AND YOU KNOW IT. AND IF YOU SEND ME ONE MORE SUPPOSEDLY WITTY TELEGRAM YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING WORSE THAN CANNIBALS TO DEAL WITH. MEANING ME. NOW GET GOING, GEORGE.
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

YES SIR.
GEORGE.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
July 9, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, if anyone had asked me, I would have said no, Hollywood could no longer surprise me. Mine eyes had seen the glory, twenty years of it, and there was just nothing else to be seen.

Well, let me be the first to say that I was wrong. This time you have really blown the cork.

Dick, I can't take this collection of savages on a road tour any more than I could take an active volcano on a road tour. It's an interesting idea, but it just won't work. You may be kidding, but these guys aren't. They've got very mean expressions. And every time they look at me the look says, H'mm, long pig. They don't speak a word of any language that anybody ever heard of, and their entire costume consists of four medium-size feathers, located not at all strategically. And their armament consists not only of spears, but huge knives, heavy enough, I would say, to cut the average bungalow in two. And when anybody approaches them they swing them as though doing dumbbell exercises. Sa-wish!

Somebody, lad, has just sent us the wrong merchandise. When you start dealing with the African Sears, Roebuck, you'll just have to start typing the orders, instead of scribbling them in longhand this way. The captain of the Spitsbergen, an old Norwegian named Sorensen, and a man not noticeably nervous, brought these characters over in the brig. Sorensen said, yes, he knew that we'd paid first-class passage for them, but he yoost felt more comfortable that way. And they evidently didn't mind.

But having crossed, what now? Phineas T. Barnum, even as a young man, would have refused to accept this shipment. They're still in Captain Sorensen's cozy brig, and it's a *status quo* I see no reason to disturb. The Spitsbergen will be here several days loading, and the only thing I see to do is to leave them right there, pay Captain Sorensen their return passage—whatever the brig costs—and have him take them back where they came from.

I say have a care. And let's start now.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, WHY DON'T YOU HIRE A BABY SITTER FOR A COUPLE OF NIGHTS? TILL YOU GET OVER THIS ATTACK OF THE VAPORS. IN OTHER WORDS, LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, LET'S GET THOSE POOR GUYS OUT OF THAT BRIG AND GET GOING. INCIDENTALLY, WHEN WE NEED YOUR ADVICE ON POLICY MATTERS, WE'LL WIRE YOU. DON'T CALL US. WE'LL CALL YOU. AND NOW LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD. EH?
DICK.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
July 10, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Have you ever been a prize-fight manager? You remind me so much of one. "They can't lick us. Now get out there and punch that guy." Three thousand miles from danger you are one of the bravest men I have ever known.

But, so be it. I guess any Army needs both generals and corporals.

And realizing that you would no doubt

BUTCH

"Whyn't ya just leave a coupla bucks an' a nice note sayin' how very sorry y'are?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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take your usual deep interest in my personal safety, I decided that the only thing to do was to try somehow to get acquainted with these pantless Thespians, and see if there was any chance at all of getting them to Chicago alive. Of getting them to Chicago with me alive, that is.

So, laying in certain supplies, I fastened my safety belt and took off for Pier 6. Squatting down in front of the brig door, I uncovered a large platter of fried chicken legs and said, "Me white man. Me like you. Me got lots fried chicken. You like?"

Well, what they should have done of course was to answer in perfect English, with a request for finger bowls. But unfortunately this wasn't vaudeville. What they actually did was to give me a particularly frightening glare, grab the chicken without a word, and gulp it down.

Well.

Next I tried bananas and assorted fruit. Then more chicken. Then more bananas. And when I was definitely sure that they couldn't eat another bite of anything I said, "Me George. Me George Seibert. Sigh-bert. Me friend. Me coming in to give you nice presents."

Well, I didn't know that I was known even in Africa but evidently I am. Because they at least stopped swinging their blasted cutlasses. And unlocking the brig door—dropping the key only four times in the process—I entered. Passing out gifts. Hurriedly. I had stopped at a costume house on the way over, and secured an armload of old musical comedy costumes. And they loved them. I don't believe that I have reported that they're all men—there's little doubt of that—which simplified my shopping greatly. "You like?" I said, handing out my treasures with a broad, if somewhat tight, smile.

And suddenly they started grinning back, and the battle was won. In fifteen minutes we were the best of friends, grinning, slapping each other on the back, comparing wrist watches and spears, and having a very dickens of a time. Captain Sorensen was standing outside, looking as though at any moment he might slap the door shut on all of us.

At any rate, you can forget this one. We're off to Chicago.

Relieved regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY

GEORGE BOY. GET OUT OF THERE. YOU WERE RIGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE. THOSE CHARACTERS ARE FAR TOO UNCIVILIZED TO ATTEMPT TO TAKE ON A ROAD TOUR. LEAVE THEM RIGHT IN THAT BRIG AND WAIT FOR IMPORTANT AIR-MAIL LETTER. DICK.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 10, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Statler,
New York, New York

Dear George:

George, how glad I am that I caught you before you started out with those anteaters.

That blowhard Thorne almost got us in a terrific jam. That's the trouble with good directors—they keep getting themselves confused with Superman. When Conrad J. Thorne is directing an aviation picture, he once taught the Wright Brothers all they knew. On a cowboy epic he was once the world's greatest bulldogger; tells everybody in sight just how to board their horses. FBI picture—he singlehanded captured most of the early-day desperadoes. Also, as you know, he started everybody in show business who's ever been in show business, and in general he just blows it at all times like a bassoon.

Well, it seems that while they were over there making this African thing he had a brand-new audience, and accordingly outdid himself. I'm told he wore an old threadbare bush jacket at all times, carried a loaded elephant gun draped across his arm, and around the campfire nights he talked for hours about how he had put down native revolts in New Zealand, and killed tigers in India armed only with a willow switch.

And now it appears that his busy larynx has finally backfired. Not on him, as unfair fate would have it, but on us. I've just had a letter from Bill Jenkins at Nairobi asking if the natives he sent us were genuine enough. He said that he knew that any such noted explorer as Mr. Thorne would want only grade-A savages, so he'd gone out of his way to find us some; he'd gone clear up into the back country and got us half a dozen of the most completely uncivilized savages in all Africa. He said when these guys ate an explorer they ate boots and all. He said that actually we shouldn't have any real trouble with them, but that he would advise us to keep Mr. Thorne in direct charge at all times, as otherwise they might have somebody's head on a pole.

Well, that naturally tears it. Due to gabby Mr. Thorne, the great Poo-Bah of everything, we've spent a lot of time and money bringing over six such completely genuine savages that we don't dare even open the box. The cannibal business is of course silly, as we can certainly keep them supplied with food. And after all we usually have cops available in this country. But if those six big guys should suddenly get mad at something and start swinging those neck choppers, we could still find ourselves in quite a mess.

It certainly is lucky I caught you. If you'd started out alone with those characters, things could very easily have got out of hand. In ways that stagger the mind. We could have got into some damage suits that would have made legal history. In addition to the possible nuisance of burying what was left of you.

Whew! There are times when I think that I'm underpaid.

As ever,
Dick.

HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York

July 11, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Just a fast note to say that I haven't got time to wait for your letter, whatever it is. I'll just have to hope that it isn't anything important. Because we have to leave for Chicago this afternoon. The Spitsbergen is loaded and ready to pull out for the return trip to Africa, and I've got to get our laughing boys out of the brig and off by three o'clock.

I've decided to make the trip by car because I've got a wonderful idea. Now that I know that these guys aren't really dangerous, just that they look fierce, all we have to do is hold out our hand to get about forty million dollars' worth of publicity.

Here's the deal. We are on our way to Chicago to join a stage show in conjunction with the great Federal Pictures epic of darkest Africa, Nairobi Nights—right? We definitely have to be there by Friday, so we wouldn't logically dawdle—right? We are taking them by car because they are so completely uncivilized that we don't dare take them by train or plane—right? And between us and Chicago at this moment, particularly in Ohio, there are at least two dozen rivers of assorted sizes, all overflowing like a child's sand bucket—right?

Well, just before we leave this afternoon I will call the Weather Bureau and find out just where along our route I can expect a really rousing flood. We will then proceed there at full speed, splash as far into same

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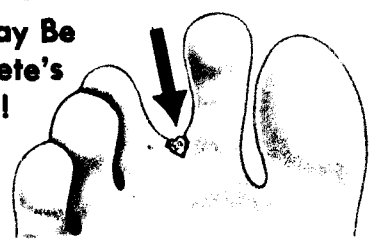

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as the car will go, and become thoroughly marooned. We'll be lost for days. While you and the nation's reporters scour the countryside to much huzza and headline. With you pretending great alarm. Everybody will accept the gag as genuine because the big opening at Chicago will actually be delayed, and who would be fool enough to do that?

Then, say late on the second day, I will fight my way through to a rescue station, nearer dead than alive, and just before losing consciousness gasp out the news that in a desperate effort to save our lives we all took off in different directions in search of help, and thus half a dozen genuine African cannibals are loose on the land, oh, Heaven help the state of Ohio. I will then faint. So, if I am any judge of people, will most of the citizens of Ohio. Because with that you will have to admit reluctantly the whole chilling story, and the headlines will balloon as though printed on yeast cakes.

Did you ever hear a better idea in your life?

It's foolproof. I'll have a big hamper of fried chicken along and, properly fed, these boys wouldn't hurt a flea. And it can't be any trouble finding them later and rounding them up. Believe me, they don't look at all like anyone else in Ohio. And there's no danger of drowning them—any native I've ever heard of can swim like a fish.

So what could go wrong? It's the chance of a lifetime. If they make anybody along the way or at a motel nervous, I'll just say they're a bunch of wrestlers I'm driving to Des Moines.

All you have to do is quit worrying and make a tremendous uproar when we don't arrive in Chicago on time. Try to seem genuinely concerned.

And leave the rest to me.

Hasty regards,
George.

P.S. Oh, one other thing. I just called Rebecca Lane and talked her into riding along with us instead of taking the plane. On a deal like this a beautiful girl can be useful in so many ways. She can't do anything in Chicago till the rest of us get there anyway, and I've just thought of a wonderful way to work her into the publicity.

When we become marooned, instead of all of us scattering in search of aid, I, brave George, shall go forth alone through the raging waters, leaving Rebecca behind with our trusty head-hunters. Because why? Because in getting out of the flooded car she will have cruelly injured her ankle, making further travel on her part impossible. And the reason I will also have to leave our fun-loving savages behind is because they are very valuable, at least to us, and I don't want any excited citizen sighting one and possibly shooting him deader than a mackerel. Which, as I now realize, could easily happen if they just all took off across country willy-nilly. Far better, if possible, to keep them in a group. Just as upsetting to the populace and safer for all.

And believe me, Rebecca will be in no danger whatever. All she'll have to do is pass out the sandwiches and bananas at frequent intervals and sort of chaperon everything till I can get back with the constables and photographers.

I haven't told her the full details of the plan as yet; I thought it best to explain it to her as we go along.

At any rate, being forced to leave beautiful blonde Rebecca Lane alone with them, even for a few hours, might be all we'd need to turn this thing into a truly front-page smash. And all so logical. I understand that in the picture she manages thousands of natives on her huge zebra ranch, so how perfectly natural for her to manage six of them while I go for help. Thus saving the countryside.

What a jack pot we have come upon. Just try to act excited and leave everything else to me.

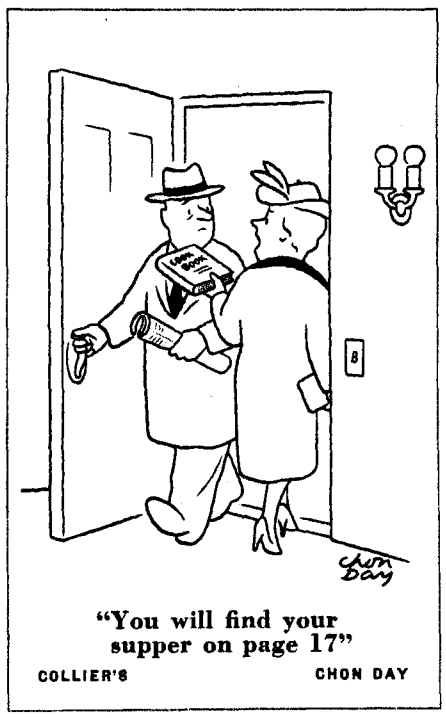
CHIEF, OHIO HIGHWAY PATROL
COLUMBUS O
QUICK. MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH. AT ANY COST APPREHEND CAR NOW OR SHORTLY TRAVERSING YOUR STATE CONTAINING FILM STAR REBECCA LANE, A DEMENTED PUBLICITY EMPLOYEE OF OURS NAMED GEORGE SEIBERT, AND SIX AFRICAN SAVAGES. USE DUE CAUTION AND WIRE ME IMMEDIATELY UPON APPREHENSION. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. I'D EXPLAIN NOW BUT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
WHAT TYPE CAR ARE SUSPECTS DRIVING?

H. L. TWINE, SUPERINTENDENT
OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL

H. L. TWINE, SUPERINTENDENT
OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL
COLUMBUS O
HOW DO I KNOW? JUST FIND IT.
RICHARD L. REED.



"You will find your supper on page 17"
COLLIER'S CHON DAY

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TYPE CAR YOUR OWN EMPLOYEES ARE DRIVING?
H. L. TWINE.

H. L. TWINE, SUPERINTENDENT
OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL
COLUMBUS O
NO, AND NEITHER WOULD YOU IF YOU KNEW GEORGE. HE COULD BE DRIVING A STUTZ BEARCAT OR A STANLEY STEAMER CONVERTIBLE. WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT HE'S DRIVING? HOW MANY CARS ARE THERE ON YOUR ROADS CONTAINING SIX NAKED SAVAGES?
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
IF YOU PERSIST IN JOKING I SIMPLY CAN'T HELP YOU. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT AGAIN TOMORROW?
H. L. TWINE.

H. L. TWINE, SUPERINTENDENT
OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL
COLUMBUS O
OKAY, DROP DEAD. I'LL CALL THE AP.
RICHARD L. REED.

CANNIBALS INVADE OHIO

COLUMBUS, O., July 13 (AP)—Tonight the beleaguered citizens of flood-stricken Ohio were faced with a new and fantastic danger—an influx of African cannibals! . . .

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
ATTABOY, DICK, YOU SOLD IT. AND ON THE FRONT PAGE! YOU MUST HAVE GIVEN A TRULY STIRRING PERFORMANCE. HAS A PUBLICITY MAN EVER WON AN OSCAR? BY THE WAY, WE'RE OF COURSE DOING FINE. ALL WELL HERE. I'M KEEPING THESE CHARACTERS SO FULL OF VITTLES THEY CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LOOK AT FOOD OF ANY SORT. YOU COULD LEAVE THEM ALONE IN A DELICATESSEN, AND THEY WOULDN'T TOUCH A THING. I DO WISH THOUGH THAT THEY'D STOP SHARPENING THOSE BIG KNIVES FOR A FEW MINUTES. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BOUGHT THEM THE WHETSTONES. BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD KEEP THEM OCCUPIED, WHICH I MAY SAY IT HAS. ANYWAY, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW. I EXPECT TO GET US MAROONED SOMETIME TOMORROW MORNING. BETTER YOU NOT KNOW EXACTLY WHERE. JUST KEEP UP THE ALARM. YOU'RE DOING FINE.
GEORGE

H. L. TWINE, SUPERINTENDENT
OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL
COLUMBUS O
QUICK, TWINE, JUST HAD WIRE FROM MISSING PARTY SENT FROM EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO. THEY'RE JUST ENTERING YOUR STATE ON WAY TO CHICAGO. NOW LET'S GET GOING AND FIND THEM. SEND OUT ALL CARS. IN FLOODED AREAS GET ROWBOATS. GET THE QUEEN MARY. ONLY I BEG OF YOU FIND OLD GEORGE. OH, THE HORROR OF IT ALL. TO BE EATEN BY CANNIBALS AT EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
ALL NIGHT SEARCH CONTINUING INTO THIS MORNING DISCLOSES NO TRACE OF SUSPECTS. THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY BE IN OHIO. HAVE YOU TRIED INDIANA?
H. L. TWINE.

H. L. TWINE, SUPERINTENDENT
OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL
COLUMBUS O
NO, AND NEITHER HAVE I TRIED WYOMING. THEY HAVE TO BE THERE SOMEWHERE. LOOK UNDER YOUR DESK.
RICHARD L. REED.

SEARCH NARROWS FOR OHIO CANNIBALS

COLUMBUS, O., July 15 (AP)—This afternoon H. L. Twine, Superintendent of the Ohio State Highway Patrol, said that the search for the six missing African head-hunters and film star Rebecca Lane now centers on the area just north of East Liverpool, Ohio, where early this morning hundreds of motorists were marooned when a dam on the upper Ohio River gave way at Sanders Mill. Rescue parties are working desperately to get boats through to the affected area, as the stranded motorists are without food, and no doubt unaware that African cannibals are possibly loose among them . . .

STUDIO OFFERS $50,000 REWARD TO FINDER OF MISSING FILM PARTY—(AP)

MISSING CANNIBALS FOUND

SANDERS MILL, O., July 15 (AP)—Tonight the attention of an entire nation was centered on this tiny flood-bound Ohio hamlet, where not over an hour ago the grisly search ended for the six missing African head-hunters. The search ended when George Seibert, veteran Federal Pictures publicity man, staggered into a rescue station, nearer dead than alive, and gasped out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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the fantastic tale of his flood adventures with film star Rebecca Lane and the six cannibals . . .

HOTEL TAFT
Sanders Mill, Ohio
July 15, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. But, although a little tired, I hasten to get off this report to fill in a few added details on the wondrous news in the public prints. Even on the front page they often miss a few things, for which praise be.

In the first place, don't be too harsh on Mr. Twine. The reason he couldn't find us in Ohio was because we weren't in Ohio. We were for a few minutes yesterday afternoon, when I sent the wire from East Liverpool, but as soon as we had another sandwich and some more bananas all around we doubled back into Pennsylvania. Casting about on the road map for a good spot to get marooned, I noticed that we had come right past Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where they had quite a flood in 1889, and the car radio said that the Conemaugh River there was again rising. Well, where could there be a more newsy place to enjoy a flood than at Johnstown?

So bending on all sail, we hastened back there. It was raining cats and dogs, so there were very few people out to wonder who we were. Also, I had fortunately hired a station wagon for the trip, not only for the needed seating room, but because nobody ever wonders at anything they see in a station wagon. In addition, I had purchased rain hats and slickers for all, and actually we looked not unlike any other surveying party.

But to business. What a dirty trick that Johnstown played on us. When we finally arrived I discovered that they've done a lot of sneaky flood-control work around there, and they're out of the flood business completely. So, since it was apparent that with all the stuff in the papers the hounds must be closing in, we had another sandwich and a handful of bananas at a dim drive-in, and headed back toward Ohio at great speed. The laughing boys enjoying everything immensely, but Miss Lane beginning to look a little wan.

But I pushed on. Ever westward.

Just before we hit the Ohio border we stopped and took over most of the rooms at a ratty little motel where the owners looked as though they couldn't read, and while the others slumbered I planned our next move. I knew that we couldn't get very far into Ohio without the enraged Mr. Twine putting the finger on us, so we needed a flood as near the eastern border as possible. Additional calls to various weather bureaus, in my role of Arthur Snead, anxious parent, disclosed that the most likely spot was that upper Ohio region around Sanders Mill.

So, sloshing into town in the station wagon, I found an all-night restaurant, got a tremendous hamper of food, centering on fried chicken and bananas, and shortly after dawn we were off. Still raining.

Crossing into Ohio at the smallest town I could find on the map, Metropolis, we raced north directly for Sanders Mill.

And to tell you the truth, I almost overdid it. Because just as we got in sight of Sanders Mill, the dam blew.

Dick, have you ever been in a flood? A real flood? Let me tell you that before you know it you can be in more water than you've figured on. In a matter of seconds we were looking not for lowlands, but for highlands.

I will never again criticize the Empire State Building; it is the only sensible form of architecture.

By eight o'clock we had churned our way through to a little rise in the road, where maybe fifty other cars were marooned in an otherwise endless sea of muddy, swirling, tumbling water, which was rapidly rising.

In about two minutes more we were on top of the station wagon, all my bright plans forgotten, and Rebecca was pushing up against me saying, "George, I'm scared." She was probably cold. Before we'd left in the morning, since I fondly thought that this would be the day for photographs, I had had her don one of the little tattered-britches costumes she wears in Nairobi Nights and, while attractive, it undoubtedly wasn't overly warm. The boys, however, didn't give her a second glance. By their views of clothing, she was dressed to the teeth.

And it was at this point, with the endless muddy river swirling rapidly up around us, making further maneuvers of any sort impossible, that I had the first feeling that I had maybe oversold myself on my own brilliance. Because at this moment two things occurred. I suddenly remembered that in our hasty departure I had left the big hamper of food back at the motel. And second, our African friends, evidently tiring of my management, suddenly dived down into the flooded station wagon, retrieved their well-sharpened knives, and came up, ringing the station wagon top like grinning sharks. For a minute I thought we were goners. They couldn't possibly be hungry already, I thought desperately. But then some people just naturally like an early breakfast.

Also at this point, the situation was not helped by the people on the tops of the other cars suddenly sighting them, realizing that they were actually the missing cannibals, and all starting to scream like utter fools.

So what happened? Well, you wouldn't believe it. Never let it be said that everybody in this world doesn't have his purposes.

With all us civilized citizens perched on the tops of our cars, waiting helplessly to be drowned, those six African savages, happy as larks, simply swam over to a group of trees still sticking out of the water, and began building rafts like Henry Kaiser! In no time they had made several dandy rafts, cut pusher poles, and established bus lines to higher ground. Not only for our covey of scared motorists, but for various damp citizens on the surrounding housetops.

And by late afternoon, when one of my beloved head-hunters could pause in his work long enough to pole me over to where I could splash on to the rescue station, I was able to report that due largely to the aid of six African cannibals, not one life was lost at Sanders Mill, Ohio, in the terrible flood of 1951. And tonight, as you certainly know, they are the heroes of the land, and Nairobi Nights is off to a start such as a picture has seldom had. And didn't Rebecca look nice in the newspapers, in her little torn britches, and with her honor guard of cannibals?

Oh, one other thing. A few minutes ago, as I was putting the boys and Rebecca on a chartered plane for Chicago, one of them drew me aside and said, in just dandy English, "Pardon me, Mr. Seibert, but when we get to Chicago how will we know who is Mr. Thorne? We're supposed to give him a little scare for Mr. Jenkins at Nairobi. He talked so much down there that Mr. Jenkins decided somebody ought to give him his comeuppance, as he put it. That's why we acted so foolish when you first came on the boat—we thought you were Mr. Thorne. As soon as you said you were Mr. Seibert we naturally mended our manners.

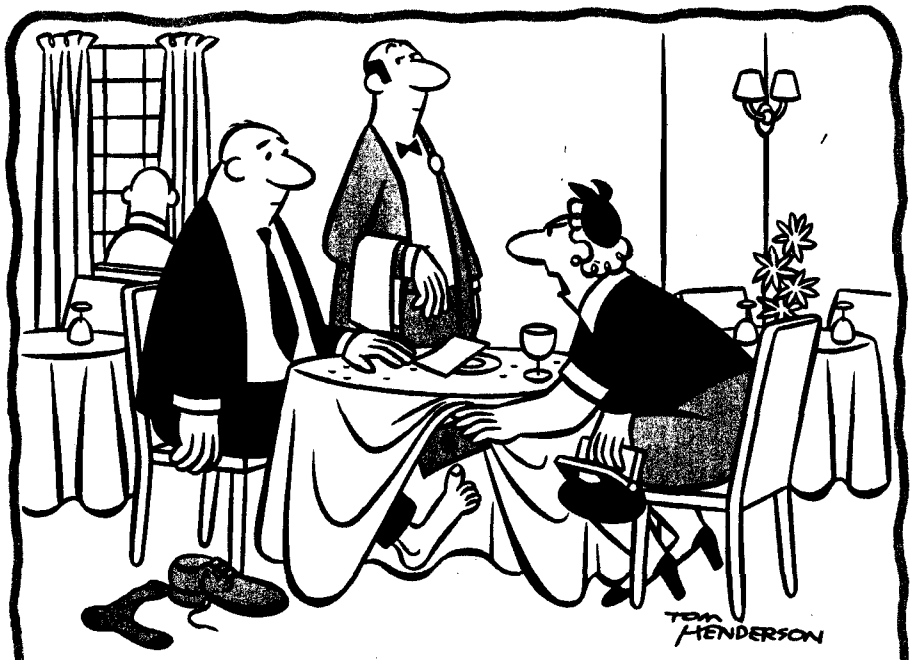
"But please don't give us away till we have just a few days to scare Mr. Thorne, because Mr. Jenkins made us promise to do it. And could you do us one more favor, and see that nobody buys us any more bananas for a while? We're all very tired of bananas."

Civilized? They're the glee club from Nairobi Tech!

And now what was that about a $50,000 reward?

As ever,
George.

THE END



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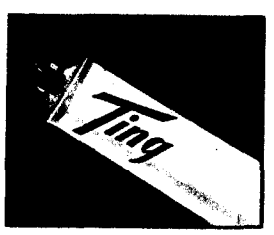

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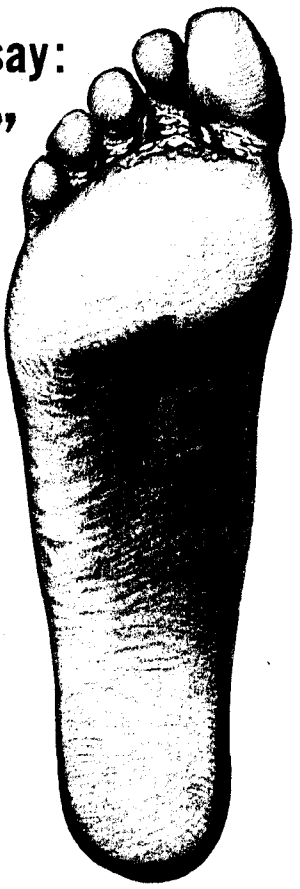

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LOWELL HESS

Why Not Spank Him?

ON JUNE 12TH, Senator Joseph McCarthy dispatched a modest bit of press-agentry to his colleagues. Two days hence, he promised them in a letter, he would make a speech exposing "a conspiracy so immense and an infamy so black as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man." In spite of this build-up, only a handful of senators were on hand for the earth-shaking revelations, perhaps because Mr. McCarthy's talent for self-exploitation made them a little leery of the ballyhoo.

Senator McCarthy's bombshell didn't explode, of course, and the history of man remained in about the same state that it had been. But the failure can't be put down to lack of effort. The speech was 60,000 words long, as printed in the Congressional Record the next day. (Its author skipped sizable sections in the actual delivery.) It bristled with quotations from the memoirs of statesmen and military leaders, government documents and newspaper articles. We have waded through it, and will grant that it represents a tremendous amount of work. But beyond that we can only say that, in our opinion, this speech sets a new high for irresponsibility in a senatorial career distinguished mainly for its extravagant accusations.

To put it briefly—which Mr. McCarthy notably failed to do—the senator accused Secretary of Defense Marshall and Secretary of State Acheson of treason. His thesis is that Secretary Marshall, for reasons never explained, sold out to Generalissimo Stalin early in World War II. "Stalin's didactic observations" we are confidently told, "fell upon Marshall's ears with the authority of revelation." From then on, according to the McCarthy version, the war's strategy was a struggle between Stalin and Marshall on one side and Winston Churchill on the other. Franklin D. Roosevelt appears as a helpless pawn, and General Eisenhower as an obedient lackey, under the Svengali influence of the then Chief of Staff.

There are three principal counts in the senator's indictment. General Marshall favored an early transchannel invasion of France, as did Russian military leaders, a fact which Mr. McCarthy seems to think was a treacherous surrender to the Communist military line. General Marshall is credited with being the diabolical influence behind the concessions granted Russia at Tehran and Yalta. And he is held responsible for the fall of the Chinese Republic. This, said the senator, was decreed by Moscow, and "the executioners were that well-identified group headed by Acheson and George Catlett Marshall."

The Marshall Plan, probably the greatest bulwark against Communist expansion between V-J day and the Korean war, bothered Senator McCarthy only slightly. Its result, he said, "has been to make us the patsy of the modern world, to arouse the contempt and suspicion of Europe, and to leave us, in the summer of 1951, heavily engaged in Asia . . ." A few sentences later Mr. McCarthy admitted, "I voted for the Marshall Plan," because he thought it better than no aid to Europe. But he still is obviously suspicious that it was part of the Stalin-Marshall plot.

He also had a novel explanation of why an administration "ruled by disloyalty" sent our soldiers to fight the Communists in Korea. The country, he said, was so aroused by the attempts of "the ill-famed Tydings Committee to cover up, protect and whitewash Communists in government" that the administration had to enter the war to avoid political disaster in last fall's elections. (The Tydings Committee, it will be recalled, was investigating Mr. McCarthy's bird-shot volley of accusations against "known" Communists in government employ.)

The whole thing may be ridiculous, but it certainly isn't funny. And, to us, the most unfunny aspect of it has been the subsequent silence of levelheaded, responsible Republicans in Congress. We had expected that some of Mr. McCarthy's leading party colleagues would speak a word of disavowal, or reproach, or even modification. We had particularly expected such a statement from Senator Taft. Up to now we have waited in vain.

Collier's has expressed its regard for Mr. Taft on this page. We have often disagreed with him, but we have a high opinion of his intelligence, his courage and his honesty. We do not think his present silence becomes him. It is not enough for him to deny the reports that he encouraged Senator McCarthy in the latter's attack on the State Department last year. We believe that Mr. Taft, as the most influential Republican in Washington, should dissociate himself and his party from the senseless and vicious charges against Secretary Marshall. Until he or some Republican of comparable caliber does so, "McCarthyism" will have to be considered, by tacit approval, a part of official Republican policy.

Many Americans believe that Secretary Marshall has made mistakes. Many believe that Stalin duped him and others during the war, and that the concessions granted Stalin at Tehran and Yalta were tragic blunders. Many believe Secretary Marshall was taken in by the "agrarian" Communists during his fruitless effort to settle the Chinese civil war. But it is incredible that any American who is both sane and honest can believe that George Marshall or Dean Acheson is a traitorous hireling of the Kremlin. We do not think the Washington Republicans believe it. So why have they not repudiated Mr. McCarthy's charges?

Apparently they are waiting to gauge the public reaction to those charges. Apparently they are willing to let Mr. McCarthy spout on, unrebuked and uncontradicted, in the hope of picking up a few votes among the voters of lowest mentality. If this is so, then it is cheap and dirty politics, to say the least.

The Republican party does not need to stoop to such tactics. They will cost it prestige and strength. And the Republicans must gain prestige and strength, not lose it, if the indispensable function of our two-party system is to maintain its meaning and vigor. Condoning "McCarthyism," if persisted in, will cost the Republicans tenfold the votes that they might pick up through Mr. McCarthy's use of loose charges of treason as a political weapon.

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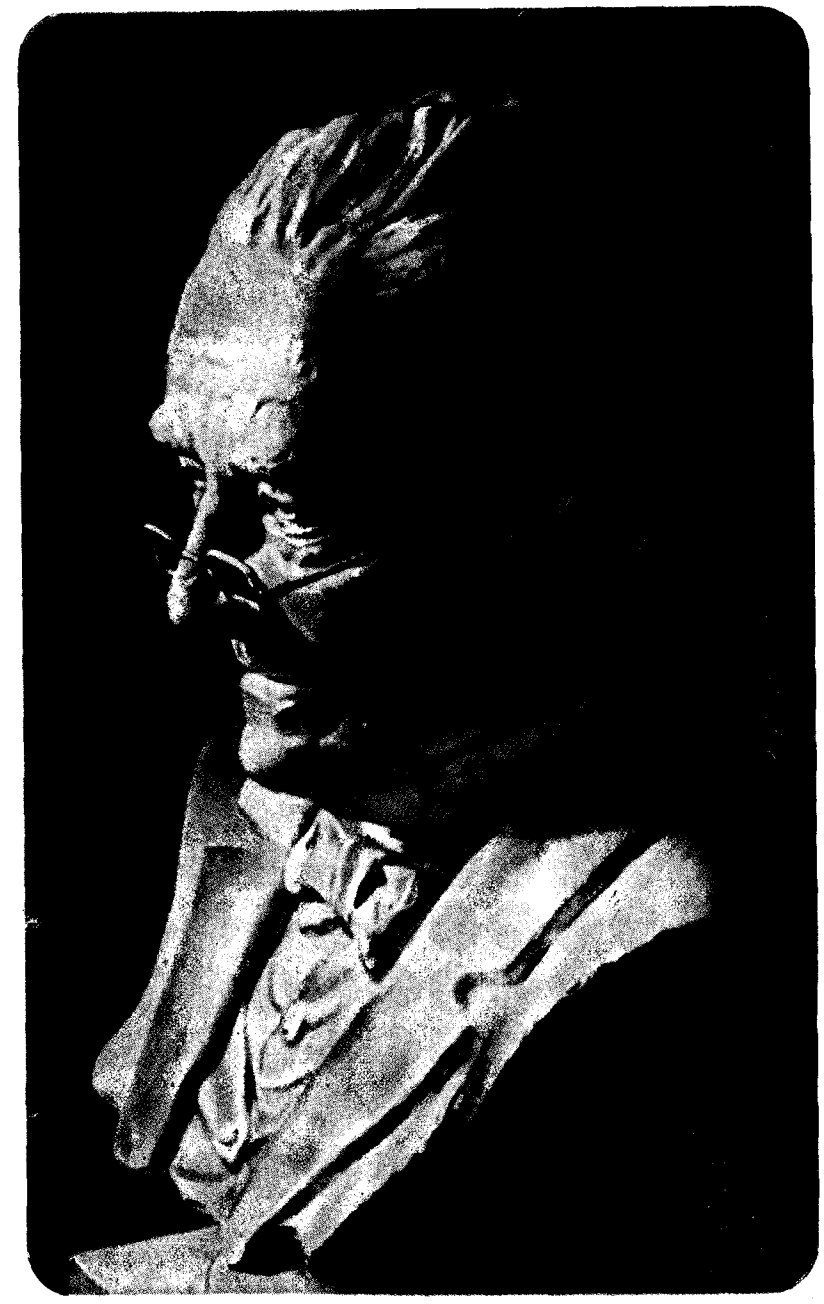

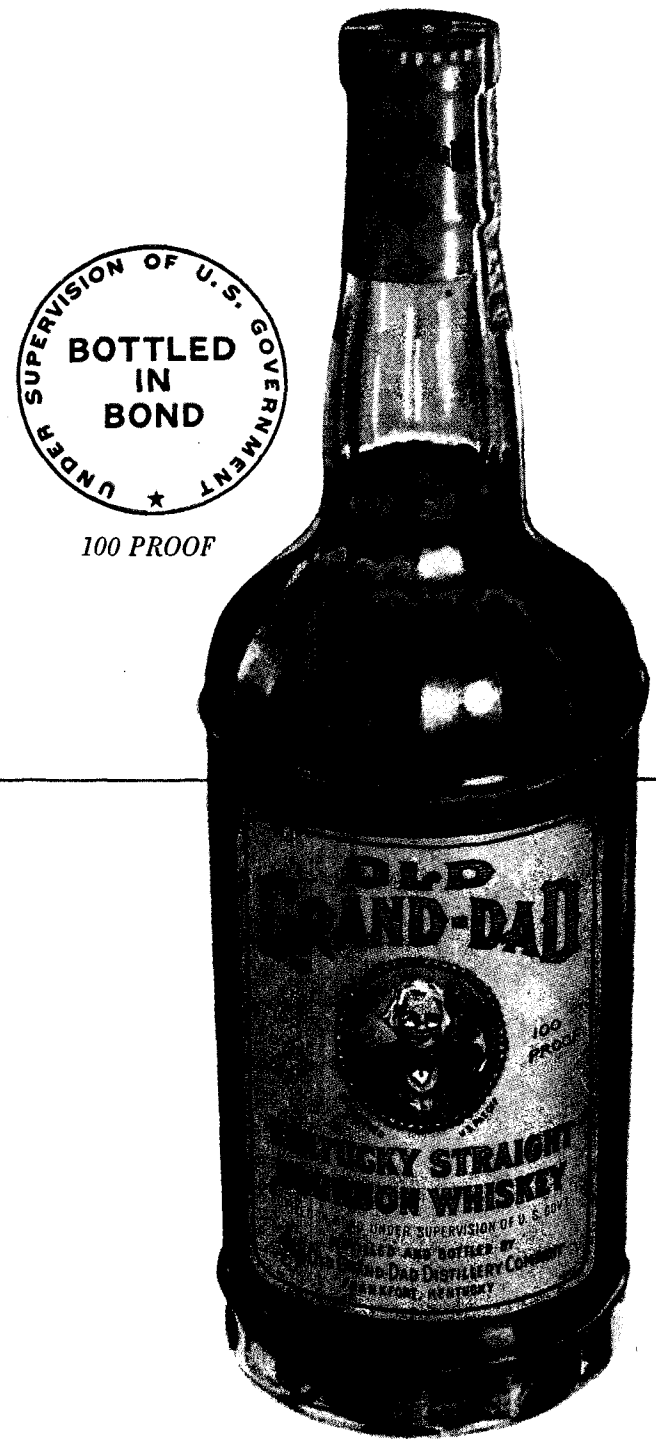

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